PEN
ATIONAL MAGAZINE
NOVEMBER 1978
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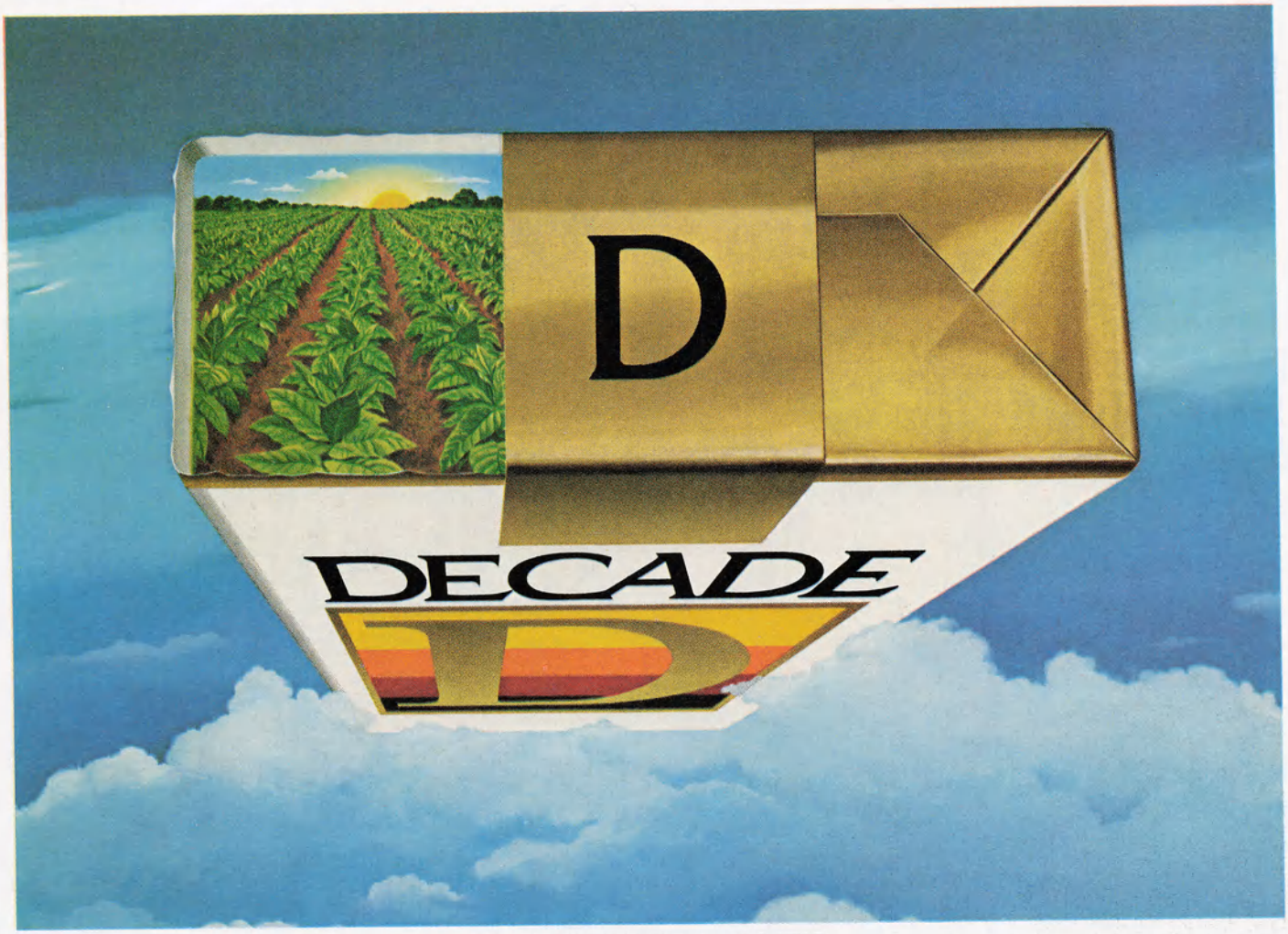

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PENTHOUSE

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CONTENTS			PAGE
COVER	Carrie Nelson	Photo by Stan Malinowski	
HOUSECALL	Introduction		8
FORUM	Correspondence		10
FEEDBACK	Opinion		46
CALL ME MADAM	Counsel	Xaviera Hollander	52
VIEW FROM THE TOP	Comment	Robert S. Wieder	61
SCENES		Marilyn Stasio	62
FILMS		Roger Greenspun	64
WORDS		Robert Sherrill	66
SOUNDS		Robert Palmer	68
THE STONING OF AMERICA	Article	Ed Rasen	70
PET OF THE YEAR	Pictorial	Photos by Bob Guccione	80
THE EXECUTION OF CHARLES HORMAN	Article	Thomas Hauser	96
THE LAST DAYS OF JIMMY CARTER	Fiction	Alexander Cockburn and James Ridgeway	100
NORWEGIAN NAIAD	Pet of the Month	Photos by Ken Johannsen	107
VOTING IN REVERSE	Essay	Jeff Greenfield	122
BITTER HARVEST, PART II: BETRAYED IN WASHINGTON	Article	David Harris	124
A CHILDHOOD IN GEORGIA	Article	Harry Crews	128
THE CRICKET AND THE SATIN WOMAN	Fiction	William Kotzwinkle	135
ROBERT SHELTON	Interview	Joseph B. Treaster	140
SNEAKY XMAS GIFT CATALOGUE	Pictorial	Photos by Stan Malinowski	144
COLD COMFORT	Fashion	Ed Emmerling	164
SATYRSFACTION	Article	Patrick Owens	169
SEXUAL SURFEIT	Quiz	Frank Donegan	173
PET-OF-THE-YEAR GIFTS		Photos by Stan Malinowski	178
THE HUMAN CAMERA	Service	Bennett Berger	182
SUPERSCOTCH	Service	Harry Lewis	204
OH, WICKED WANDA!	Satire	Frederic Mullally/Ron Embleton	212

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HOUSECALL

Although marijuana is still illegal in every state in the Union and in most other countries in the world, the growing, smuggling, and selling of pot to American customers is a very big business. The overwhelming profit margins of grass are the kind legitimate corporations dream about: one Mexican-American syndicate was recently found to be reaping untaxed profits of $3.6 million a *week*. It's easy to understand why. There are now 16 million regular smokers in the U.S., consuming 40,000 pounds of weed a day and spending about $12 billion a year on the drug. Although this activity is hardly unknown to the police, arrests for smuggling—in both the countries that grow the stuff and those that buy it—are nearly nonexistent. The reasons are simple: corruption and bribery.

Ed Rasen, an investigative reporter who has worked as a Vietnam correspondent and has written for the *San Francisco Chronicle*, the Pacific News Service, the Dispatch News Service, the *Los Angeles Times*, and television's *60 Minutes*, gained the confidence of top marijuana smugglers as part of a major investigation by *Penthouse* magazine. In "The Stoning of America" (page 70), the first in his series of articles on the subject, he describes how major syndicates operate and how they enforce their underground codes of silence.

Compared with this huge narcotics scandal, the death of one young American in Chile five years ago may seem unimportant. But Charles Horman's family will never forget his murder, and now, thanks to the dedication of investigator **Thomas Hauser**, the full story of "The Execution of Charles Horman" (page 96) is finally being told to the American people. Horman, a young journalist who lived in Chile, disappeared six days after the military overthrow of Salvador Allende's government in 1973. When the American embassy refused to help, Horman's father, Ed, began a horrifying journey to discover what had happened to his son. Thomas Hauser, in this excerpt from his new book (published by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich), tells how Ed Horman's despair when he learned of his son's death was compounded by the lies and cover-ups of American officials, who attempted to conceal the almost inescapable conclusion that Horman was murdered for knowing too much about U.S. involvement in the coup.

Brutality and murder, of course, are not unique to Latin American countries. After the Civil War, again in the 1920s, and yet again in the 1960s, the night riders of the Ku Klux Klan terrorized black Americans. Although the Klan lost some influence after the surge of the late-sixties civil-rights movement, it is now gaining new members in the North by successfully promoting white fears. In order to understand just what motivates the Klan, *Penthouse* sent reporter **Joseph B. Treaster** to interview **Robert M. Shelton**, the Imperial Wizard of the United Klans of America.

Shelton, a churchgoing family man, talks about his anger and racism and claims that the government may have been responsible for some of the Klan's more violent activities. It's a statement that seems to be validated by recent news stories about government informers who led Klan members to murder.

The poverty, ignorance, and frustration that drive men to join organizations like the Klan are no excuse for violence. But given the facts and failings of human nature, we must learn to understand and deal with these problems in order to prevent them. The American farmer is a man currently being pushed to the brink of violence by a government that seems determined to drive him out of business. In September **David Harris** reported on the plight of the farmer and how he is being bankrupted by government policy. Harris's report concludes with "Betrayed in Washington" (page 124), an account of last winter's farm strike and the efforts of farmers to present their case to Congress, which, under pressure from the Carter administration, refused to help.

Another view of farm life in America is presented by **Harry Crews** in a new book, *A Childhood* (to be published by Harper and Row). Crews, whose recent works include the acclaimed *Feast of Snakes*, and *Gypsy's Curse*, examines his hardscrabble past as the son of an impoverished Georgia sharecropper. In "A Childhood in Georgia" (page 128), Crews recalls the night when he got "on the right side of God and little girls" in the same hour.

Our fiction includes satire by **Alexander Cockburn** and **James Ridgeway**. In "The Last Days of Jimmy Carter" (page 100), an excerpt from *Smoke*, to be published by Times Books, it is 1980 and Carter is at his lowest in the opinion polls. The president's men devise a scheme that will make him seem like a statesman: his standing up to a band of antinuclear radicals. In a fantasy that seems all too much like fact, Carter brings the country to the edge of a nuclear holocaust in his efforts to defeat Jerry Brown.

William Kotzwinkle, best known for *The Fan Man*, spins a tale as lyrically unreal as Cockburn and Ridgeway's is brutally satiric. In an excerpt (page 135) from *Herr Nightingale and the Satin Lady*, to be published by Knopf, Kotzwinkle virtually invents a new genre—the adult fairy tale. This excursion into an opium dreamworld is accompanied by the illustrations of Joe Servello.

Perfection of another sort is epitomized in our delectable French delicacy, 1978 Pet of the Year **Dominique Mauré**—the overwhelming choice of our choosy readership. If that doesn't brighten Dominique's Thanksgiving, she will also be receiving a $28,000 Excalibur sports car, dozens of other Pet-of-the-Year gifts, and a $5,000 cash award, for an all-time high of $95,000. We think you'll agree that Bob Guccione's second long and lingering look at our statuesque 37-24-36 inch Pet of Pets is enough to brighten our own Thanksgiving as well.

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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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NOVEMBER

PENTHOUSE FORUM

in which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse*, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Roomie for more

While I attended a state college in western New York this past year, I met Sandy. We became lovers. We spent seven months together, and our sex life was nothing less than exceptional. He gave me more and pleased me more than any of my previous lovers ever did. He was also an expert at oral sex, giving me tremendous orgasms with a flick of his sensuous tongue.

Well, one night Sandy and I were relaxing in one bed, and my roommate, Joan, was in the other. Sandy was talking about the threesomes that he often reads about in your magazine and just kiddingly suggested that we put the two beds together. I was tired and not my usual horny self, but Sandy and Joan were getting all excited over the conversation. I knew that Joan had always liked Sandy and would have wanted him for herself if I hadn't gotten first grabs. Well, knowing that they were looking forward to satisfying their curiosity, I agreed to put the beds together. Sandy felt like a king, having two naked girls in bed with him. I am five foot eight and blonde, and Joan is five foot two and brunette. He began by fondling our breasts, our legs, and then finally our bushes. He started fingering both of us, and we both became very wet. Our hands wandered freely up and down his soft body, and when I went to reach for his erect penis, I found Joan's hand already there, hoarding the treasure she found. I was a little upset but soon overcame any resentment because we all meant so much to each other and had gone through a lot together.

By now I was beginning to become as horny as Joan was. She was now aching to feel my boyfriend's throbbing penis inside her hot, wet pussy. The sweet smell of her love juices as well as my own was in the air, and my boyfriend was quite aware of it. He then rolled on top of my roommate and entered her. She was enjoying him as I had since last October. She now saw why I was in bed with him so often, because he gives so much pleasure and makes everything so beautiful. I watched his long, circumcised cock pound away at her small frame, the bulbous head appearing and disappearing with each full thrust. She was in seventh heaven, and by now I was hornier than hell. When they rolled apart, I pulled him on me and slid his still erect member into my anxiously awaiting cunt. I wanted him desperately. He was nothing less than his usual spectacular self, biting and caressing my neck and shoulders and licking me all over. Even the way he tongues and kisses my armpits is absolutely wonderful. He was now fucking me in a furious manner. I like it when he pounds into me as hard as he can. I can feel the pressure of him inside of me at the end of my vagina. He came at the same time I did, and it was great.

We've gone our separate ways since college let out, but we still see each other occasionally, and I know I'll never meet anyone so compatible in bed with me. I'm glad I went away to college; otherwise, I never would have met Sandy. I hope that you publish this letter, since Sandy always reads your magazine and I'd like him to know that I'm thinking about him and that sweet pecker.—*S.H., New York, N.Y.*

Coming-out party

My wife, Dana, and I have been married for almost a year. During this time our sex life has been more than adequate. Recently, however, we had an evening of sex that I would like to share with you. It proved to be the most satisfying of all our twirls.

This particular Sunday evening began with my arrival at our local airport. I had just returned from a six-week business trip, and during this time I hadn't had sex or even ejaculated. Therefore, my balls were heavy between my legs, and I ached to pump my woman. However, on this evening Dana suggested that I come on her body, instead of in it. She pointed out, quite rightly, that she had never seen me squirt semen. She said that she wanted me to cover her tits, ass, thighs, and mouth with my seed. Of course, with my balls bursting as they were, I happily agreed.

After dinner we went into the bedroom, where we worked ourselves into a state of heart-pounding passion. Dana then stripped me naked, and I did the same to her. As we started French kissing, I tapped my fingers on her turgid nipples. She lay back sensuously on the bed while guiding my trembling cock between her breasts. I rode my cock there, letting the foreskin of my penis fold back to expose the inflamed head, which oozed fluid and wet the entire underside of my cock. My wife pressed her breasts together, and my thrusts grew in strength. Then, suddenly, semen began to slide out of the purple slit, and I aimed the thick wad at my wife's nipple. Seeing her tit gleaming in the light caused my thrusts to reach an incredible tempo. My balls, which hung agonizingly tight, started twitching. Through half-closed eyes I saw Dana's red lips form a voiceless O, and fantasizing that this was my target of my orgasm, I started to come. The first squirts of semen shot out

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We began with a superb tape transport system that has an electronically governed motor for constant speed control to assure low wow and flutter.

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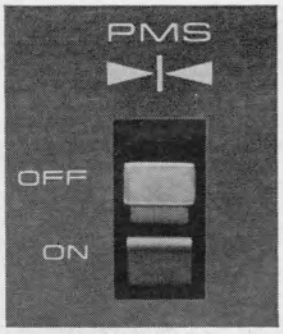

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over her head and struck the headboard of the bed. The rest spurted into her hair and onto her neck. As the strength of my ejaculation subsided, several thick wads leaped in tiny arcs onto her breasts. I then massaged all the white semen into her skin. But this only stimulated her further, and during the course of this memorable evening, I ejaculated into her mouth and, finally, between the cheeks of her buttocks. The semen from this latter ejaculation soaked her pubic hair and left the flesh of her thighs sticky. By this time the room smelled of semen, a most pleasant atmosphere in which to sleep. The next morning my wife expressed her joy at what had transpired, and I'm certain I'll be "coming on" again.—*Name and address withheld*

Summer initiation

I would like to relate a rather fascinating experience that occurred to me last summer. My friend, Rick, and I always cruised around the town in a futile search for ripe and beautiful young beaver. After several disappointing nights, our fantasies were suddenly fulfilled beyond our wildest dreams.

One hot July night, as we were parked at the local drive-in for our usual burgers and root beers, we saw to our great pleasure a Trans-Am with California plates roll up into the adjacent parking spot. In it were a gorgeous redhead and a fantastic brunette. They were both well tanned and wearing halter tops, which covered two of the most beautiful pairs of breasts we've ever set eyes on. We couldn't help staring at them for several minutes, and I could feel my pole stiffen. Suddenly, they both turned their heads in our direction and, to our surprise and delight, flashed us two innocent and subtle "come-on" smiles. At this point my already half-rigid cock sprang into full attention. Rick and I could not believe the opportunities beckoning us at that moment.

Without hesitation I leaned out the window and introduced myself and my friend. They smiled and told us their names. The redhead was Sandy, and the brunette was Pauline. They told us they were on a holiday and were just passing through our fair little city. They had just had a long trip and were looking for a place to rest their tired bodies. Rick and I looked at each other in bewildered amazement, and I knew that the same idea had popped into our minds. I quickly stammered to the girls that we knew of such a place, where they could have a few brews and some good Colombian (my parents had just left on summer vacation and left me alone in our lakeside home). The girls readily agreed, and at that point our food arrived. We gulped down our hamburgers, and after finishing, we told the girls to follow us in their car.

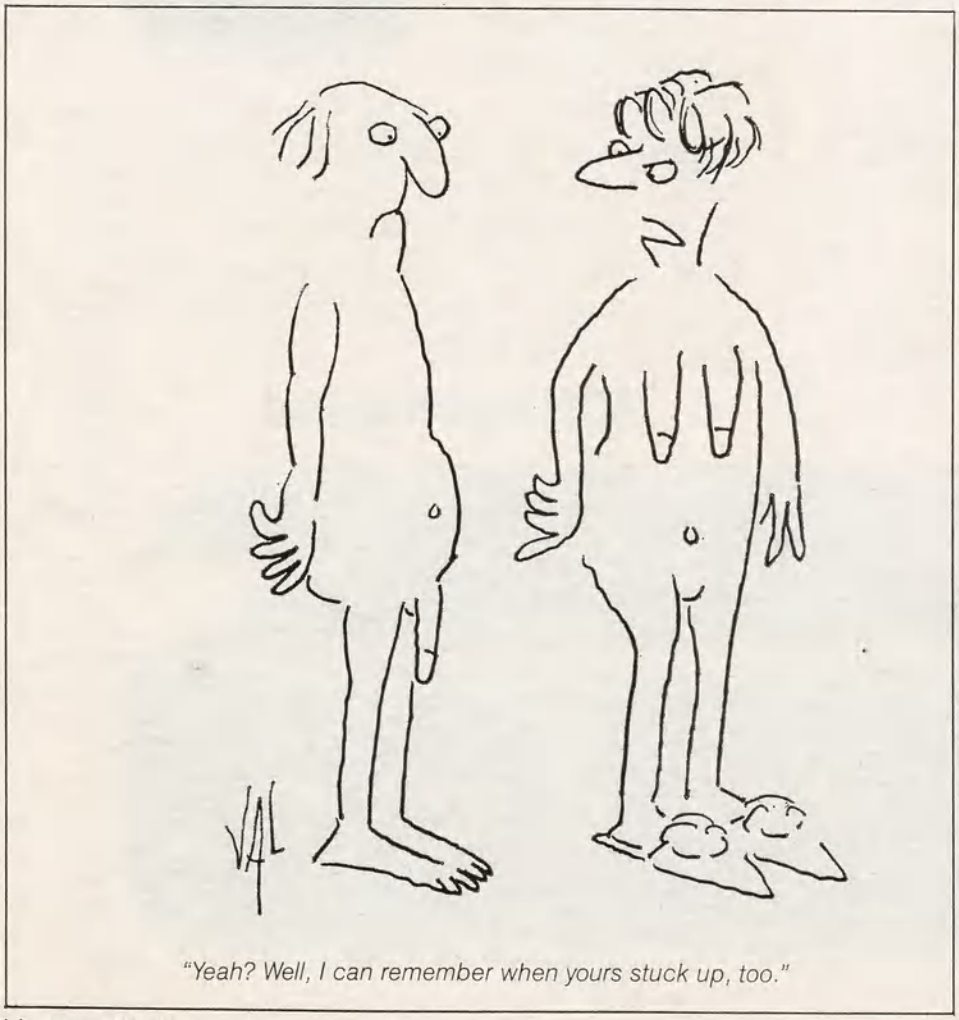
Soon we arrived at the lake, and we got our first full view of the goddesses as they got out of their car. They were wearing tight cutoffs, through which peeked the cheeks of their beautifully rounded derrières. The cool lake breeze made their nipples erect, and they showed clearly through their thin halters. I thought right then and there that I was going to split my pants! We quickly escorted them inside and engaged in trivial chitchat for a few minutes. I was sitting beside Sandy, and Rick was next to Pauline. After we had a few joints of Colombian and some beer, I felt a hand rubbing across my thigh. I shivered in excitement and anticipation, and as Sandy's hand slowly progressed to my crotch, I lost complete control of myself and blew my wad. I groaned in ecstasy and embarrassment. Sandy moaned in excitement as she felt the dampness of my love juice seeping through my denim. On the other side of the room, Pauline was buffing Rick's nine-inch tool with a well-deserved blowjob.

Sandy grabbed me, and we hurried into my parents' vacant bedroom. She pulled down my pants and quickly cleaned me off with her tongue. In no time at all my instrument was once again rigid. We jumped on the king-size bed, and in a fit of passion I ripped the clothes off her exquisite frame. She writhed and moaned in orgasmic pleasure as I sank my head into the mounds of the most succulent tits I have ever seen in my years of sexual prowess.

I made my way down her abdomen until I found myself staring at the most luscious, sparkling, and inviting garden in the world. I quickly buried my nose and tongue into Sandy's pretty cunt. The sweet aroma of her womanhood filled my nostrils with the scent of her sexual pastry. She wrapped her long, beautiful legs around my head and cried in pleasure: "Oh! Ohhhhh! Bruce! Oh! Bruce! My cunt! My cunt! Oh, I love it! I'm going to come! Bruuuuccee! I'm coming! I'm coming!" She exploded with such violent force that the whole bed shook, and she screamed and screamed. My face was drenched with her vaginal flood.

I couldn't stand the tension any longer, and I proceeded to mount her. "Oh. Oh, Bruce, no . . . please don't . . . I've never . . . no please, don't!" I couldn't believe what I was hearing. Here I was alone with this beautiful madonna, and she was trying to tell me that she was a virgin. My throbbing club ached to enter her, and I assured her that I would be careful.

Delirious with pleasure, I gently guided my pulsating eight-inch cock into her slit. She groaned in both pain and pleasure as I made that first initial plunge. She dug her nails into my back and wrapped her legs around my buttocks. I began pumping with reckless abandon, and soon her hips were gyrating in rhythm with every thrust. She moaned and whined as my cock penetrated deep into what was until then no-man's-land. "Oh my God! Faster . . . faster . . . . faster . . . don't stop . . . don't stop . . . ohhhhhhhhh . . . Bruce . . . Bruuuceee . . . you beast . . . ohhhhhhhhhhh!" She came and came again in continuous spasms that I thought



"Yeah? Well, I can remember when yours stuck up, too."

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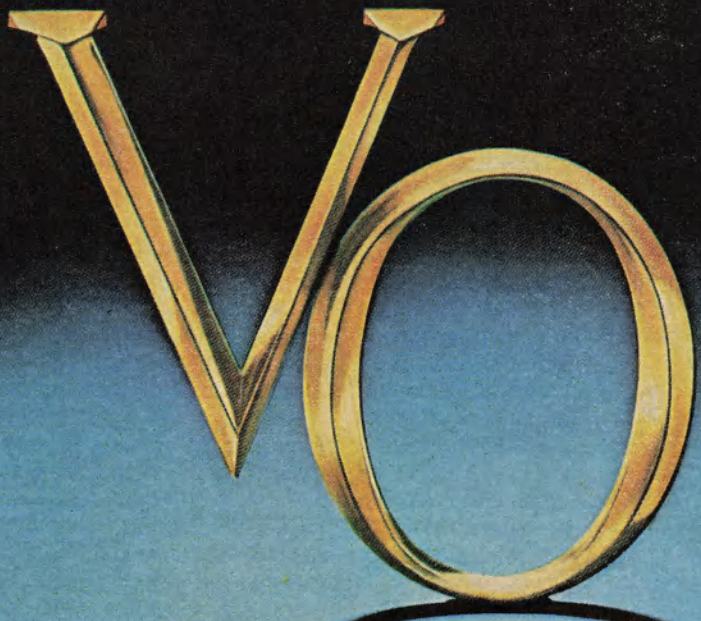

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would never cease. The whole room shook with our wild fucking. My cock finally let loose a white gusher, and we both collapsed in mutual exhaustion. A sweet smell of satisfaction lingered in the air.

Rick's enjoyment with Pauline that night was just as fulfilling as mine. The girls stayed on for a few days more, and I'm sure that Rick and I will always cherish the memory of that night for the rest of our lives.—*Name and address withheld*

Enterprising busboy

I'm the manager of a nationally known restaurant, and my wife, Vickie, is a waitress there. Last month she approached me with an idea that I was against at first but later agreed to. She had noticed at work that one of the busboys had taken a liking to her, and she admitted that she was turned on by all the attention. So, with my agreement and the stipulation that I get to watch, Vickie invited the busboy, Jim, over to our house one night when I was "out."

After a few drinks, they were getting pretty loose. I was hidden in the bedroom closet, with the door ajar, and I knew it wouldn't be long before I witnessed quite a show. Soon Vickie and Jim came into the bedroom, Jim carrying Vickie and looking really set to go. Jim set Vickie down on the bed, climbed up next to her, and slowly began to undress her. As he unbuttoned her shirt, he kissed around her bra and stomach for what seemed like ten minutes. Still moving very slowly, he took off Vickie's bra and spent what seemed an eternity working on her gorgeous tits. He then removed her pants and panties, stopping along the way, kissing, licking, and tasting. He worked his way up the inside of her leg until he reached her quivering bush, the highlight of her fantastic body.

For almost thirty minutes he ate her, bringing her to orgasm after orgasm. His mouth and tongue never moved from her pussy, and her eyes never opened. She just held his head close to her love nest and moaned.

Finally, Jim moved up to her chest, his rock-hard cock pointed directly at her pussy, ready to pump into her. Then Vickie did something she had never even done for me—she pulled Jim closer and said, "That looks good enough to eat." She took as much of his huge cock into her mouth as could fit. What I had just spent half an hour watching was now reversed, Jim holding Vickie's slowly bobbing head close to his crotch and moaning as she sucked him to a gigantic orgasm.

Having devoured every drop of come from Jim's cock, she sucked him hard once again and then climbed onto him and lowered herself onto his skyward-pointing rod. Jim grabbed Vickie's tits as handgrips and slowly began to pump up into her. (I had already jacked off once and was still at it; the scene was a fantastic turn-on.) As the two matched rhythms and thrusts, they began to pick up speed and soon broke out into moans and screams, which almost shook the entire building. Even then they didn't stop.

Jim kept up the tender kissing and tickling of Vickie's heaving chest and pussy, until both were set to go one more time. This time Jim was on top, and Vickie was spread wide, looking more inviting and exciting than I had ever seen her. Her pussy almost glowed as she spread her lips and guided Jim's cock into her. Again they matched stroke for stroke and soon exploded almost as violently as they had before. After a brief rest, Vickie spoke the first words either had said in the bedroom, telling Jim that she wasn't sure when I'd be home and that it was time for him to leave. He got up and began to get dressed. He had undressed so quickly that everything was lying in a pile near the bed.

As he pulled on his trousers, Vickie kissed the head of his cock and then zipped him up and smiled. Without getting dressed herself, she walked him to the door, and he kissed each of her tits before leaving. After he left, I came out of the bedroom without any clothes on and picked Vickie up, carrying her back in. We then had the best sex since our honeymoon, and neither of us slept that night. I'd never seen Vickie so turned on, and she seemed as if she never wanted to stop. So we didn't.

All three of us still work at the restaurant, and though Jim thinks I don't know what went on between Vickie and him, I often catch him looking at her and smiling to himself. Soon Vickie's going to invite him over again, and this time, I hope, it's going to be a threesome.—*Name and address withheld*

"I'm not knocking the plan, sir. I'm just saying I've got a whole army in here ready to puke!"

Two of a kind

I'm a twenty-six-year-old ex-model who is happily married, and sometimes I have second thoughts about my heterosexuality because I have been having an affair with a young girl. It has me wondering if I am a full-fledged lesbian.

The girl, Vickie, is a cute eighteen-year-old chick. She is a real doll and extremely friendly. She has a great body and loves to be adored.

She lives a couple of doors down from my apartment, and we got friendly when I invited her over to try on some clothes that didn't feel right on me. With my husband working, we had all the time in the world. Vickie wasn't shy and undressed in front of me, and for some strange reason, I was getting turned on by seeing her in her skimpy attire. She didn't wear a bra; so I got to see her breasts and her thin, white panties—which were the bikini type. I found myself staring and just admiring her, and I guess Vickie noticed my interest and asked several times if something was wrong. I really desired her, but I didn't want to press my luck. So I kept cool until she left.

The next day, though, she came over in the morning for coffee and was dressed in a V-neck tank-type bathing suit, which was

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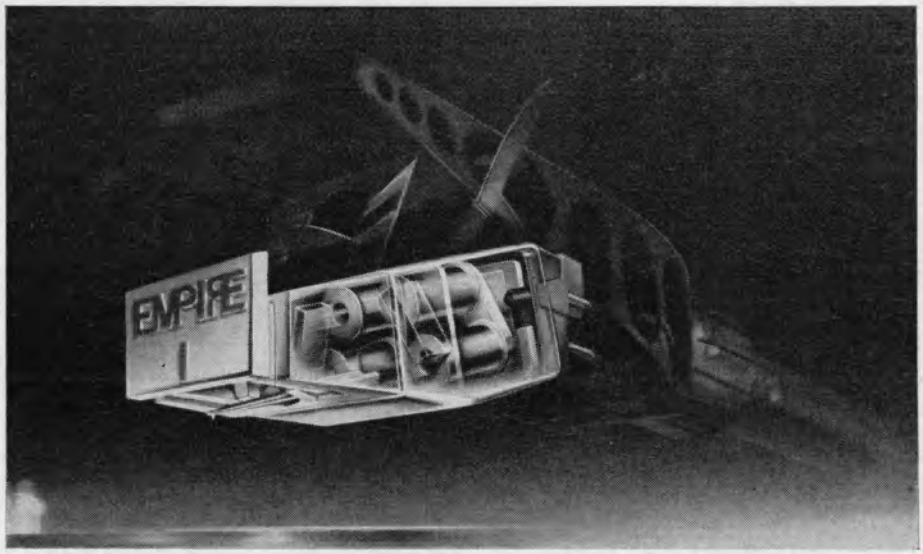

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really super. It was cut high on her thighs and really emphasized her perfect body. Only a girl with a perfect body could wear it, and she was as perfect as Botticelli's *Venus*.

I was sitting on the chair in the kitchen when she approached me, standing really close and asking, "Do you think I look nice?" Of course I said yes. She lifted a foot and placed it at the side of my leg so that she was slightly imprisoning me, giving me an open view of her legs. I got the feeling that she knew I was hot for her, because she was giving me a hungry look, as if to say, "Go ahead—it's yours." I decided to proceed with caution and rubbed the inside of her thighs, saying, "You have gorgeous legs!" She liked these compliments and made no effort to stop me. I couldn't believe the smoothness and shape of her legs. Soon my hands had found their way to her pretty behind, playing with her shapely buttocks. A good portion of her ass had spilled out from the material, which added to my excitement. There wasn't an ounce of fat on her body. She loosened the top part of her suit and let me fumble with it, getting it down over her breasts. I pulled her suit down till she was nude from the navel up. From my chair I was in a good position to kiss her smooth stomach, but her breasts were out of reach. I asked her to bend a little so that I could kiss them, but she told me in a commanding type of way, "No, no. You do the work. *I* do the easy part!" I found out she wanted me to earn every bit of the pleasure I was enjoying. By kneeling, I could reach her breasts and made a fool of myself going from one tit to another, getting my fill. I could have nuzzled them all morning, but I wanted to get to the main attraction. So I played with her belly button with my tongue, which she really enjoyed. Then I eased her suit down her long legs. I grabbed the back of her legs and went down on her, rubbing her moist cunt all over my face until we were both drenched. She finally weakened and lay back on the couch while I made love to her.

I love my husband, but I can't seem to keep away from this girl. Maybe I should just be grateful that I have the best of both worlds.—*Name and address withheld*

Living doll

Nothing really outrageous ever happened to me sexually until last month. I am a married woman of twenty-six, and have long, natural ash-blonde hair, blue eyes, and a 42-24-36 figure. I am very proud of my body and use every chance I get to flaunt it. And the newest object of my attention is the sixteen-year-old boy next door.

He is very attractive to me, and I have always been very friendly to him, though he is shy with girls. The first time I realized I could turn him on happened when he helped me clean my garage. He was wearing gym shorts, and soon after I appeared wearing a sheer midriff-type blouse and bikini bottoms, I noticed his young prick bulging. The outlines were so pronounced I could even tell he was circumcised. The whole day his eyes were glued to my bouncing breasts. When we finished cleaning, I gave him a thank-you kiss that left him moaning with pleasure.

A couple of nights later, I made up an excuse for him to come to my house. When he arrived, I answered the door in a sheer bathrobe, hanging open in front. He nearly fainted when he saw my huge breasts dangling in front of him.

"Come in," I said. "I was just dressing."

I led him upstairs, putting my arm around his waist and occasionally caressing his buttocks. He seemed frightened but willing. "Take off your shirt," I said when he sat on my bed. "And try this on for me." I brought out a white halter bra. He smiled as I slipped it over his shoulders and fastened it on him. He seemed very, very exciting to me: a young boy wearing the brassiere of an older woman who was more experienced in lovemaking.

I caressed his shoulders, putting my hand on the huge bulge in his pants. Then I took his hand and put it on my left breast. "Feel my breast. See how big and firm it is? Kiss my nipple. Feel how hard it gets for your tongue. Does your girl friend let you suck on her?" I asked, coaxing him on and on. He was so anxious to taste my tits that I told him to get out of his pants. By now he was so hard that I knew he was about to lose his wad. So I surrounded his throbbing, pink prick with my bright red lips, smearing lipstick all over the mushroom-shaped glans. It took only two sucks before I felt my mouth fill with come. He soon left, looking very awkward. I thought I had scared him, but a week later he called, saying that he had something I might like. I became very excited when he showed up at the door with a package and asked me to let him use my bathroom.

When he reappeared, I was shocked. In front of me stood a handsome, teenaged male, wearing a pink lace garter belt, fishnet stockings, and a pair of flowered bikini panties. His big prick stood tall under the sexy lingerie. The last detail of his package was a pair of spike heels with ankle straps.

"Oh, honey, you're gorgeous," I said, thrilled that he, too, shared my attraction to men in sexy women's wear.

He continued to visit me, adding more and more realism to his wardrobe. His favorite became the bright red lipstick that I used the first time I blew him.

The climax of our fantasy game occurred last week, when he requested that he dress alone. When he appeared, I was stunned. He wore the same spike heels and fishnets on his muscular legs. He wore a tight pink skirt so short that I could see his beautiful testicles dangling (he has adopted my practice of wearing no panties under a skirt). Around his waist was a gold-linked belt. On his torso was my sheer powder-blue V-neck blouse. Underneath he had a heavily padded, French-cut bra, which was

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very noticeable through the blouse. He had let his fingernails grow a bit, and the polish looked authentic.

As always, his makeup was perfect and so heavy that any call girl would be envious.

But the crowning touch was a beautiful blonde wig, exactly like my own hair. He looked so much like a girl that I felt hesitation as our lips met. I soon had his throbbing hard-on in my hand, which I stroked with a wonderful feeling of reassurance that this was my "boy."

Unfortunately, this was the last time we made love. He has fallen for a girl of his own age, which makes me a little jealous. But who cares? I still have my husband, and there are many boys who are willing.—*C.T., Rochester, N.Y.*

Love bug

One day, while I was driving my VW out in the country, my girl friend and I were really getting off on the beautiful scenery. She suddenly decided that she would like to learn to drive a stick shift. I had always promised her that I would teach her and felt that this was the ideal moment, because there were no cars to interfere and make her nervous. We exchanged places, and I proceeded to teach her. She placed the stick in first gear, engaged the clutch, and gave the car some gas. Naturally, she let out the clutch too fast! It was terrible . . . the car started off bucking down the road like a Brahma bull in a rodeo. Nevertheless, I *had* had a fantastic brainstorm in the course of this brief lesson. I had my girl pull over, and we discontinued the lesson, going on to a more pleasant exercise.

Being somewhat aroused by my idea, I started to make it with her. We switched places in the car and continued with some very intimate foreplay. Exploring her beautiful body, I slipped my hand down her pants into her wonderful lower region. I knew the time was right when I felt her wetness and smelled that warm, musky odor I love so much. We tore off each other's clothes, and I had her sit on me with her back to the wheel. Starting the car, I placed the stick in first gear and proceeded down the road—very slowly, mind you—tapping my foot on the accelerator in a rhythmic fashion. We couldn't believe the sensation this little joyride was turning out to be. It was fantastic! The car was doing nearly all the work. After driving down the road about a mile or so, we both had wild climaxes. We've tried sex in many different places and many different ways but have found nothing to compare with the horseless buggy. We spend quite some time out in the country on the back roads, but somehow we just don't get in the sightseeing that we used to!—*K.G., Redford, Mich.*

Little Brother is watching you

Last weekend, when my parents were away, my nineteen-year-old sister came home superstoned. I'm a little younger than she is, but for years I had my eye on my sister, who is very good-looking and has enormous tits. She never wears a bra, and her jugs are always bouncing. I was in bed when she came home, and since it was very hot, I was lying on top of the covers with just my jockey shorts on. She staggered into my room to tell me she was home.

She had on a white jersey and cutoff jeans. I could see the darkness of her nipples through the jersey. Her tits looked fantastic! All of a sudden I blurted out, "Gayle, you sure do have a nice set." With that she said, "Would you like to feel them, little guy?" I said, "Yeah." She pulled the jersey over her head and collapsed onto the bed. She was lying next to me and asked, "Well, what are you waiting for, you squirt!" Then she took my hand, which was trembling a little, and placed it on her tits. They felt satiny smooth. Needless to say, my cock was now hard and quite noticeable, with only my shorts covering it. Gayle saw my erection and said, "They must feel good to you, huh?" I said they did, adding that the only ones I'd ever felt before were very small. She said, "Welcome to the big leagues, punk." Her nipples were very large when erect, and she directed my mouth to her left nipple. I began sucking it and then played with it and kissed it for a few more minutes until she said that she'd better get to her room and get some sleep.

Then, while she was trying to stand, she asked, "Do you need to get relieved?" I nodded. With that, she pulled down my shorts and started to suck my cock, complementing me on the size of my "pretty peckerhead." I thought she was going to stroke me off, since I had never been sucked off before. I informed her that I was about to come, but she kept on sucking anyway, and I filled her mouth with my load, groaning with an ecstasy I'd never felt before. She swallowed it, said good-night, and staggered to her room. I hope she comes home stoned frequently and tutors her little brother in the big leagues some more!—*W.M., Lynn, Mass.*

Black-balled baby

I'm a good-looking, twenty-eight-year-old blonde fox (38-23-35) who loves to fuck, and I would like to relate one of my experiences to your readers.

I had just moved out on my old boyfriend and, unfortunately, his cock! Needless to say, I was looking for a new stud to take his place. I was getting laid on weekends, but I'm the type of woman who craves a hot fuck every day.

Well, one weekend I noticed a moving truck outside and discovered I was getting a new next-door neighbor. I was anxious to find out if perhaps the stud I was looking for was here.

It turned out that the new neighbor was a really good-looking, well-built black man about twenty-five. I had never fucked a black man, but the first time I laid eyes on this gorgeous, muscle-bound hulk, I knew I

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wanted his beautiful cock inside me.

I invited him over for a drink and put on a short silk robe, with just nylons underneath. While we talked, I made sure he got a few shots of my tits, and once I moved my legs slightly, which parted the robe to give him a peek at my bush. Naturally, he mentioned my attire, and I told him I usually didn't wear anything in order to keep cool in the apartment. After all, I added, "I've got the body for it." He said it was rather hard to tell with the robe on. It wasn't, but I took the cue, got up, and said, "Check for yourself." I then dropped the robe on the floor. He caressed my large breasts and my erect nipples and then almost immediately started to stroke my inner thighs, moving to my hot, wet cunt. By the time that I felt his tongue flicking my clit, my pussy was drenched with liquid fire.

I mashed his head deep into my lovebox and began grabbing at his shirt. He quickly got up and started to strip. I stopped him because I wanted to take those pants off myself. I knelt down and undid his zipper. When those pants dropped, my eyes almost popped out of my head, and I let out a soft scream of delight. "What's the matter, baby?" he asked. "Is it too small?" I told him that his cock surprised me. Actually, I was staring at the biggest cock I'd ever seen. It looked like a kind of cocoa-colored Cyclops, with a single, staring eye. He sat down on the couch and said if I sucked him, I'd get an even bigger surprise. I didn't need any coaxing. I went down on his powerful black rod, sucking and licking the head. I pumped him with my hand, which couldn't get all the way around that huge, black shaft, and gradually forced more and more of it into my mouth. I was taking in half of this monster cock and loving every minute of it when he said, "Great head, babe. But you can't eat it all. No one can or has."

Well, that was a direct challenge to my cocksucking skills; so I worked in more and more of that fucker, moaning and straining all the while. Finally, with one soft moan, I took in his entire steaming cock, which had grown to over a foot (at least!). I could feel that pulsating dick deep in my throat as I ran my hands over the rock-hard muscles of his stomach.

He just couldn't believe it, and I loved the feeling of being the first to swallow this marvel. I was pumping him from head to base and even got his balls into my mouth. Then I decided to tease him.

I pulled his cock out of my mouth and told him, "I really had planned to fuck you, but I don't think I can now. You're just too big." At that, his eyes opened wide, and he just said, "You can't back out now, white bitch." I backed away, but he grabbed me and dragged me back to the couch. Amid my fake protests he spread my legs wide, shoved half of his cock into my hungry cunt, and started stroking. I kept up my act, saying, "Your cock is too big. Please, I can't take it." That just made him hotter, and he crammed all twelve inches inside me. I came instantly. He fucked me like an animal. By now I was saying, "Oh, you're fantastic! Fuck me harder—I love your cock!" He pumped even faster. He was like a machine. I thought my pussy was going to explode as I came in waves for the third time. "You like my cock now, don't you, bitch?" "Oh, yes, yes. I want more," I pleaded.

He fucked me a while longer and then pulled out and moved up near my tits. His cock was big enough to slide part way into my mouth while he fucked my tits. I got frustrated just tasting his head and told him, "I want more of your cock. Ram the fucker down my throat!" I felt him ram that gorgeous ebony horsecock deep into my mouth as I groaned and finger-fucked my burning pussy. He let me swallow that black beauty for a while and then pulled out and in one full stroke forced that cock up my weary but still eager cunt. He put my legs over his shoulders and gave me the ride of my life. "I'm gonna come all over you, baby," he told me, and he pulled his cock out and moved up on my shoulders. When he came, it seemed like buckets, and hot, white semen was all over my face. I took in every delicious drop I could catch, but when he was through, my face was dripping with his salty love juice. He stuck his cock back down my throat, saying, "Clean it off." I could feel his come oozing down my throat. I loved it.

By this time I was exhausted. When I looked back at the clock, I knew why. He had fucked me for more than an hour. We didn't rest long as he went down on me and gave me a fantastic clit-licking. I came two more times. Needless to say, we spent the rest of the afternoon fucking and sucking.

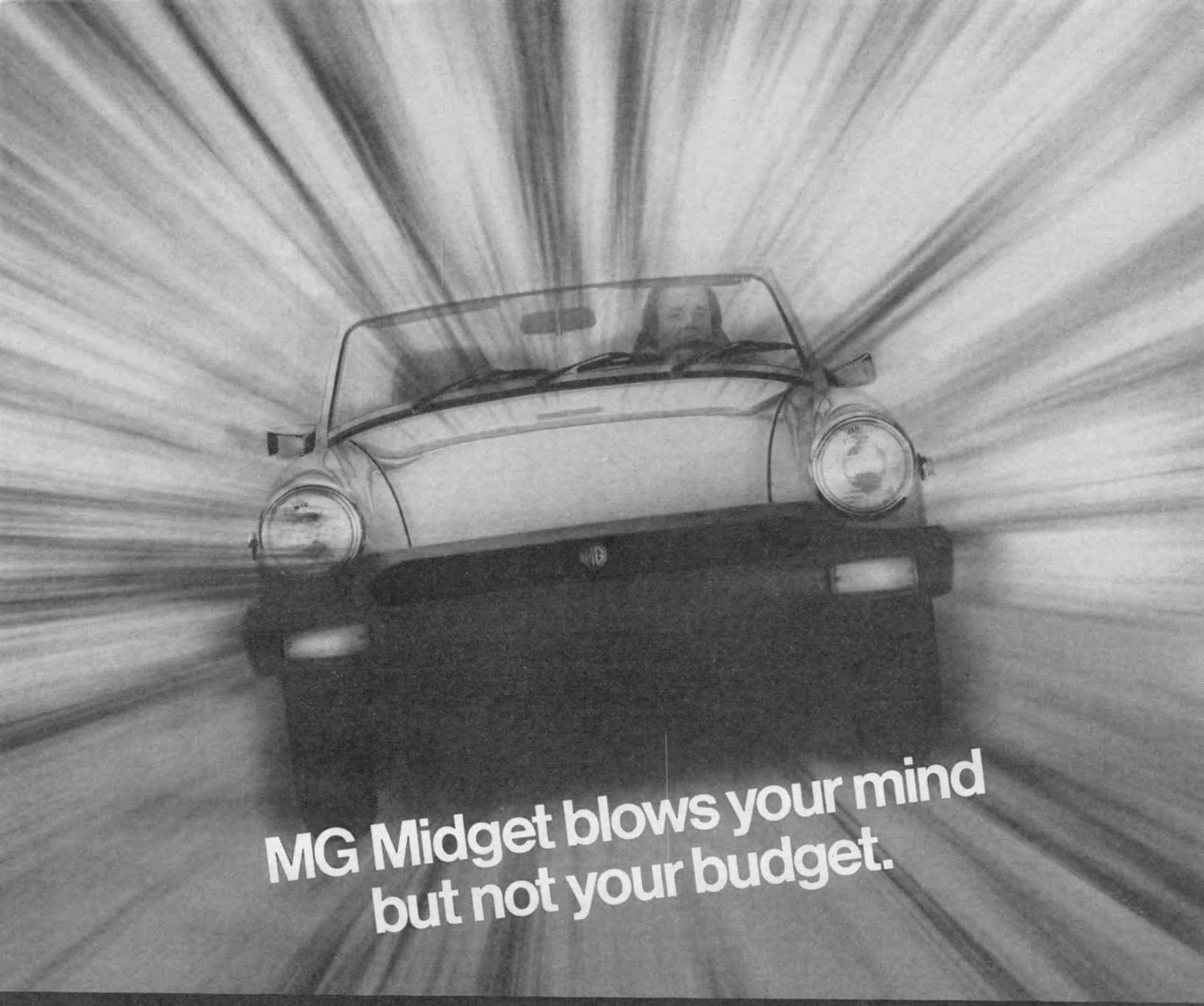
He comes over every night now for dessert after dinner, and I'm happy to oblige. We fuck other people, too, but no other man can satisfy me like my big, black stud. And no other woman he fucks can deep-throat him like I can. It's the perfect setup.

We've worked a few threesomes with some of his male friends, and I have had the unbelievable experience of having one black cock up my ass and another black cock pounding my pussy. There have also been threesomes with many of my girl friends, who freak out at the sight of my lover's giant cock.

We all agree that black is beautiful!—*D.M.F., Pittsburgh, Pa.*

Adult education

I am a father of three, and my wife, Amy, and I are both thirty-eight. My two sons and one daughter are all in their late teens. We are a typical American family with all of the usual problems. My wife and I have always tried to be frank with our kids about sex. Recently, a problem arose when our daughter, Ann, came to her mother and told her that she had seen her brother Bob "sexually abusing himself." I overheard my wife telling her that she would speak to him about it. I retorted "Yes, I will speak to him about keeping his door shut." My daughter



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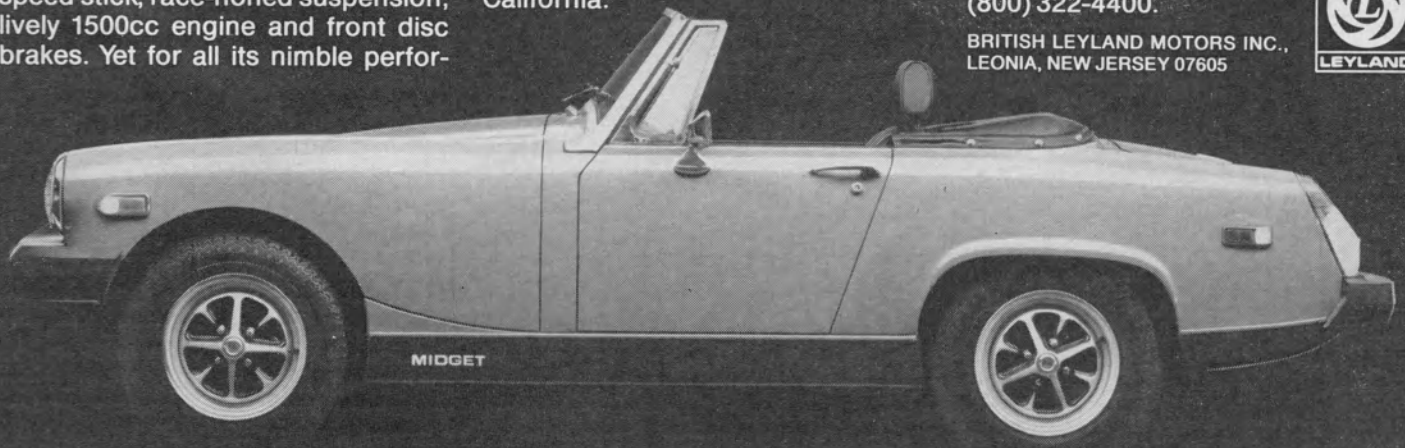

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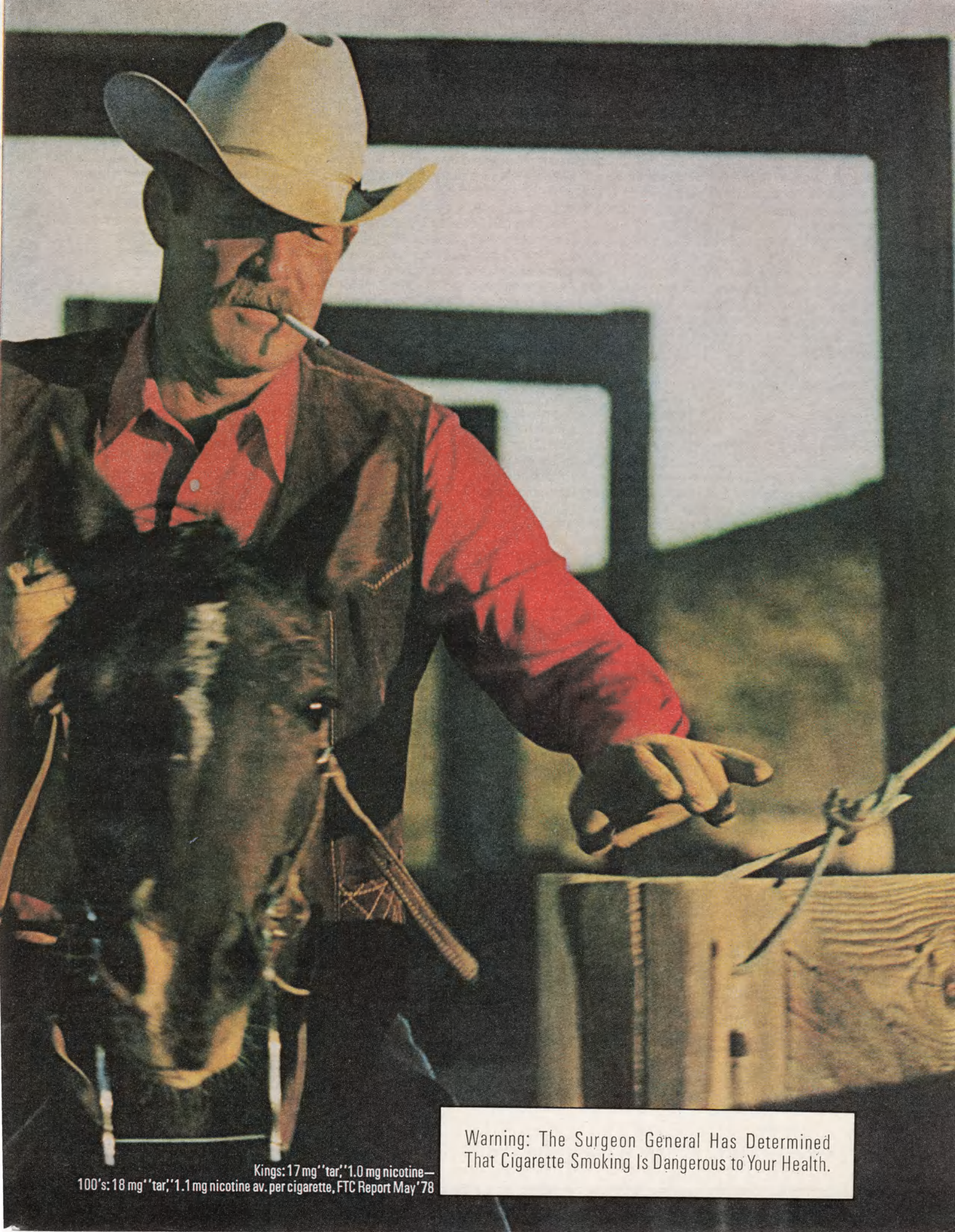

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 17 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine—
100's: 18 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78

said, "Is that all you're going to do?" I said that masturbation was a perfectly natural function and that all girls and boys did it. She said that girls didn't do that, and certainly not her. I said that she was either not telling the truth or was not growing up normally, and that she should try it. My wife tried to discontinue this line of conversation; so I dropped it, but not before telling Ann that she should ask some of her friends if they masturbated. She was shocked and said she could never ask a girl that.

That night my wife and I had a long talk. She said that she knew it was common for boys to masturbate, but that she didn't think girls were supposed to. Now *I* was shocked! We had always had a very liberal sex life, including fellatio and cunnilingus, but masturbation hadn't been included. I read her a few letters from "Forum" about female masturbation, and she was surprised. I encouraged her to try it, but she was still reluctant. Later, while I was eating her and had her hot, I suddenly quit and began to finger her clit. Then I took her hand and placed it on her pussy and begged her to do it. She begged me to go back down on her, but I wouldn't. She said she felt so alone; so I began to masturbate, too. This seemed to please her and turn her on. When she began to have an orgasm, I did, too, and shot my load on her pussy. She used the come for lubricant and kept fingering her clit until she had gotten off several times.

Several nights later she said that she had talked to Ann and told her she should try it. Ann confessed that several girls at school admitted they had, and that some did it regularly. Ann told her mother that she was thinking about trying it but didn't know how. My wife explained how it was done and which part of her anatomy was her clit. Ann was worried that she didn't have one. My wife said of course she did. She was nude underneath her robe; so she showed Ann her pussy and clit. She also lay on the bed and used her finger to caress and wiggle it, showing Ann how it was done. Ann then pulled her pajamas off and looked at herself. Her mother provided her with a mirror and taught her the different parts of her pussy.

To make long story short, they both wound up masturbating and even masturbated each other some. Afterward they had a great laugh. Amy said that seeing her daughter's young body in the throes of her first orgasm had been quite a turn-on.

Later, Ann apologized to Bob for walking in on him at an embarrassing moment. He blushed and was flustered, especially because his mother and I were in the room as Ann said this. I told Bob to call Phil in and said that I thought it was time we had a discussion. We all talked about masturbation, and when Amy was describing how girls did it, I could see that Phil and Bob had hard-ons. Phil was trying to rub his without being noticed, but I could see that Ann was squirming and staring at Bill's bulging shorts. My wife then told the boys that she and Ann had done it together last night. The boys were about to come in their pants now and began to ask questions about sex, including intercourse. All during this discussion my wife had her hand on my leg and was now stroking my throbbing dick. Then, suddenly, she unzipped my pants and started jacking me off, telling Ann that this is how boys do it and asking whether she would like to see me come. All three kids' eyes were bulging out now, as my wife went down on me and began sucking. Phil's dick was sticking out from under his shorts, and Ann was squeezing her legs together. This was all a shock to me and not what I had had in mind. My wife then lay back on the couch and spreading her legs with her robe open began fingering her clit and said, "Honey, *do* me." This is the word she uses when she wants cunnilingus. She told the boys to take their pants down and for Ann to take hers off.

We then had a family fuck-in. I ate my wife until she came, and then she sucked Phil off, and I ate Ann while Amy fucked Bob. This all happened spontaneously, and everyone felt good about it afterward. My wife said that it was time they learned all there was to know about sex, and that the safest place to learn was in the home. We had a mass masturbation scene and several other sex sessions with variations. My wife set the rules. Neither I nor the boys may fuck Ann, though we have all eaten her.

When the boys want to jack off, my wife spreads her legs and lets them come on her pussy, and she then masturbates her clit with their come. Ann lets me finger her clit and eat her, and she can come just by sucking me off. We are a happy family and love each other more than ever. We have group sex only on Wednesday nights, and nobody has to participate. So far, no one has declined. Even when Ann and Amy have their periods, they participate by sucking us off or by fingering their clits and coming for us.

Once, after my two sons and I had shot our wads, Amy and my wife ate each other, because they hadn't been satisfied. This scene got us up again, and I screwed my wife in the ass. We are all happy, and our daughter Ann is saving her cherry for her first love.

Bob has scored outside the home and is dating a lovely girl. We have taught them all about birth control and VD. They are good kids and never get into trouble. Why should they, when they are having so much fun in the home? The only problem we have is that I've caught my wife and daughter eating each other several times *not* on our Wednesday night session. I have had to warn my wife about this, as I am afraid she will turn Ann into a dike. Ann says that she is *not* a lesbian and is dying to have a dick in her. She says she hopes to get engaged to her boyfriend but only sucks him off now and has never been fucked. She says that her mother eats her better than either I or her boyfriend do, though. Maybe there is

"Mommy! Grandpa's fooling with the turkey again!"

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ST-9030. THD (stereo, 1 kHz): Wide—0.08%. Narrow—0.3%. S/N (stereo): 73 dB. FREQUENCY RESPONSE: 20 Hz—18 kHz +0.1, −0.5 dB. SELECTIVITY: Narrow—90 dB. CAPTURE RATIO: Wide—0.8 dB. IF, IMAGE and SPURIOUS RESPONSE REJECTIONS (98 MHz): 135 dB. STEREO SEPARATION (1 kHz): Wide—50 dB.

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SE-9060. POWER OUTPUT: 70 watts per channel (stereo), 180 watts (mono) min. RMS into 8 ohms from 20 Hz to 20 kHz with no more than 0.02% total harmonic distortion. S/N: 120 dB (IHF A).

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The "Lost Dutchman" gold mine. Legend says it's near the place where we hid a case of C.C.

We heard tales of hidden gold in the mountains east of Phoenix. They tell how miners who discovered it were mysteriously massacred. How an old prospector, "The Dutchman," rediscovered it. And how he, too, took its secret to the grave.

We searched the same canyons the Dutchman had followed.

These mountains seemed a natural place to hide a case of Canadian Club. So we found a wrangler, and with our C.C. tied on a surefooted mule, we set out. We would seek a hiding place among the sites of the Dutchman's legend ... and perhaps his lost gold mine too. His last words were about a needle-like rock near his mine. So we kept such a rock in sight as we followed narrow canyons. It's been a spell since adventurers here have met up with gold-crazed outlaws. Still, our wrangler's revolver was comforting as shadows deepened.

A campfire, cowboy beans and C.C. with mountain stream water.

With dark, we pitched camp below the needle-rock, put our chow on the fire, and toasted our saddle sores with C.C. and icy clear stream water. Next day we rode northwest to a well-traveled "Indian trail" and soon buried the Canadian Club. To find it, seek a place on that trail where the needle-rock is in sight, then head for lakes that weren't here when the Dutchman was.

A strange rock, an abandoned camp.

Seek the rock pictured here (warning: it won't look this way from the trail)

and ride directly toward it. Follow a rocky trail that's really more stream bed in places, past a lone cactus that grows from a high rock outcropping, to the end. Near here we made camp again 'neath a small tree where the distant needle-rock can again be seen. Within sight of our fire, we buried our full case of Canadian Club.

We wish you better luck in your search for the buried case of Canadian Club than those who've sought the Dutchman's gold. But be warned: this rugged country is unforgiving. So if the trail seems too rigorous, you can strike it rich at any bar or package store. Just say, "C.C., please."

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something to lesbian love.—*Name and address withheld*

Sentimental journey

My fiancée and I recently attended an alumni function at my alma mater, a small private college in Pennsylvania. One purpose of the function was to show off the school's new $4 million sports complex. The complex included a huge gymnasium complete with everything from indoor track to tennis courts, a handball and squash court, and a large hardwood-floored ballet studio.

My fiancée and I were giving ourselves a tour of the facilities. She has always enjoyed ballet; so we wandered into the ballet studio, where she immediately took off her shoes and danced across the room. Her dress occasionally flew up, exposing her panties at the top of her long, slim, tanned legs. Needless to say, my cock grew with desire at that sight. I followed her and grabbed her when she was practically in mid-air. Soon we were rolling on the floor in a tight embrace. She damn near ripped my pants off to get my cock out. I pulled off her panties, and I entered her in one frantic thrust. Her cunt dripped with passion as her moans echoed off the mirrored walls. On the verge of coming, I pulled my rock-hard prick out of her flowing pussy and shot my load all over her ass. The hot semen dripped down onto the floor.

When we finally came to our senses, we got dressed—none too soon, either, as the janitor was making his rounds to lock up. Later, my fiancée told me that the most erotic part of our adventure was her looking down and seeing my come glistening on the hardwood floor.

We'll have to break in the college's weight room next year, just for old times' sake. It was certainly more fun than I had in my college days, even if those are supposed to be the best years of all!—*K.M., Philadelphia, Pa.*

The understanding voyeur

I am writing this while I'm on a business trip, and all names and any distinguishing facts or landmarks have been changed. The alterations do not in any way change the truth; I am a man whose fantasies have come true to an unimaginable degree.

It all began about two years ago, when my boss got drunk at a company party and began feeling up my wife. She firmly but politely stopped him and then told me about the incident. Watching another man fuck my wife has always been one of my fantasies; as I see from your magazine, it seems to be fairly common.

George, my boss, and I are close friends; so I told him of my idea, and he agreed. He is twice my age but always looking for pussy. At that time our company was faced with a series of layoffs, so I told my wife, Sarah, that there was a good chance that I would have to go. She believed me and agreed to invite the boss for dinner. He came and apologized that his wife had not been able to come, too. At no time did Sarah have any idea what George and I had planned.

After supper, according to plan, a friend telephoned. Sarah answered the phone and said it was someone at the office asking for George. By the time George took the call, the phone was dead, of course. He then asked me to go back to the office to settle a problem. With the threat of a layoff, my wife couldn't say no. I left the house but stayed outside to watch through the windows.

George slid next to my wife on the couch and put a hand on her leg. He told her how much he'd enjoyed feeling her tit at the party. He put his left arm around her shoulders and began to kiss her. When she tried to loosen his grip, he managed to get her blouse undone and began to fondle her left tit. By now she had her legs spread for leverage and was pulling against him in a vain attempt to get free. With her legs exposing the yellow panties that she wore over her panty hose and her tits exposed, it was all I could do to keep from jacking off right there.

All this time she was telling him to stop. Over and over she said that she was a married woman. By now George was on top of her, and she was naked to the waist. Then she folded her arms across her chest. He went down past her waist to start kissing the inside of her thighs. As she started to stand up, he grabbed her ankles and pulled her down to the floor. She was still protesting when he began pulling off her panties and panty hose, but she raised her hips off the floor to make it easier. He parted her legs and started to go down on her, something she refuses to let me do, calling it disgusting and degrading. Her eyes closed, and she began to roll her head from side to side. I could tell that she was close to orgasm.

George knelt over her chest, and Sarah began to suck his cock, which she would never do for me. It was all unreal. There was my wife with her legs spread—I could see her glistening cunt, juicy, red, and ripe. Through the window, clear across the room, I could hear her slurping away at his cock. I had to jack off. I pulled out my cock and began to work it slowly.

Just before George came, he pulled away from her mouth and shot his load all over her face, hair, tits, and skirt. By now she was moaning and begging him to fuck her cunt. She had her hands busy there and was rolling her hips from side to side. I couldn't believe it, my cold wife begging a man to fuck her! George had other ideas. He made her get her shoes, black pumps with three-inch heels, and masturbate with one. Then he made her get on her hands and knees and started to dog-fuck her. He fucked her cunt for several minutes. When he came, he made Sarah collect the ejaculate into her shoes. They lay on the floor for a while, with George playing with Sarah's tits and pussy. When I heard George say that he'd had enough, I left the window. I

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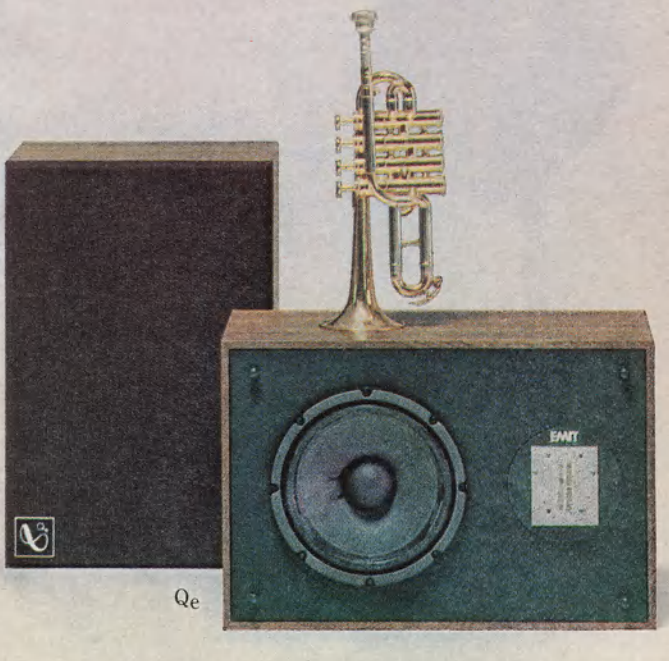

Q_e

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*Manufacturers suggested retail price, optional with dealer. West of the Mississippi the suggested retail price for a Q_e is $105; for a Quantum Jr. $275. Speaker Stand optional.

drove my car in front of the house, flashed the lights to warn them, and then slowly walked to the front door. They were both dressed and sitting on the couch. George's sperm had dried and showed as a white film over her face, in her hair and on her skirt. I asked how it had happened, and Sarah told me that it was egg whites. She said that she had been making a fancy drink for George out of eggs, beer, and Scotch in the blender but hadn't gotten the top on right, and it sprayed all over her. She didn't let me fuck her that night, claiming that she was tired and had a headache. To this day she refuses to let me go down on her and won't suck my cock.

The next time George came over to the house while I was there, and every time I left the room, Sarah would spread her legs and play with herself in front of George. I went into the bathroom and found her panties in the hamper just before I "left." She must have been flowing a gusher of pussy juices, for the panties were soaked.

Now my wife wears garter belts and regular stockings, and we have invested money into a new sexy wardrobe, including hot pants that are several inches too small. She really enjoys taunting the paperboys and various delivery boys by shooting beavers, bending over, or by coming to the door clad only in an old shirt of mine. She wears tit and pussy makeup now but doesn't shave her pussy, preferring instead to show her dark triangle through sheer panties of hose or anything diaphanous.

George has worked her into the company as a call girl. He set up a special apartment for her and arranged that she gets paid for it. I've watched her service numerous men, and she was once gangbanged by nine studs. She even takes on the secretaries! You may wonder how I know what happened and all the details. The company I work for deals in small portable video cameras and sound systems. I have the incidents on tape and have watched them many times. I've worked carefully to avoid Sarah's suspecting that I know about her activities.

I can hardly wait to get back from my business trip, because last night she had a date with a female executive from Baltimore.—*G.R.C., Boston, Mass.*

Call of nature

Although I'm twenty-four and a reasonably experienced female, my sexual activity has been selective and very personal—that is, up until three weeks ago. My upbringing made me very modest, I guess.

Therefore, I was the most surprised person when I found myself in an incredible situation. I'd been shopping downtown, and at closing time I left for the bus stop only to realized that I should have taken time to go to the bathroom. It was painfully apparent that I couldn't wait the hour that it would take to get home on the bus. Mostly out of panic, I walked over to the large entryway of a closed shop, where I didn't think anyone could see me. Once there, I dropped my pants and began urinating. Even at home I always close and lock the bathroom door, but as I squatted and peed, I could see people. Of course, I was afraid that someone would walk by and see me. The fear of thinking that someone might catch me, however, made me suddenly very aroused. I finished peeing, but instead of rushing to pull up my pants, I started to rub my wet pussy. At first I was just going to tease myself for a moment, fascinated by the circumstances. But then I was really into it. I knew I would have to bring myself off right then or go crazy. I don't masturbate much usually, but this time I was frantic—almost obsessed.

Then I looked up and realized I wasn't exactly alone. A young man stood there, watching me, and I think I must have looked like an escaped looney. I had one finger massaging inside while the other was going like a high-speed metronome on my clit. The young man walked over and stood over me. He unzipped and pulled out his now very erect penis.

I've never seen a man masturbate. So when he spit on his penis and began rubbing it, I must say that it didn't encourage me to do what I thought I should—get up and run. I couldn't really believe what I was doing anyway. It seemed like a dream.

The only words exchanged were these: "Let me know when you're ready to come." I did, and we both had explosive orgasms. God! I came in a way I had never dreamed possible—certainly not with my own hand.

He smiled, said thanks for an unusual time, and left. When I got home, I thought that maybe it had been a dream, except that my shoes were wet and there was a dried gob of semen in my hair. Since then I've relived that experience at least once a day. Sometimes at work I'll have to take a break, go to the girl's room, and jiggle myself off. If the guy who so politely joined me that night happens to read this, all I can say is this: thanks for the memories.—*O.R., Minneapolis, Minn.*

Grass roots

I'm an eighteen-year-old junior in high school. Being a faithful reader of your great magazine, I read those almost unbelievable but surely true "Forum" letters. During the last few months I frequently caught myself fantasizing about "public sex." Fortunately, it's now my pleasure to fill in *Penthouse* readers about my most delightful experience.

Every weekend my friends, Harry and Tim, get enough players from our town and organize a weekly baseball game. On one particular week the game was a complete flop. Most of the players left early, leaving two local grammar-school kids and my girl friend and me. She has dark hair (black) down to her shoulders, nice firm, round tits, and an ass that would catch anyone's eye. To top it off, she has a pitch-black bushy lovebox that will snatch my rod in a second.

"We should have changed to winter grade!"

Based on latest U.S. Government Report:

Box or menthol:

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"LOW TAR" FILTERS

	Tar mg./cig	Nicotine mg./cig
Winston Lights	13	0.9
Doral	12	0.9
Marlboro Lights	12	0.8
Vantage	11	0.8
Parliament	9	0.6
Kent Golden Lights	8	0.7
Merit	8	0.6

"LOW TAR" MENTHOLS

	Tar mg./cig	Nicotine mg./cig
Kool Milds	14	0.9
Doral	12	0.8
Vantage	11	0.8
Salem Lights	10	0.8
Kent Golden Lights	9	0.7
Merit	8	0.6

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Box: Less than 0.5 mg."tar", 0.05 mg. nicotine; Soft Pack and Menthol: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78.

While the grammar-school kids went to play on some monkey bars, we decided to walk around the surrounding home-run fence to look for a hammer that I had lost while I was setting up the fence in early spring. I couldn't find the hammer. So we sat in the tall, green grass. When our eyes met, I knew exactly what was going to happen. We grabbed each other, and I undid her pants, and she undid mine.

Just then I remembered about those kids. As I peeked over my shoulder to look for them, I heard them sneaking up on us, trying to get a better look. By now we were both too hot to stop, so I said, "What the hell, let's give 'em a show." My girl friend (let's call her Robbie) rolled on top of me, and her cunt hairs tickled my navel. That sent an array of shivers through my abdomen and down my legs. After some pretty heavy necking, she rolled over and pulled me on top of her. I slid my now throbbing rod into her warm, wet pussy. When I felt the grass from the field tickle my balls, I got even hornier. We were now grinding our hips together slowly but steadily. (I found that if you grind too hard and too fast, you can't really feel the effects of orgasm, but a slow, steady action will bring a much stronger explosion.) As we felt our climax growing, she squeezed and kissed me harder and harder until I almost couldn't breathe.

Finally, we came at the same time and then lay back in each other's arms. Then we heard laughter only ten feet away. Robbie and I looked up to see the kids run across the field toward town. After we helped each other dress, I kissed her on the cheek. Then she and I went home, already looking forward to our next exciting weekend of baseball.—*Name and address withheld*

Friends in need

In 1974 my wife and I had a disagreement that led to a separation. During this period mutual friends, George and Pat, invited me over for supper. Before the meal itself we had quite a few drinks, and, what with the booze and the humidity, I just sort of dozed off after dinner. But I woke up in a hurry. I thought there was a vacuum cleaner attached to my cock.

I just went along with it for a while. Before I realized it, I was an eager participant—so much so that when I became aware that it was George who was giving me such wonderful head and now had his finger up my ass hole, I just didn't give a damn.

By this time Pat had her hand inside my shirt. So I thought it only right that I put my hand inside hers. Well, she didn't have one on, and I just grabbed a handful of tit. Then she started to drag her lips and tongue down my chest right to my navel, which she proceeded to tongue. Then she joined George in giving me a blowjob that just about drove me crazy.

All this time I had been on the chesterfield. But then we all slid off onto the floor, with me on the bottom of the pile. At this point Pat took over the blowjob, and she was almost as good as George, which is saying plenty. George (bless him) moved around to screw his wife, just as I was about to lick her pussy. As soon as I saw his beautiful cock come into view, I changed my mind and took him into my mouth.

Then, surprising myself, I stuck my finger up his ass and another up Pat's ass (they were on opposite hands, of course). As soon as I had done this, Pat moved around a little so that George could get at her pussy with his mouth. I was taking as much of him into my mouth as I could, but that didn't seem to be enough for him, because he started pumping like crazy and I guess I was doing the same thing to Pat. Then I started to come the same time George did. It was quite a thrill to feel a man come in my mouth at the same time I was shooting into a woman's.

In the heat of the moment I don't remember what I did with his come. I know it tasted a little bit salty, but it didn't feel hot. So I guess I must have swallowed all of it. George and I were a little limp after this, but Pat was still hot to trot; so she went into the kitchen and came out with a glass of hot water. She washed her mouth out with it and started on me, while at the same time sticking her finger into my ass and George's. I closed my eyes, because my cock was tender. That's when old George gave me a wet, open-mouthed kiss. Somehow I wasn't surprised at all. In fact, I returned it wholeheartedly.

I guess you could say that I was initially seduced. But things soon changed. I was more than eager. I grabbed George and turned him over on his back. He opened his legs, and once again there was Pat to help. She got hold of my cock and put cooking oil all over it. Then she guided it into George's ass hole, which was as tight as anything I've been into. While I was pushing my cock in, George and I had our arms wrapped around each other and our tongues in each other's mouth. George wrapped his legs around me just as a woman would. Then I felt him getting hard as a rock.

All this time, Pat was around us kissing and licking, but George and I were in a little world all our own. Then we started to come again. At this time I was forty-three, and to come twice in so short a time was quite an occasion for me. Boy, was I tired, what with all that booze and sex. So Pat said I should lie down for a while. I went into the bedroom, took what few clothes I had left on off, and threw the clothes off the bed. I was out like a light.

I was awakened around dawn by someone playing with my ass and cock. That is the best way to awaken. By this time my ass was very loose. So I guess that George had no trouble getting into it. He doesn't have a very big cock, but it seemed to fill me up at the time. (I've taken bigger ones since, but that was the first.) When Pat got me hot again, I mounted her. Pat and I were kissing each other all the time we were fucking,

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and George was sticking his tongue into my ear. It felt great to be the center of attention. This time I just stayed hard inside Pat, but George seemed to get his rocks off inside me.

The next day was Saturday; so we just stayed in the house while Pat went shopping. We started to talk about what had happened the night before, and he said he'd often thought about making it with a guy before. While we were discussing this, we both got hard again and lay down and started kissing and rubbing our cocks together. We then got into a sixty-nine position and brought each other to a climax. Then we washed ourselves off in the bathroom, and I was getting hard again. We were about to start again when we heard Pat coming into the driveway; so we grabbed her just as she came through the kitchen door and stripped her naked and screwed her silly. I took her pussy and George her ass. By the time we got through, the ice cream had run all over the kitchen floor and our cream was all over the bedroom.

I've since reconciled with my wife, but she just won't get into swinging. So I go over to George and Pat's, who have since got involved with a few swinging types, and I swing along, too.—*H.A., Toronto, Canada*

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Jailbaiting

I am an inmate at the Missouri State Penitentiary. While I was in county jail, I had an experience the readers might enjoy. I was being held in a one-man cell at the time. Any time a girl came in, she would be put in one of the one-man cells, since there was no regular place for keeping a woman. A partner of mine made me hip to a few things about the one-man cells before he left. I acquired a mirror, which, if a girl was willing, I would use to look in the cell and check out her body. One of these girls was Tina.

Tina was in the next-door cell for three weeks. She was eighteen years old and about five foot four. She had a very fine body, nice firm tits, and a good-looking face. Tina acted cold to me at first, since her boyfriend was also locked up, although he was in a different cell block. After I broke the ice with her, things got cool.

At first, she would masturbate for me, suck and lick her tits. After a few days she was really into it and would use a hairbrush as a dildo. After she had fucked herself good with it, she would lick her juices off the brush. A guard there wanted to get some head from Tina, but because I stayed up all night he made a deal with me whereby if he got any I would also.

One night, when the guard thought it was cool, he came back, unlocked Tina's cell, and went inside. I heard the guy say, "I have to come," and Tina took his cock in her hand. He then asked her if she would give him some head. She said okay.

The two of them then came out. She stood in front of my cell and pulled her pants down. I reached through my door and started rubbing her clit. At the same time the guard was kissing her and feeling her tits. I quit rubbing her clit, and she bent over and took my dick in her mouth as I was sticking it through the bars. When I was about to come, I pulled my dick from her mouth and came into a wad of toilet paper.

Although I never had sex with her any more, there were plenty of times when gals would put on a show for me.—*Name and address withheld*

Blindman's buff

I am a twenty-three-year-old bisexual male. I have lived in Virginia for almost four years. In all this time, I have had one particular male on my mind.

One day I decided to write him a letter, saying that if he would like to have his huge cock sucked by a person of his own sex, to scribble a large yes on the mailbox in front of his house, and that I would then contact him. To my sheer delight, when I drove by his house, I saw "yes" spray painted next to his mailbox.

The next thing I did was to write him another letter, telling him to blindfold himself and sit on the ground in back of his house at 2 A.M. on a certain night. Well, the time came. I put on dark clothes so that he could not recognize me if he decided not to go through with it. To my amazement, he was sitting in back of his house, completely nude, with a very dark and tight bandana around his eyes and jerking off.

Now, let me explain. I have known this man fairly well, and he knows me fairly well also. He is about six feet tall, with a very hairy body from head to toe. He has semi-long black hair and is very muscular. He also has very large balls and an estimated ten-to-twelve-inch penis—no lie!

I knelt down and started to suck his large penis until he shuddered and came in my mouth and all over my face. He told me that he wanted to take off his mask so he could see me. I told him no but said that if he sucked my cock while he still had his mask on, I would let him take his mask off. He agreed, surprisingly, until I climaxed. He then took off his mask and couldn't believe it was me!

Well, I'm glad to say that the rest of the night fulfilled my wildest fantasies, and we have done this many more times since. Please print this letter so that I can buy him an issue of this magazine.—*Name and address withheld*

Singapore swing

I am from Singapore, twenty-three years of age, and am currently a student in Southern California, at one of the universities there. This is the story of my first sexual encounter with an American girl.

I met this girl, named Janice, in the office where we both work. She is a plain-looking girl, about twenty-one, with smooth, milky-colored skin. Her tits are small but firm, and she has one of the biggest and finest asses I have ever seen.

I got turned on to her one day when I went

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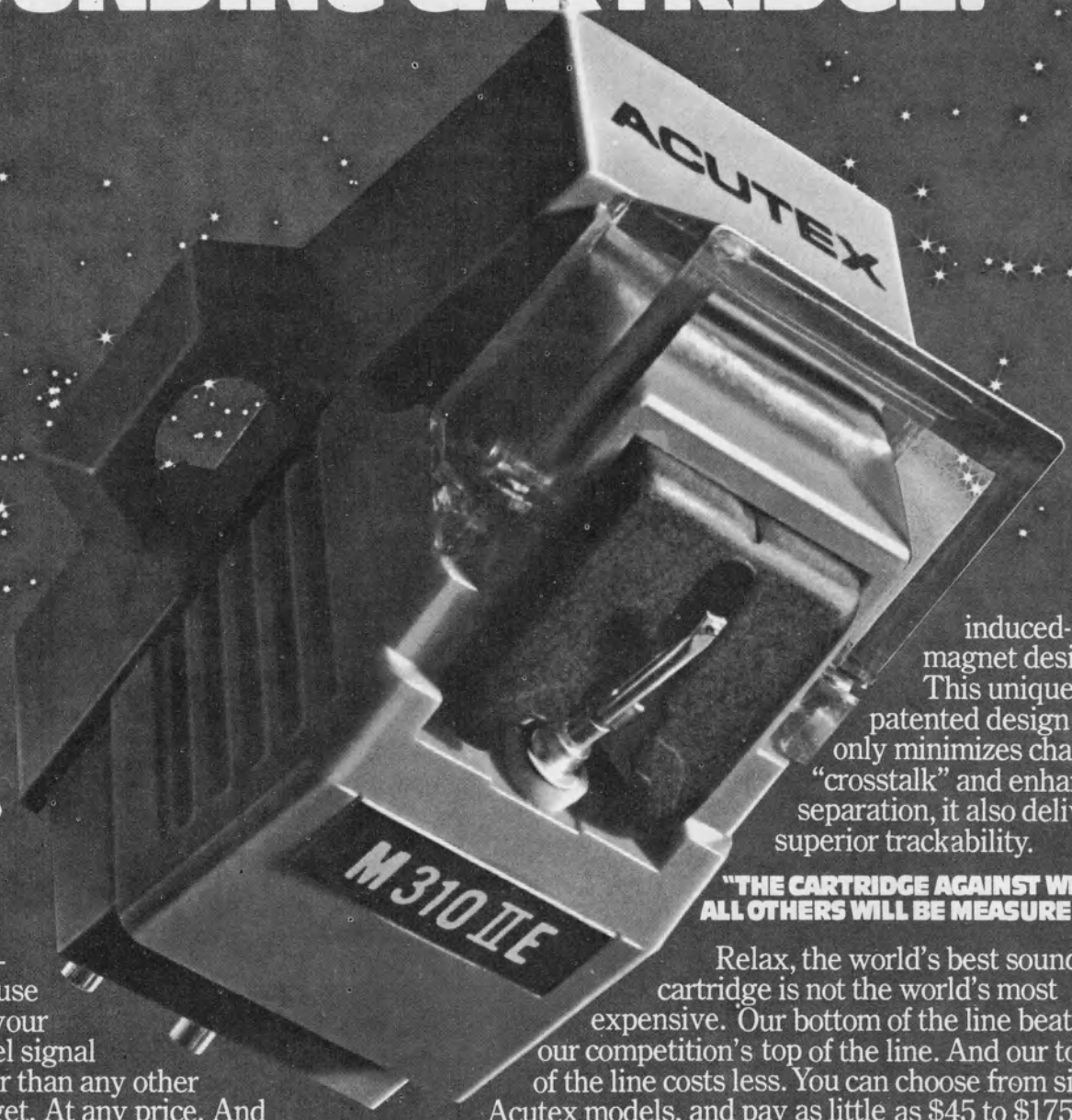

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WITH WHAT MINOLTA KNOWS ABOUT CAMERAS AND WHAT YOU KNOW ABOUT YOURSELF, WE CAN MAKE BEAUTIFUL PICTURES TOGETHER.

If you've considered buying a 35mm single lens reflex camera, you may have wondered how to find the right one out of the bewildering array of models and features available.

And with good reason, since the camera you choose will have a lot to do with how creative and rewarding your photography will be.

What you pay for your camera shouldn't be your only consideration, especially since there are some very expensive cameras that won't give you some of the features you really need. So ask yourself how you'll be using the camera and what kind of pictures you'll be taking. Your answers could save a lot of money.

How automatic should your camera be?

Basically, there are two kinds of automatic 35mm SLR's. Both use advanced electronics to give you perfectly exposed pictures with point, focus and shoot simplicity. The difference is in creative control.

For landscapes, still lifes, portraits and the like, you'll want an *aperture-priority* camera. It lets *you* set the lens opening, while *it* sets the shutter speed automatically.

This way, you control depth-of-field. That's the area of sharpness in front of and behind your subject. Many pro photographers believe that depth-of-field is the most important factor in creative photography.

At times you may want to control the motion of your subject. You can do this with an aperture-priority camera by changing the lens opening until the camera sets the shutter speed necessary to freeze or blur a moving subject. Or you can use a *shutter-priority* camera, on which you set the shutter speed first and the camera sets the lens automatically.

Minolta makes both types of automatic cameras. The Minolta XG-7 is moderately priced and offers aperture-priority automation, plus fully manual control. The Minolta XD-11 is somewhat more expensive, but it offers all the creative flexibility of both aperture and shutter-priority automation, plus full manual control. The XD-11 is so advanced that during shutter-priority operation it will actually make exposure corrections you fail to make.

Do you really need an automatic camera?

Automation makes fine photography easier. But if you do some of the work yourself, you can save a lot of money and get pictures every bit as good.

In this case, you might consider a Minolta SR-T. These are semi-automatic cameras. They have built-in, through-the-lens metering systems that tell you exactly how to set the lens and shutter for perfect exposure. You just align two indicators in the viewfinder.

What to expect when you look into the camera's viewfinder.

The finder should give you a clear, bright view of your subject. Not just in the center, but even along the edges and in the corners. Minolta SLR's have bright finders, so that composing and focusing are effortless, even in dim light. And focusing aids in Minolta

Minolta makes all kinds of 35mm SLR's, so our main concern is that you get exactly the right camera for your needs. Whether that means the advanced Minolta XD-11. Or the easy-to-use and moderately priced Minolta XG-7. Or the very economical Minolta SR-T cameras.

Automatic sequence photography is easy when you combine a Minolta XD-11 or XG-7 with optional Auto Winder and Electroflash 200X.

viewfinders make it easy to take critically sharp pictures.

Information is another thing you can expect to find in a well-designed finder. Everything you need to know for a perfect picture is right there in a Minolta finder.

In the Minolta XD-11 and XG-7, red light emitting diodes tell you what lens opening or shutter speed is being set automatically and warn against under or over-exposure. In Minolta SR-T cameras, two pointers come together as you adjust the lens and shutter for correct exposure.

Do you need an auto winder?

You do if you like the idea of sequence photography, or simply want the luxury of power assisted film advancing. Minolta auto winders will advance one picture at a time, or continuously at about two per second. With advantages not found in others, like up to 50% more pictures with a set of batteries and easy attachment to the camera without removing any caps. Optional auto winders are available for both the Minolta XD-11 and XG-7, but not for Minolta SR-T cameras.

How about electronic flash?

An automatic electronic flash can be added to any Minolta SLR for easy, just about foolproof indoor photography without the bother of flashbulbs. For the XD-11 and XG-7, Minolta makes the Auto Electroflash 200X. It sets itself automatically for flash exposure, and it sets the camera automatically for use with flash. An LED in the viewfinder signals when the 200X is ready to fire. Most unusual: the Auto Electroflash 200X can fire continuously in perfect synchronization with Minolta auto winders. Imagine being able to take a sequence of 36 flash pictures without ever taking your finger off the button.

You should be comfortable with your camera.

The way a camera feels in your hands can make a big difference in the way you take pictures.

The Minolta XD-11 and XG-7, for instance, are compact, but not cramped. Lightweight, but with a solid feeling of quality. Oversized controls are positioned so that your fingers fall naturally into place. And their electronically controlled shutters are incredibly smooth and quiet.

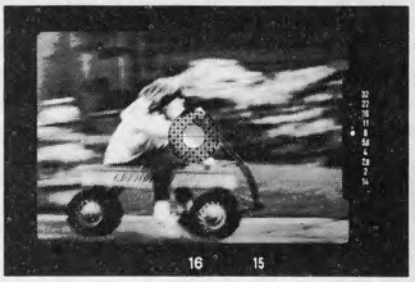
Minolta SR-T's give you the heft and weight of a slightly larger camera, but with no sacrifice in handling convenience. As in all Minolta SLR's, "human engineering" insures smooth, effortless operation.

Are extra features important?

If you use them, there are a lot of extras that can make your photography more creative and convenient. Depending on the Minolta model you choose, you can get: multiple exposures with pushbutton ease (even with an auto winder). A window to show that film is advancing properly. A handy memo holder that holds the end of a film box to remind you of what film you're using. And a self-timer.

What about the lens system?

The SLR you buy should have a system of lenses big enough to satisfy your needs, not only today, but five years from today. The patented Minolta bayonet mount lets you change lenses with less than a quarter turn. There are almost 40 Minolta lenses available, ranging from 7.5mm fisheye to 1600mm super-telephoto, including macro and zoom lenses and the world's smallest 500mm lens.



The electronic viewfinder: LED's tell you what the camera is doing automatically to give you correct exposure.

The match-needle viewfinder: just align two indicators for correct exposure. Because you're doing some of the work, you can save some money.

What's next?

Think about how you'll use your camera and ask your photo dealer to let you try a Minolta. Compare it with other cameras in its price range. You'll soon see why more Americans buy Minolta than any other brand of SLR. For literature, write Minolta Corp., 101 Williams Drive, Ramsey, New Jersey 07446. In Canada: Minolta Camera (Canada) Inc., Ontario.

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WE WANT YOU TO HAVE THE RIGHT CAMERA.

into the office and she was bent over the file cabinets. The slacks she was wearing were so tight that I could see the outline of her knickers or what the Americans call panties. I instantly got hard at this sight. When Janice turned around, she noticed the bulge in my pants. She had a grin on her face as she stared at the big bump in my trousers. This was the first positive sexual response I had gotten out of Janice since meeting her. I asked her for a date. I had a feeling that she would refuse me because I was an Oriental, but to my pleasant surprise she responded with a resounding yes.

That night I drove to her place in my white Opel and picked her up. She was dressed in a bland-looking blouse and dark skirt. She was not what you'd call a sexy dresser except when she wore tight slacks. We drove around and eventually ended up at a local pub. I encouraged her to drink, because I figured I could get her loaded and then maybe . . .?

After three daiquiris, Janice was mellow. She was leaning her head on my shoulder for support. I suggested to her that we go over to my apartment to check out some records.

When we got there, I proceeded to put on my new albums. When I turned around, Janice was in a position on the couch with her legs spread-eagled. I stared in between her legs and could not take my eyes off her white-pantie-covered muff. When she realized what I was doing, she teasingly moved her thighs together. That really turned me on. I boldly sat down next to her, put my arm around her, and gave her a light peck on the lips. As we went on, our tongues began playing in each other's mouths. I then reached for her breasts. Time after time, she pushed my hand away, but I persisted. Then persistence paid off, because I finally slipped my hand down her brassiere to touch her left nipple. She shivered all over and had goose bumps all over her body.

I proceeded slowly to unbutton the rest of her blouse. I unsnapped her bra and began to suck her beautiful jugs, and her nipples stood at attention. When my right hand moved between her thighs, she wiggled with delight. As I caressed her cunt through her panties, she said, in heated passion, "Take off my clothes—and hurry!" I had Janice stand up and unzipped her skirt, dropping it to the floor. She had no nylons on, only a pair of white, boxer-type panties. After I undressed her (except her panties), I literally ripped my shirt off, threw it to the side, and kicked off my shoes and socks. Still wearing my trousers, I began to lick and kiss up and down her legs. I had Janice raise her big bottom as I helped her take off her panties. I placed the panties on my head. Janice lay on the couch, amused. I then took the panties off my head and put them in my back pocket. I'll never forget when my tongue met American pussy. It was a natural high. It was a humid, moist snatch that I plunged my tongue deeply into. She had a musky, bittersweet taste that was a gourmet's delight.

I must have stayed in her cunt for nearly an hour, holding on to her big ass cheeks. She must have had at least three orgasms, because her love juices were flowing like a wilderness river. I tried to swallow all of her creamy come.

Then came the moment of truth: intercourse with my first American piece. I took off my jockey shorts and trousers with one motion.

Janice was stunned and couldn't take her eyes off my manhood. She protested, "Please don't hurt me—I'm a virgin." I was shocked at this admission, but hearing it I became harder than cold steel, about to explode. Imagine, my first piece of American ass, a virgin! I laid her back on the couch as I spread her milky white thighs. She lay back in anticipation. I made sure that she really wanted me to de-virginize her. She replied yes, saying, "My pussy is ready to be used and grinded into." I slowly eased my very erect cock into her virginal love tunnel. It was tight as hell and felt like heaven.

It took a while before I could get a decent amount of meat into her. When I did get it in, I stopped all movement and let her experience her pussy lips enveloping a live cock. Then I began to thrust, ever so slowly. It took only a few strokes before I shot my wad into her pussy. I could tell by the expression on her face that she could feel my warm come.

Even after I shot my load, I remained as hard as before; so I continued to fuck away. The expression on her face said she was about to have her first orgasm via intercourse. She was screaming, her head moving from side to side and her body in a state of convulsions. At that point we had simultaneous orgasms. I slowly removed my dick from her dripping cunt. She sat up and placed a light kiss on my pecker. She told me that she was not into oral sex yet. I told her it didn't matter, since I was completely exhausted anyway. With that we fell into each other's arms and stayed that way until the sunrise, in a complete state of satisfaction.

The next morning, Janice awoke with a satisfied smile on her face. I told her to take a shower before going to work, but she said she wanted to feel like a woman all day by leaving my come in her twat. She walked abnormally, as if there were something between her legs. I guess you could call it that "just-fucked look." She also forgot to put her panties on. I guess she felt like a free spirit.

After that night, for some strange reason, she would not go out with me. I kept her panties, and I store them in a Glad Bag in the icebox to retain whatever moisture and scent there is of her. Now and then I place the panties over my face, inhale deeply, and remember the night I had my first American piece and changed a nubile girl into a full-fledged woman.—*Name and address withheld*

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Command performance

I'm twenty-one and in the U.S. Air Force, stationed in England. About three months ago, I was working late, finishing up a report that was overdue. I was just about ready to wrap things up when my squadron commander entered the office. She is thirty and the only female commander around. She also happens to be divorced—and very attractive, too. She stands nearly six feet tall, is slender and brunette, and owns a nice, healthy set of lungs.

She approached the desk with a handful of papers that she'd finished signing. Walking around the side of my desk, she said she wanted to get a better view of the report I was so involved in. She moved to the back of my chair, and as she leaned over, her ample breasts rubbed along my shoulder blade and the back of my neck. The pressure from those hefty melons was unbelievable. She started breathing slow and deep, and most of it was aimed at the side of my neck and my ear. I could feel an erection coming on and squirmed a bit to give the damn thing room to grow. My commander must have taken notice, judging from the way she was staring at the bulge in my pants. I moved away from the typewriter and stretched out my stiff legs.

"That's a fine job you're doing on that report," she said. "You're also a very attractive man."

I couldn't believe my ears. I was sitting here getting orally seduced by my own commander, who was nine years my senior, not to mention the rank difference. She placed her hand on my knee and kept reading the report. When she had finished it, she turned and shot a grin at my face. She then sat on the edge of my desk, with her dress halfway up her beautiful legs, revealing a nice little vee that was covered with a black patch of bush, then covered again with some see-through panties.

Her eyes caught mine, and when she acknowledged where my focus was, she spread her legs even wider. I could restrain myself no longer. I placed a hand on each of her knees and parted them some more. Her breath was already very heavy, and I started to lick the inside of her legs, right up to the middle of those luscious thighs. I pulled down her panties and removed her shoes. Then I buried my face in that lovely little snatch. It tasted even better than it smelled. After about ten minutes of my eating that sweet snack and her bucking like a bronco, she had a powerful orgasm—which flowed down onto my report and soaked about five pages of it.

I picked her up by the legs and carried her to her own office, where the shades, couch, and soft rug made a perfect setting for some heavy loving. When I sat down on her desk, she instantly went fumbling for my silver belt buckle. She pulled off my pants and nearly ripped off my shorts.

Her eyes grew as big as grapefruits when she saw my swollen, eight-inch cock. "It's more glorious than my ex-husband's cock, and I bet it will taste better, too," she said. I said, "No bet, honey."

She softly blew on the head of my prick from a distance of about six inches. That made the damn thing grow nearly another inch, rounding it off to about nine inches. It felt as if it were going to rip away from my skin if it grew any longer. She started to lick around my stomach, then my thighs and balls. She sucked each one of them into her mouth and then released them gently, without the slightest touch of her teeth. Wow, was she good!

She then started running her tongue up and down my shaft, making the helmet turn a beet red from the rushing blood. She placed her lips at the tip of my cock and slowly opened her mouth, taking the prick into her mouth at last. She gradually engulfed the whole thing until only my pubic hairs were visible. Her mouth came back up about halfway, and she placed her hand on the other half of my shaft and started to jerk me off slowly while her lips were smacking over the top of my cock. Both of these actions combined for a feeling I'd never felt before. *Nothing* had ever been this delightful. She bobbed up and down on my cock with the skill of a professional. Going in and out of her mouth, it looked like a big oil derrick. I felt it get harder, and all of a sudden she'd struck oil. Out came gobs of hot, bubbling come, but she pulled my cock about four inches from her mouth and caught every drop of it, except for a little that dribbled down her chin. She just kept jerking my prick and milking that jizz out of me as if I were a cow.

It was the biggest "blow" I'd ever had, and it left me exhausted. After I was left dry, we just hung onto each other for a while. When I'd gotten the rest of my wind up, we spent the rest of the night doing it doggie style, top to bottom, sixty-nine, and another variation that really thrilled me: with erection between her tits and me slowly pumping in and out of her breasts. The warmth was something else. And when I shot my nut, it spurted in gobs onto her chin, cheeks, nose, lips, and forehead, and she smeared it around her face until the sticky sauce was well into her skin.

The whole night was one to cherish and remember for as long as I live. Since then, I have been mysteriously transferred to another base in the United Kingdom, and I haven't been back to see her since. I guess it is better for the both of us, but I highly recommend her for the U.S. Service Cross, the nation's highest "piecetime" medal. And I just wonder how many other airmen are out there right now who have had the pleasure to serve under such a thoughtful commander.—*Name and address withheld*

". . . And now for the human side of the news!"

Come, Greyhound!

Until last week, I'd never done anything in a sexual way that was really worth writing about. That's changed now.

I was on a Greyhound bus, bound for Springfield, Mass., to visit a buddy at col-

lege, when I met this girl I'll call Sandy.

She was asking about my interests and vice versa—and, as fate would have it, we were both *Penthouse* readers. She had to get off the bus in Albany but said that on my way back through, on Sunday, I should stop for dinner.

Well, Sunday finally came, and I took a cab to the address she had given me. She was right there to greet me, a well-rounded redhead with freckles on her nose and, I later discovered, dimples on her ass. Dinner was nice, but it was the "dining" afterward that was wild. I went down on her furry little patch and made my tongue dance over her burning little clitty. She got off quite well, and after a short rest she went down on me. This woman was only nineteen, but she truly gave excellent head—including long, slow motions that drove me wild.

I'm sorry to say that I didn't let her finish. I rolled her over and fucked her till she and I lost it together.

The strange thing is that after we cleaned up and started to chat, I realized she was more than just a truly desirable lover. We have since discussed matrimony, and because it was the subject of your magazine that initiated our relationship, we would like you to have the first piece of wedding cake. With appreciation . . .—*G.P., Boise, Idaho*

Three's company

I am a female fan of *Penthouse*, having been introduced to it by my husband over two years ago. I enjoy each issue as much as my husband, and, to be quite honest, I have found myself becoming increasingly turned on by the photos of your Pets, especially when two or more of the girls are making it with each other. Therefore I would like to share an experience I recently had that came about because of your magazine.

I had joined a health spa near my home two months ago. Although I was not out of shape (five feet six inches, 125 lbs, 32-24-35), my office job did not allow me to get as much exercise as I should have. It was at the spa that I made friends with another exercise seeker, a beautiful Oriental woman named Anna. Anna was really in great shape. She was five feet four, and her exercises kept her at 115 pounds, in a perfect, 35-24-35 form. Her hair was long and black (in contrast to my short, blonde hair), and she just seemed to have a sensuous aura about her. Since we both swam in the pool very frequently, we soon became good friends and looked forward to seeing each other on our visits to the spa. One night in the locker room after our exercises I asked Anna if she'd like to stop off at my house for a drink before she drove home. I told her that my husband, Tom, was working late (he's a salesman at a local department store). Anna agreed, since she lived less than a ten-minute drive from the spa.

Once at my house, Anna made herself comfortable on the couch, while I made drinks for the both of us. I seated myself next to her, and we began talking about our jobs, the exercise class, and other general

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topics. The conversation was pleasant, and soon we were on our third drink.

It was at this point that Anna noticed the latest issue of *Penthouse* on the coffee table, where Tom had left it the night before. Anna began looking through it. She stopped at the pictorial "Women in Love," which showed two beautiful women, clad in stockings and platform shoes, giving pleasure to each other. Anna then said that a pictorial like that probably didn't hold any interest for me, since a married woman must get all the sex she can handle. I told her that lately that hadn't been the case, what with Tom working overtime and late hours. In fact, I told her, she probably put my love life to shame with the "swinging singles life" she must be leading. Anna said she was in the same boat, what with her job and the difficulty of finding a decent guy. I then said to Anna that it would be good if we both could solve our problems.

Anna turned back to a letter in the "Forum" section that concerned female domination. She looked at me with her very sensual eyes and said that maybe we could make Tom satisfy the both of us. Normally, I would have been shocked at such a thought of sharing my husband with another woman, but the combination of the drinks and the closeness of Anna turned me on to the idea. I asked Anna what she had in mind. She said that when Tom came home, I should ask him if he wanted to go to bed with both of us. However, he would have to agree to do it on our condition only: he would be our slave. In this way, Anna said, I could have some revenge for his neglect during the past few weeks.

While Anna was talking, I could feel the crotch of my panties becoming soaked with my cunt juices. Without a moment's hesitation I agreed. Anna asked if I had any rope, which I soon found in the closet. We then cut the rope into four two-foot-long sections and waited for Tom.

Tom was home in less than half an hour. Although he was tired, his eyes widened in disbelief when I presented him with the offer. He had never met Anna before, but his mouth watered as he took in the sight of her in her tight jeans and blue exercise leotard, through which the outline of her erect nipples was clearly visible. His cock immediately bulged against his pants. Then Anna told him that he would have to be our slave if he wished to have the both of us. Tom just nodded his head. By this time I was so excited that I could feel the juice from my pussy beginning to drip down my thighs. Anna then turned to me and asked me to lead the way to the bedroom.

Once there, Anna, who by this time was clearly in charge, told Tom to take all his clothes off. By the time he was down to his shorts, his cock looked like it would rip through the fabric. When he finally removed them, his seven-inch cock looked gargantuan. Anna told him to lie face up on the bed. She then handed me two pieces of the rope we had cut and told me to tie one of Tom's legs and his arm to the frame of the bed while she did the same. When we finished, Tom lay helpless and open for anything that we wished to do to him. Anna then told me to rejoin her in the living room.

There we both stripped. Anna put her high heels back on, while I remained nude. She said that we should leave Tom alone for a few minutes to build up his excitement and expectation. I said I had never seen him so excited before. Anna then said that it looked as if I was pretty excited myself. I noticed that her eyes were staring at my wet, swollen, open pussy lips. I told her that in all my twenty-four years I had never been so excited. Slowly, Anna walked over to me and wrapped her arms around me. She crushed her lips to mine, and I felt her tongue slip into my mouth. We kissed for about two minutes until Anna said, "Let's not keep Tom waiting."

Back in the bedroom, Tom's cock was as hard as ever. Anna walked over to him and swung her breasts in front of his face, the nipples just out of reach of his lips. She reached for his cock and wrapped her hand around it. "Do you want to suck her cunt, slave?" she asked him, pointing to me at the foot of the bed. "Yes," he said. "Then beg for it!" "Please, please let me suck your pussy," he said over and over to me. After about two minutes of his pleadings, Anna turned to me and told me to let the miserable slave give his mistress pleasure. I climbed onto the bed and straddled Tom's face, slowly letting my steaming cunt get nearer to his searching tongue, until my slippery pussy lips made contact with his mouth. When Anna saw this, she began pumping Tom's cock. She said, "Do a good job on that pussy or we'll leave you here alone all night, slave!" Tom didn't answer. Instead, he just kept working his tongue in and out of my pussy. I was so excited by his tongue—and by the presence of Anna—that I had a nerve-numbing orgasm.

Anna let go of his cock at this point and gently pulled me off Tom's face, laying me next to him on the bed. Turning to Tom, she said, "Let me show you how to really eat a pussy." She moved me and positioned herself so that she was lying on her back, with me in reverse on top of her. My cunt and ass hole were facing Tom, who, I could see, as I looked over my back, was watching the entire scene with wide eyes. I felt utterly depraved as I felt Anna's tongue slide up and down my slit. The pleasure was so intense that I had another orgasm. Anna came out from under me, radiant.

Both Tom and I knew that we had found a new sexual life-style with Anna. What's more, Anna and I continue to enjoy our slave, who himself has never been happier.—*Name and address withheld*

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PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse* — its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Don't mess with us!

"Don't Mess with Me!"—Karl Hess's excellent article on the new American revolution in your August issue—is his finest moment so far. He is effective not only as a writer and philosopher but also in pointing out that the libertarian Left and the libertarian Right have much more in common with one another than they do with the liberal and conservative wings of their own movements.

The prospect of Middle Americans of all races, sexes, and ages suppressing those who have tormented them with social experimentation and misrule for fifty years ought to send all those tormentors back to their insulated and isolated condominiums in Hyannis Port or Plains or wherever. Middle Americans are finally figuring out that what the hard-core Right and Left *both* want is to put them in jail for disagreeing with "what is best for us" (as determined by them).

Think about it, you White House cats and Trilaterals. Think now or snivel later.—*B.D., Mandeville, La.*

Karl Hess's article said something that very much needed to be said. But why it wasn't said before is a mystery that only the press can solve. I have been saying it for years, but no one has been listening.

All history shows that the chief business of all governments is the constant attempt to subjugate the citizens and, at the same time, to gain power and riches. This motivation is normal, considering human nature. It is also normal for the citizens to allow it to go on. Only exceptional people are willing to risk everything and fight back. Unfortunately, such people make up less than 1 percent of the population. I applaud *Penthouse* for printing such an important piece of writing.

I know that Mr. Hess is correct in his contention that tough times may be in store for the federal government. The politicians have tried to repeal all of the natural laws that I have ever heard of. I think the one that will get them is the law of supply and demand. The present situation can't possibly go on very much longer. Not only are the people ready to revolt, but also the economy cannot survive in the present climate.

I certainly doubt that the federal government has any idea of the ferocity of the tiger that it has by the tail. Characteristically, the politicians talk only to each other and have a very distorted view of the depth of the feelings of the citizens. I am amused by federal enforcement agencies, which daily decry the suspected existence of terrorist groups. What they don't realize is that they have created their own monster. That there is a movement in the land that is *capable* of resistance is only a symptom of the moral poverty of the government. The government itself has created the need for citizens to band together to defend their freedom.

I should hope that the bureaucrats and Emperor Carter will take notice of the mood of the country and quit messing around with the Constitution and the Bill of Rights. I'll bet that the *next* Constitution has some real teeth in it to keep ambitious politicians from using it for toilet paper.—*T. Redden, Kotzebue, Alaska*

I have been impressed with Karl Hess for a long time. Twenty years ago he made a most profound impression by saying that all things good and decent that we now have were not won by the colonists and their powdered-wigged statesmen in Philadelphia hitting the British mercenaries with lightning bolts of philosophy. It was the Kentucky long rifle that carried the day. Hess was also among the first to take note of the grotesque "domestic disarmament" lobby at work confiscating small arms from unoffending citizens, which is, historically, the watershed of a totally controlled society. Aristotle was the first to note that democracies exist when the people have light arms, anonymously held, and that plutocrats reign when the oligarchs own the heavier stuff (mostly elephants and catapults in his time).

The essay omitted the New American Prohibition in all its glorious retchnicolor, but I am sure that this red, white, and blue patriot knows the real story there, too.

One of the major gripes millions have is twofold: (a) at a time when there is a major breakdown in criminal justice, why does the government go after the guns of law-abiding citizens; and (b) why can't we answer these expropriators on our own airwaves, which are always denied us in terms of equal time and impact?

Yes, the New American Revolution is here, and the politicized urban press won't know when it really hits, so arrogant, insular, and invulnerable are they en masse. Academe is also to blame in its Ivory Sewers, bad-mouthing every institution that allows the little twits to pander to all things un-American.

Penthouse is to be commended for really getting at the vital social issues of the day. Karl Hess should be president!—*M.D., Corrales, N.M.*

I was extremely pleased to read Karl

Give any Manhattan the crowning touch.

Seagram's 7 Dry Manhattan.
To 1 part dry vermouth add 3 parts Seagram's 7. Grace with a twist of lemon. Brilliant.

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To equal parts sweet and dry vermouth add 3 parts Seagram's 7. Bright idea!

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Hess's article in *Penthouse*. Having followed Karl's metamorphosis across the political spectrum for nearly ten years, I am very pleased with where he has come to rest. Of late, too many people who misunderstand him have been calling him a leftist. That this is not true should be obvious from his attacks on both the Left and Right. Karl is nothing less than a true American antiauthoritarian.

It was also significant that he pointed out the true division between people. Rather than the timeworn idea of the workers versus the capitalists, it is the creators versus the noncreators. This dichotomy creates the alliance of workers, small businessmen, homeowners, engineers, and many others pitted against those who would deprive them of the right to live their lives as they see fit.

Some believe that a libertarian revolution is near, and that the intellectuals will lead it. Having lived and worked in the coalfields for five years, I side with Karl. Change will be brought about by those who have the most rational view of life. And who has a better understanding of the realities of daily struggle than those who are out every day struggling?—*Paul Bilzi, Harrisburg, Pa.*

Karl Hess's article "Don't Mess With Me!" is by all means a very well written and inspiring piece of reading. I have been a reader of *Penthouse* for some years now and have yet to see a magazine that tells it like you all see it—a most commendable achievement in these times of ours.

It is a good thing when a man articulates his ideas so well and then can have a magazine publish them, so that many can read them—*B.C.R., Douglas, Ariz.*

Energy threat

The article "Our National Death Wish" (August 1978) by Corinne Browne and Robert Munroe should be read by Americans and people all over the world, for it brings home the realization that if production of plutonium 239, strontium 90, and cesium 137 is not checked, we will not have to worry about smoking, energy, or pollution. I suggest that a copy of this article be sent to Joseph Califano, secretary of the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare.

I certainly hope that in other issues of *Penthouse* we shall see more articles about atomic energy and the dangers we shall face if our own government is not honest in telling the facts.—*R.B., Alvin, Tex.*

I never realized the potential for real danger inherent in atomic energy until I read "Our National Death Wish." How can there be such fools in Washington and the Department of Energy and the Nuclear Regulatory Commission accepting this kind of energy, even though they have full knowledge of the dangers it poses? These wastes will be around for millions of years. Nevertheless, the officials choose to store and bury the refuse anywhere they decide. Well, I would like to let these decision-makers in Washington know where I feel the waste from these nuclear reactors should be stored—as far up as it can be shoved!—*Name and address withheld*

In their diatribe against nuclear power, Corinne Browne and Robert Munroe were negligent in failing to mention a common source of radiation that is, in truth, thirty times more potent to the populace than a nuclear plant is. Because of the chemical makeup of the food we eat and the water we drink and other results of simply living on this planet, each of us has radioactive elements within our bodies. When one sleeps with another person for eight hours, he receives thirty times *more* radiation from the other person than he would get from a nearby nuclear plant. In the correct perspective then, nuclear energy is safer than sex!—*J.M. Hellman, President, The Society for the Advancement of Fission Energy, Monroeville, Pa.*

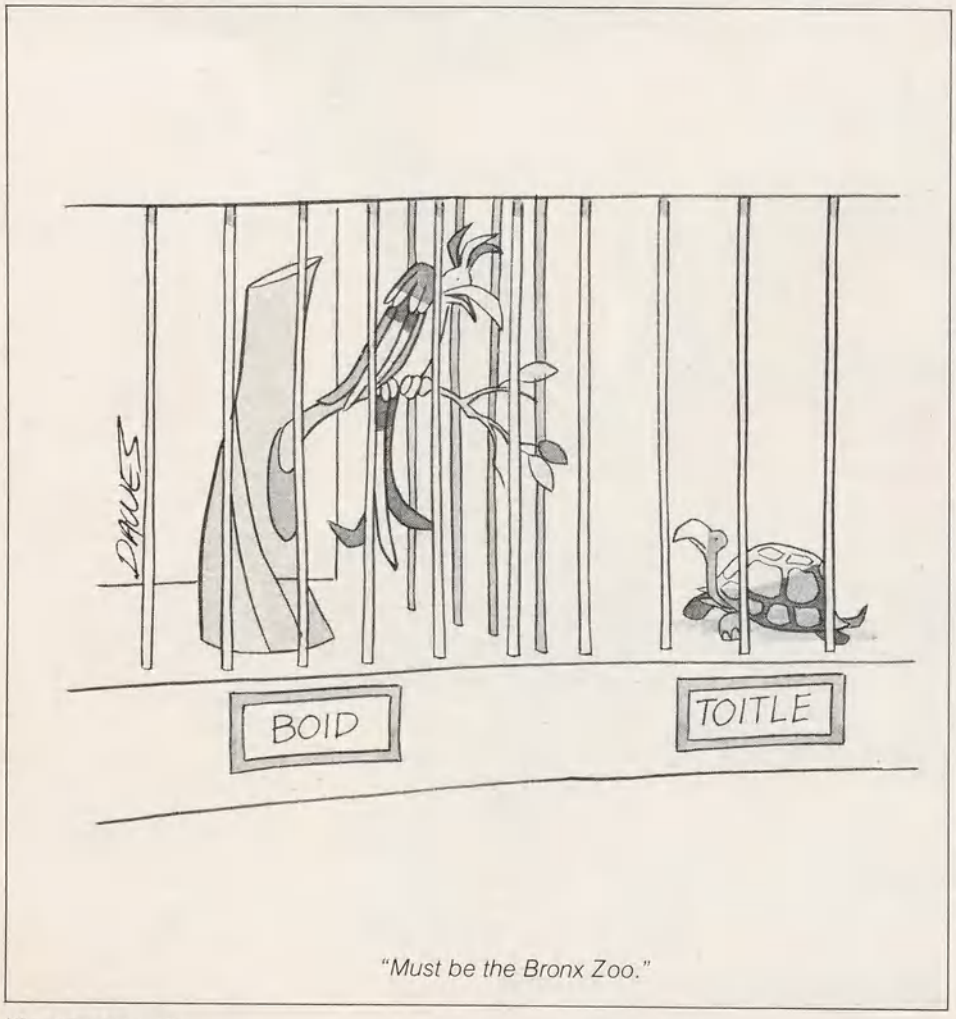
I have just finished reading "Our National Death Wish" and found the article both extremely interesting and frightening. I have taken the liberty of sending copies of *Penthouse* to all our committee members.—*D.H., Committee on Nuclear Issues in the Community, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada*

Tragedy in Harlem

In Bob Herbert's article "The Fleetwood Kids" (August 1978), the desperate drug scene among Harlem's youth is vividly and accurately portrayed. However, tucked in the middle of the article and incidental to its major thrust is a brief paragraph about Wesley Diggs, owner of the Yardbird Suite. The few sentences refer to the tragedy that befell him and his family in December 1975. True, the crime is still unsolved. True, Herbert does not directly state that Diggs is in any way involved in the web of narcotics that he depicts in his article. But, unfortunately, such an inference is all too easy for the reader to draw. What you have left unsaid is essential in understanding Wes Diggs as a man and the agony he has been through.

For what Mr. Herbert doesn't say is that both before and after the murders, Diggs actively cooperated with the authorities in trying to keep the pushers out of his bars. (His efforts are well documented in the files of the New York Police Department.) What Herbert doesn't say is how mortally crushed the man was (and still is) by the tragedy that struck his family two and one-half years ago. What Herbert doesn't say is that Wes Diggs has helped many an individual in the Harlem streets by providing legitimate employment and responsible guidance to those who have often found society's other doors closed to them.

Unfortunately, these omissions leave the reader with the impression that Wesley Diggs is somehow a cold and callous participant in the awful situation that the article so graphically depicts. For the reporting,



"Must be the Bronx Zoo."

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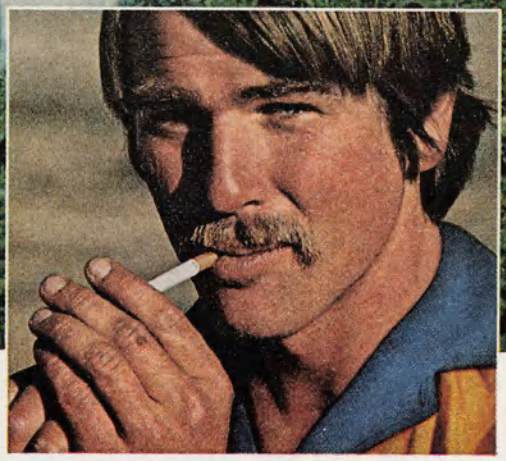

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MENTHOL: 8 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine, FILTER: 9 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.

on the whole, Mr. Herbert deserves to be commended. It is essential that the mainstream of society be continually reminded of the degrading by-product it has spawned.

Yet the article contains one glaring flaw. The involvement of Wes Diggs and his personal tragedy has no bearing on the point being made; the story of drugs in Harlem is tragic enough.

It is not the first time that this gentle man's plight has been exploited to "prove" the validity of a reporter's perspective. Time and again, he has had to endure insults, allegations, and innuendos, and each time his incredibly deep wounds are torn open. Leave him in peace so that he might find what little solace life may still hold for him.—*Rev. Robert Chase, Pastor, Presbyterian Church of Teaneck, Teaneck, N.J.*

Holly's legend

First, let me say a big thank-you for the excellent piece in the "Sounds" section of the July issue by Mitch Tuchman, "Just Wild about Holly." Buddy's fans greatly appreciate articles like this.

Of late, most articles pertaining to Buddy Holly are based on the legend, not on fact. Tuchman's article was very well written and accurate.

I'd like to comment on Tuchman's statement that "Holly's roster of eleven hits in a year and a half is respectable, if not spectacular." Eleven hits in that period would make any singer happy. Buddy would have had more hits except that his music meant as much to him as it did to any of his fans. He wouldn't use a "filler" song on the "B" side of a single, nor did he fill his albums with one hit and leave the rest to lesser-grade material.

Consider the following: Buddy's first gigantic hit for Brunswick Records was "That'll Be the Day," with "I'm Looking for Someone to Love" on the flip side, a hit by anyone's standards. But because "Looking" was on the flip side, it didn't receive the air play that it should have. Buddy's first smash on Coral was "Peggy Sue," with the flip side "Every Day." Many of the members of the Buddy Holly Memorial Society from all over the world believe "Every Day" is Buddy's best song.

Other songs that would have been hits if they hadn't been on the "B" side are "Not Fade Away" (the flip side of "Oh Boy"), "Tell Me How" (the flip side of "Maybe, Baby"), and "Fool's Paradise" (the flip side of "Think It Over"). I could go on and on.

Luckily, in the sixties, many singers and groups "found" these songs and recorded them for themselves. The Beatles had "Words of Love," the Rolling Stones had their first American hit with "Not Fade Away," and Don McLean found "Fool's Paradise."

Also, Buddy Holly's legacy is *not* 45 songs, but 106, and there are still some unreleased versions that exist today. I have them in my collection and have been pestering MCA Records for a new release. I believe that they will issue one this fall.

I wonder if your readers know that "That'll Be the Day" is a demo recording. The song was recorded as a demo with the intentions of rerecording it if a record company liked what it heard, which is exactly what happened. I think that this demonstrates that Buddy was always striving for the best sound no matter what the circumstances.

Gary Busey, in the title role of the film *The Buddy Holly Story*, does a remarkable job of capturing the electricity in Buddy's stage performances. The entire movie is superb, the acting is excellent, and the sound track can't be topped. If anyone wants to see what the fifties were all about, see this movie.

Again, thanks for the article. I hope that there are similar ones in the future.—*Bill Griggs, President, The Buddy Holly Memorial Society, Wethersfield, Conn.*

I would like to thank Mitch Tuchman for mentioning me in his excellent article about Buddy Holly. I appreciate the recognition and Mr. Tuchman's perception of how I sang the song.—*Vicki Thomas, Sherman Oaks, Calif.*

Farther-out careers

Gary Hanauer's article "Some Far-Out California Career Choices" (August 1978) was good not only in that it showed that free enterprise is still the law of the land but also in that it showed some fantastic examples, even though they were limited to the West Coast. It also provided something that a lot of people just starting out in their own business need—free advertising. I generally don't give advice on how to write a story better, but I feel Hanauer should have gone nationwide in his search for far-out careers. I'm sure that many readers in Dallas would like to know that they can rent—quite inexpensively—a "madman" who will do anything within the limits of the bendable laws. Do you want to scream at someone but are afraid of getting a sore throat? Not only does the Madman have quite a set of lungs, but he sings, too. If you want something done, there aren't many people I know who can say no to a complete madman.—*Kevyn C. Clark, Madman, Dallas, Tex.*

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Fiction winner

This is just a short note to tell you that "Ukiah" (August 1978) is not only one of the most marvelously written pieces of short fiction that I have ever read but also the only magazine piece—fiction or nonfiction—that I have ever read that presents an accurate picture of life on the North Coast. Most writers who set the locale of their articles on the North Coast of California lack sensitivity to the area, but Lois Baker was as true to this area as Joseph Conrad was to the world of ships. Well done.—*P. B., Arcata, Calif.*

Correction

The illustration accompanying the article "KGB in New York" in the August 1978 issue of Penthouse *was a photocollage using a photograph of the United Nations building taken by Bill Rubens. The Red Star and the image of the Statue of Liberty were superimposed on Mr. Rubens's photograph by the* Penthouse *art department.*

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"Some men say,
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So what? These men are not
describing a human
penis; they're describing a dildo. I'll
take the former."

XAVIERA HOLLANDER
CALL ME MADAM

LETTER OF THE MONTH

I've read with interest Penthouse's *epic tales of sex on wheels and decided to relate to you my story of sex on wings. It's about how to join the "mile high club" the hard way.*

Right after World War II, I learned to fly: soloed at sixteen and got my private pilot's rating at seventeen. Obviously, this made me a celebrity in the high-school aeronautics club. There was a cute blonde in the club who was fascinated with aviation. She was available to anyone who flew, but, honestly, society's morals at that time caused us to be more wary of the forward lady than interested. Anyway, she (I'll call her Karen) finally talked me into taking her for a ride.

As we bicycled to the airport (cars were still scarce), she asked me about the "mile high club." I was surprised, but I promised to explain it to her later. I knew what the "club" was because I'd been taught to fly by prewar barnstormers. The surprise was that Karen knew about it.

We finally arrived at the airport, where I arranged a ride for her in the Piper Cub used frequently to "hop" passengers. This plane had the rear-seat stick loosely attached in its socket so that it could be removed for nervous passengers. It also had a rearview mirror, allowing the pilot in the front seat to keep an eye on the passenger.

I strapped Karen in and managed to brush her breasts as I reached for the far side of the belt. No flinch. That was encouraging. As I fastened the belt, I managed to let a finger rub the tender area between her legs. Her reaction was to spread a little so I could get a better grip. The brief glance that passed between us told me that I was about to become a member of the "mile high club."

I kid you not, I fairly jumped into the front seat of that airplane while my old instructor pulled the prop through—with a wink. He started the engine, and we proceeded to take off and climb rapidly to an altitude in excess of 5,280 feet (a mile, get it?). As we climbed, I let Karen fly it and watched in the mirror. She was holding a good climb, but her hand was also sliding up and down the stick. Placing her feet on the rudder pedals allowed her skirt to ride up. By the time we reached an altitude of 6,000 feet, I was ready for a real *takeoff and Karen was showing signs of great excitation.*

Well, I trimmed the airplane level, unbuckled my belt, and turned around in my seat. With my hand on her knee, I explained the term "mile high club" at the top of my lungs. Since she didn't seem in the least dismayed, I let my hand wander farther up until I discovered there was no material covering her wet hot pussy. At this I vaulted over the seat back. This changed the trim of the plane, and we immediated approached a stall. Several minutes were spent with me trimming—and kissing—until the plane righted itself. Now I remembered what I'd been smart enough to prepare for. I had almost cornholed myself on that damned stick in the back when I went over the top. Now I quicklv removed it and tossed it in front. While I was removing the stick, Karen was busy with the buttons on my britches. Jointly, we decided she had to unbuckle and face aft. I sat on the back of the front seat as Karen turned around, bending over the back of the backseat. With great reverence I lifted her skirt over her pretty ass. I was so inspired that I gave it a kiss, and her rapid movement totally emptied me of air. At this point I dropped off the back of the front seat and attempted a direct assault on the focus of my desire. Just as I entered her, I realized that the engine was in trouble.

Now, I don't know how many readers have been fully engaged in fucking while trying to retrim an airplane with one foot. The motion was terrific, and we both came like crazy. What a wonderful way to

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die! Suddenly, I realized I had to get back to controlling the airplane. We were at a comfortable 5,400 feet. We'd made it. The "mile high club" was ours.

I slid back to the rear of the front seat, strapping Karen back into her seat. She was ready to go again, but I'd worked all week to rent the plane, and, frankly, I couldn't afford more flight time. She rebuttoned my pants. As I tried to slip over the back of my seat, things really got interesting. I have to admit, I wasn't too sharp just then, and somehow I managed to get the control stick stuck up my right pants leg. Every move I made with the stick up my pants was translated into a violent motion of the airplane. I was a goldfish in a moving bowl. I finally got myself and the plane in hand at an altitude too low to discuss. When we finally taxied into the hangar, my instructor looked at me and Karen, winked, and said, "Good day for flying, eh?"

The best part was his assuming that the gyrations the plane went through with the stick up my leg was our mutual exuberance in the air. Before Karen and I could get home, it took us four stops on my bicycle to show each other our true enthusiasm for sex.

Karen ended up marrying my flying instructor. I married a great gal who doesn't like flying, but the memory lingers on.—N.B.G.

I see you show no fear of flying!

THE TOWERING INFERNO

I have a weird problem, one the opposite of that of many of your readers. I'm thirty years old, five feet seven inches, and have just recently married a beautiful, twenty-eight-year-old woman. She is built, and I mean built: 43-26-35. In addition, Ellyn is the only woman that I have been able to make love to since the age of fifteen, because I have such a large cock.

My cock, when hard, is really something to see. It's twelve and one-half inches in length and nine inches in circumference. But the real trouble is the head, which is the size of an orange—the Sunkist brand—and hard as hell. My balls hang down five and one-half inches, and each one is the size of your average potato. I've been with plenty of girls in the past fifteen years, and when they see my size, they get scared. Some have tried to suck it, but the head is so big they can't take it. And forget about penetration; sometimes I have gotten as far as three inches into them when they have fainted.

I have begun to realize that the female is more deadly than the male. Since getting married earlier this year, I have lost weight and begun to feel tired and weak. I know it's because of Ellyn's sexual demands. I come five and six times a day, which I don't think is natural and which must be a detriment to my health. Ellyn runs around the house in the nude, so you can imagine my situation.

I'm a chef in a large hotel. I see and am in contact with girls all day long, and once they take a look at what I've got to offer, they get so excited that I end up getting hard two or three times a day at work alone. When I finally do get home, there's Ellyn serving me dinner with those big boobs swinging around. I could mount her right there, but I'm too tired. When we finally do get it together, which is at least once a night, she claims she comes seven to ten times. Is this normal? It's possible she might be oversexed, since the second I step in the door, she pulls my cock out of my pants and wants to play. Even worse, I never know when she'll do it. Last Saturday night we were at the movies, and the first thing I knew Ellyn was jerking me off. I cannot keep up this sexual pace, but I don't want Ellyn to leave. I swear, this woman has hot pants from morning till night. She never leaves me alone, not even when I'm asleep or pretending to be.

I guess I married her because she was the only woman I could ever make love to. I did it for lust, not love. I want to tell guys that have average-sized cocks to be grateful. Also, what should I do about the Ellyn situation? Is it possible to get a penis shortened or slimmed down so that it will be easier to penetrate women?—T.L.B.

I doubt that any plastic surgeon can help you. Then again, a sex therapist might. While some women are physically too small to handle what you've got, there are others who should be able to. Look for women who've had children. No doubt their vaginas will be well stretched. As for visiting a sex therapist, I believe a professional can show you how to "use" your erection so that it won't be discomforting to your lover.

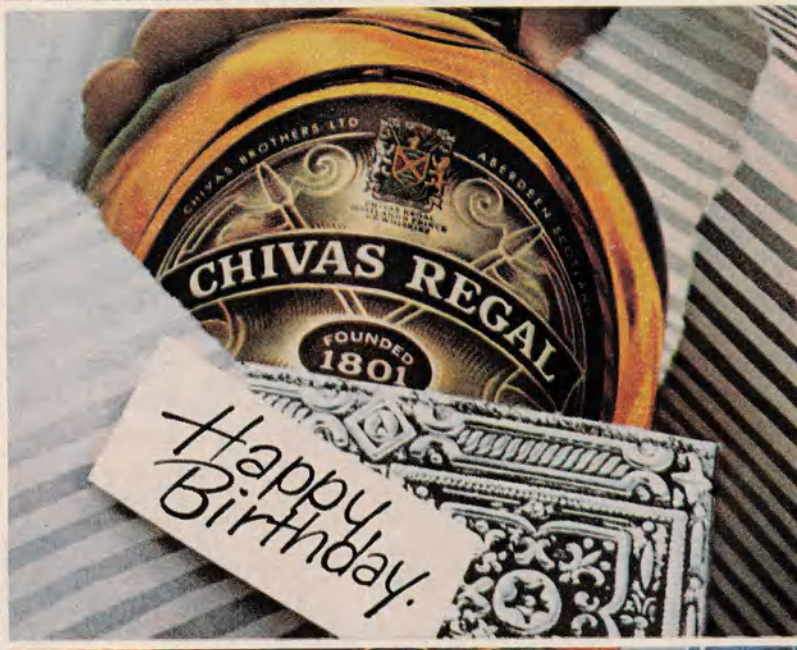
For starters, do you perform plenty of foreplay with your women? This helps to "prepare" the woman by getting her juices flowing, something that is necessary for an easy entrance. Regarding this matter, you might help nature out by liberally coating your erection with lots of Vaseline. Still, the foreplay is necessary. If nothing else, it get the woman psychically prepared. Also, you might try maneuvering your flaccid penis into the vagina. In its flaccid, smaller state, your organ should be easier for the woman to take. After all, once you're in there, what's the problem? From there, you'll grow in her.

YES, WE HAVE NO BANANAS

I feel I must share my experience with salesmen with you, since so many of your readers seem to enjoy this unique diversion. One morning, after my husband, Jesse, left for work, my door bell rang. Naturally, I was in the shower, and I only had time to throw on a pair of panties and a bathrobe before answering the door. When I opened it, I saw the most handsome man in the world. He was a cross between Burt Reynolds and Robert Redford on a good day. He asked if he could come in and give me his insurance pitch.

We talked for about an hour, and I kept noticing that he continually glanced at my breasts and legs. Probably I should men-

"You mean I owe this to just a teensy-weensy drop in the prime interest rate?"



Why wait for Christmas?

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tion that I'm twenty years old and have long, blonde hair and a 38-24-36 figure. I've been married only ten months, and I never had sex before I met my husband, but he doesn't like oral—or frequent—sex.

Anyway, I finally offered Matthew, the salesman, a drink and went into the kitchen to fix one. My nipples were rock hard, and my pussy was soaking wet. All of a sudden (although it wasn't much of a surprise), I felt two hands grab my breasts. "No, Matthew, I'm married," I said, but I'm afraid I wasn't too convincing. He took me in his arms and kissed me, his hand went between my legs, and he started rubbing my clitoris and finger-fucking me. I moaned and slipped my tongue into his mouth just as he removed my robe and started sucking my nipples.

By then, I knew there was no stopping either of us, and I pulled him into the bedroom, where we undressed. His cock was the most beautiful thing in the whole world. It was about ten inches long and at least four inches wide. I licked its big head, then tried to eat it all, but only half would fit into my mouth. I sucked it like a wild woman, bobbing up and down like crazy, and when he finally came, I "swallowed every drop," as they say. Then Matthew spread my legs and went to town, licking and sucking me. He turned me over, raised my ass, and entered me. At first he pumped gently, but after a few minutes he began banging away. We both came at the same time. We continued, fucking the afternoon away. I never had so much cock. Since then I have seduced the gas man, delivery boy, and a couple more salesmen. I just can't seem to get enough.—Pat.

My, how America's capitalistic spirit has grown! We used to have door-to-door salesmen who sold everything from brushes to shoelaces. Now they're up to insurance policies.

If I were a man, I think I'd be a door-to-door salesman. Who's an easier lay than a randy housewife? I guess for many married women, it's the only way to get even with the husbands who screw around on the side. The nice thing is that the woman doesn't even have to get dressed before or after. I guess it's what you might call "fast-food sex."

FOUR NO TRUMP

About six years ago I joined a regular bridge game. I was going through a divorce and was looking for things to occupy my time. At one of the tournaments, I met a pretty redhead, Alexis, who was in need of a partner. She was really attractive and friendly but never discussed her personal life. Gradually, I found out that she had been married to a successful businessman for eight years and had two children.

At first she was my teacher, since I didn't know too much about bridge. Then it dawned on me that she was beginning to care about me or she wouldn't be going to all this trouble. One night after bridge, as she was driving me to her car, she remarked that her hands were cold. I held them, and as I got out of the car, Alexis suddenly leaned over and kissed me quickly. This was the first time she had ever physically touched me.

After this episode, things began to escalate. The next time we played bridge, I got into her car and we began to neck like two teenagers. Gradually, her lips became hot and she had difficulty breathing. She pushed me away and wouldn't let me touch her. I was so hot myself that my nuts were aching and my cock drooling in my shorts. After a while Alexis admitted that she had never felt this way before and thought it was wrong. Suddenly, she bent down, unzipped my pants, and put her lips around my cock. I was in ecstasy. She was right—she didn't know the first thing about sucking a cock, but it felt good just being inside her warm mouth.

"Will you come over to my apartment the next time we play bridge," I asked. Only as she was leaving did she say, "Next time, don't ask me. Just take me to your place."

Two days later we were undressing in my apartment, and she had me turn all the lights out except for the bathroom. She was trembling so much I could hardly hold her. I started at the top and worked down. Her nipples were erect, and she moaned when I caressed them with my tongue. Her pussy felt moist and tight to my fingers, and when I lowered my head and inserted my tongue, she gasped and grabbed me by the head with both hands.

She was still shaking as I mounted her. Alexis heaved and tossed in perfect rhythm with my thrusts. Suddenly, her body became rigid and she cried out. She went limp and then sobbed uncontrollably for what seemed like an eternity before she managed to tell me that it was her first orgasm. Imagine never having enjoyed sex during eight years of marriage! She also admitted that she was scared to death of her husband and froze up when she was near him. After that night, she was like a kid with a new toy: she couldn't get enough. She became totally uninhibited in the bedroom, and I loved it. This affair with Alexis lasted six years, and it was truly one of a kind. I still have the memories and would like to think that she does too.—Jeffrey.

Bridge will never be the same. Maybe other readers have stories regarding games people play after the game is over.

GRADE-A

I'll start this letter with an unimportant fact. I'm a five foot, five inch man with a five-and-one-half-inch cock. This is unimportant, because I've had women tell me they've had lovers who were bigger but not better. I've found that size doesn't matter, and even technique isn't actually all that important. What really counts is attitude.

I was initiated into the pleasures of the flesh at the tender age of sixteen by a Euro-

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pean lady, who had the mistaken notion that if I didn't come in her, she wouldn't get pregnant. Considering how often we made love, I'm thankful that, at least in this case, she was right. As it was, I gained self-discipline in holding back and controlling myself. In fact, I no longer feel the need to have an orgasm when making love. Instead, I get most of my pleasure from giving my lover the greater pleasure.

When making love, I use my hands, fingers, lips, tongue, thighs, feet, and even the abundant hair on my chest to give my lover pleasure. My cock is just one more instrument. Having the self-confidence to give and to enjoy the giving, rather than always taking—this is to me the quality of the true lover. I have no love for those who selfishly grab only for themselves and take an evolutionary step backward to the day of the ape.

To those who use other people for their own neurotic reasons: I hope this letter bestows the feelings of empathy and caring that all civilized people need. To those who appreciate my attitude: I hope you'll find love and share it as I do.—Bryan.

I greatly appreciate a letter from such a considerate lover. However, you seem to be exaggerating your generosity. I mean, what woman would care to have her man eliminate his orgasm altogether? This kind of generosity certainly isn't needed for good lovemaking.

As a rather experienced lover, I can say that I do enjoy being caressed, kissed, sucked, fondled, and talked to. In general, I also enjoy long and lovely foreplay, with several orgasms, but above all I love to have my man put his beautiful cock right inside me and fuck me until he shoots off all that masculine sperm. And nothing is better than the two of us coming together.

I've come across men who've said, "Honey, don't you worry about me coming too soon. I'm not a premature ejaculator. I can fuck for hours and hours and stay hard forever without coming." You know what? I don't even get turned on by that line. The man isn't describing a human penis; he's describing a dildo. Me? I love the excitement of a man almost reaching his sexual peak several times but always holding back, until it becomes unbearable. Finally, he simply has to explode inside my vagina. *That* to me is the greatest orgasm.

Also, there are many other ways to have an orgasm. And why do you, dear Bryan, think that it's only the man's show? I like my men to have their orgasms not only in my vagina but also against my breasts, between my buttocks, in my hair, and even across my face. In other words, both men and women can please sexually with many other parts of the body. If you limit your sex play to the genitals, you're missing out on a whole other world of possibilities.

A HARD PROBLEM

I have a problem that is very similar to the one described in the letter entitled "Sexual Blur" in the May issue of Penthouse. *No one believes me, but it's true. I get a hard-on very easily. It isn't even necessary for me to think about sex. I can get hard while taking a test or listening to a lecture.*

As you can imagine, this is quite embarrassing. Whenever I go out with a girl, it must be at night (which makes it murder in the summer) so that the darkness can hide my condition. I always have to wear heavy pants, and forget those skimpy bathing suits. Every time I see a couple walking hand in hand, with love in their eyes, I get jealous that I cannot express any kind of affection.

About a year and a half ago, I discovered just exactly what masturbation is. Now I practice it daily. What do you think is wrong with me? Is my hormone level too high, or am I emotionally disturbed? I've had this problem for three years, and the situation isn't getting any better. I cannot go on much longer.—James

People never seem to be happy with what they've got coming or going for them. Either you can't get it up, or you can't keep it down. I wouldn't worry about your hormones. You're just horny; that's all. If this "problem" really bothers you, then continue wearing the baggy pants. I myself enjoy seeing a good bulge in a man's pants. And if I'm the inspiration for it . . . well, I take it as a compliment. In my opinion, every man should be so lucky as to have your "problem" with sex.

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A MILLIMETER LONGER

My friend and I are wondering exactly how we can measure our penises. You see, there is so much discrepancy. When measured along the topside to the tip of the head, there is one inch less than when measured from the scrotum side to the tip.

Since we are looking for all we can get from our cocks, please tell us: what is the correct method to determine shaft size?—E.K.

Trivia question of the month. Okay, why not? I'd have to take an educated guess and say it's from the topside to the tip of the head. I assume you're interested in knowing exactly how much you've got to give a woman. If this is the case, who cares how much there is around your balls? That can't go inside a woman, anyway.

MORE ON THE VOYEUR HUSBANDS

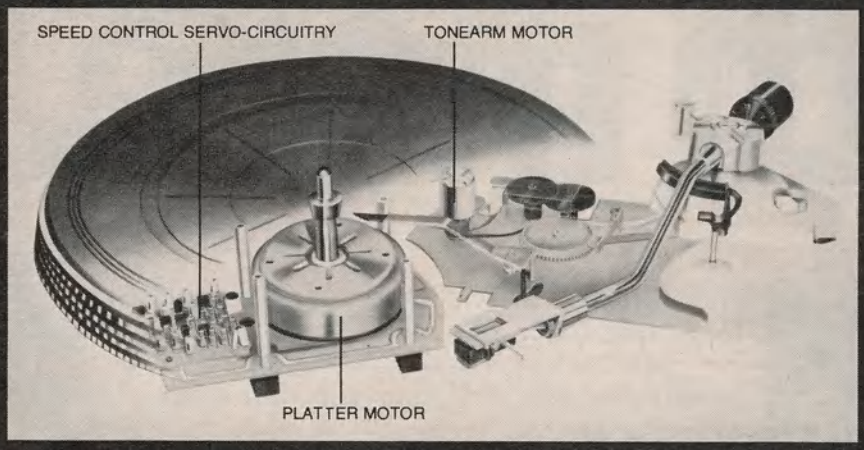
I've read the May Penthouse *and am climbing the walls. I can't tell you the number of times I've tried to get someone to screw my wife while I watch.*

As you know, in every town there are always a few studs who claim they can put the make on any woman. I've tried them. Three separate men were offered a hundred dollars if they could seduce Jill. I've tried getting her so stoned that she didn't know what she was doing and then having someone seduce her. No luck.

One night, out of total desperation, I made a deal with a total stranger to screw her (and to remain anonymous). I gave my

CONTINUED ON PAGE 228

To beat the other turntables, we gave our arm a little extra muscle.



The new Sanyo TP1030 may look like other direct drive turntables.

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The muscle. Most automatic turntables use a complicated linkage of gears, cams, and levers that "steal" power from the platter in order to operate the tonearm mechanism. While this arrangement works, it's far from ideal. So we gave the TP1030 a *separate little DC motor* and precision gear train just to operate the tonearm. No linkages to add friction or mass to the tonearm assembly. No slurring of sound when you reject a record as the shock load of the arm mechanism hits the drive motor. Instead the tonearm is picked up, positioned, and set down more gently than you've ever seen.

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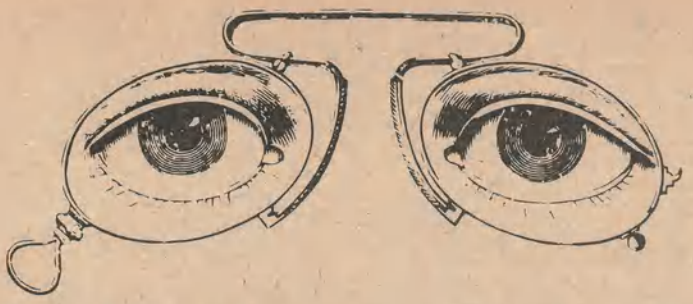


VIEW FROM THE TOP

CHOICE CRITICS

BY ROBERT S. WIEDER

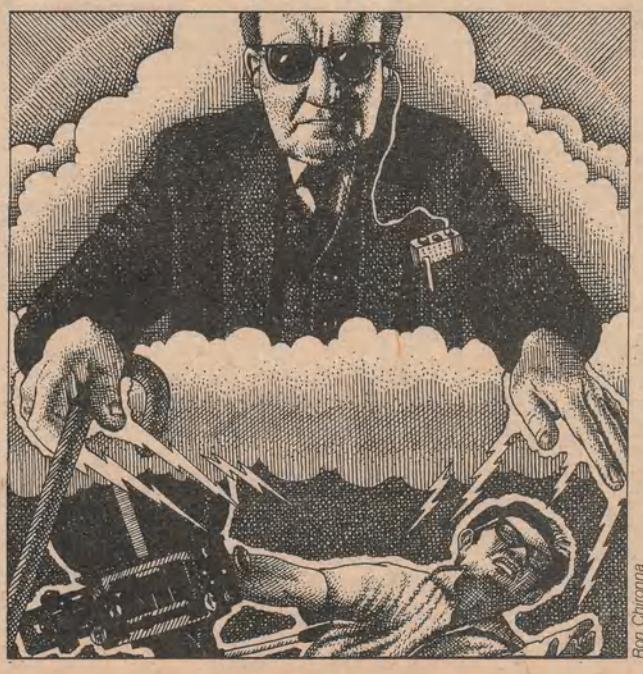
I recently picked up a paperback book on whose cover was a quote from an enthusiastic book review. Not only was this tribute printed above the book's title, but also the reviewer's name was in larger type than the author's. As a writer, I found this disturbing. *Anyone* who earns his keep by his creative wits must be demoralized lately, given the PR for books, records, and films that commonly allots twice as much space to rave quotes as to the work in question, let alone to its substance. And why not, when sheer media acclaim can transform minor accomplishments like *Rocky* and *Your Erroneous Zones* into stunning spectacles of profit? "Artistic quality" is now less a function of creative talent than an arbitrary mantle bestowed by a few cultural high priests, who neither represent nor respect popular taste. These mahatmas are known to us as *Critics*, and mighty is their sway.

It is dismaying but undeniable that the general public will instantly and unquestioningly swallow almost anything labeled "truth"—moronic analyses, preposterous declarations, simplistic judgments—without even a belch of skepticism. Heavily conditioned to the idea of being informed by media, we tend to regard all media content—even crackpot personal opinion—as *information*.

Media critics have exploited this fact the way Nixon exploited law and order, until we've grown so dependent on critical authorities for our own attitudes, beliefs, and reactions that simple common sense and personal taste are endangered social species.

This situation isn't helped by a recent proliferation of persons calling themselves creative artists—gonzo reporters, public masochists, porn queens, shortstops, media hustlers, and critics themselves. Art, once defined purely by the eye of the beholder, is today a *commodity*, a hot consumer item in the booming middle-class marketplace. Critics don't just define artistic validity for us. They also tip us off to best buys, rip-offs, sleepers, and solid investments. We read art, music, and even film reviews, not just asking "Is it good?" but "Is it worth the price?"

The critic has evolved from artistic to economic force. If anyone had the power over your career that Anatole Broyard, Vincent Canby, and Dave Marsh have over those of many novelists, filmmakers, and musicians, you'd start making small dolls of them. Critics are pop-pharaohs, a blend of supreme arbiter and demigod. On the one hand, a critic is just a spectator with a podium. On the other, his power to mortally wound a live career, resurrect a dead one, or spell the difference to those in between is as life-and-death as you can get in the less-than-peaceable world of art.



Ron Chironna

True, there are many critics of class and rectitude who observe artistic objectivity and professional ethics almost monastically. Of the remainder, however, a legion consider themselves to be art's natural predators—whose function it is to exert population control over the number of artists. Many of these are guilty only of analytical ineptitude or artistic myopia, but there are plenty who would burn down their mother for the insurance money.

Just as "law enforcement" can be a handy cover for brutality, so "criticism" can camouflage character assassination, personal retribution, pure spite, or simple envy. Scratch many of these lofty professionals and you'll find: infantile bullies who delight in biting off the vital parts of "creatives"; arrogant dilettantes whose judgment is less reliable than an earthquake prediction; artistic tyrants who would set standards of propriety for us all; bigots who judge creativity on its moral-political content; jealous egotists whose reviews are simply vehicles for bitter recrimination; and misanthropic cranks who merely enjoy Statuary Rape—screwing us right in our idols.

Readers possessed of keen and independent intelligence usually see right through this self-serving pap, of course. But that still leaves some 200 million Americans for the cheap-shot shaman to work with. This is an enormous, almost scary amount of clout. It invites slam-dunk journalism, wherein points are scored ruthlessly and not on the basis of superior game knowledge but out of simple height advantage—the difference being an imposing matter of column inches in print. These heady critical decrees often reek with the tart bouquet of sour grapes, but rancor hath its privileges, and "objectivity" means never having to say you're sorry.

Television, film, and music are especially notorious game preserves for the stuffy, the elitist, the bitchy, and the vain, the Whatever-I-Happen-to-Like-for-Now school of criticism. The only apparent prerequisite for the title of Music Critic is ears; it is a field exhibiting all the personal detachment and ethical integrity of a cat fight. Only a handful of film critics really apprehend the medium's full social, financial, and technological significance. But they are a venerable host compared with the scions of television criticism, where even those who take the Creative Purist party line—ritually exalting PBS and vilifying whichever network Fred Silverman is working for—are often functional dunces on the subject of production values.

All of this human fallibility dis-

guised as Informed Authority is bad, but not so bad that it couldn't get worse. By trade, critics work on the fringes of stardom, public adoration, and celebrity. Alas, proximity to this narcotic atmosphere has given many of them a taste for it, until criticism teems with unrequited performers, panjandrums who lust in their hearts for the orgasm of acclaim and would have it as public figures in their own right. Accordingly, there's been an ominous trend of late toward the critic *as* artist.

The point man of this assault is Peter Bogdanovich, who, not content to critique films, began directing them as well, and who currently functions as critic *and* artist interchangeably, even indistinguishably. Less spectacularly, John Simon, Judith Crist, and a raft of their ilk have become talk-show staples, watering their followings with displays of acumen. Rex Reed has become a regular attraction on "The Gong Show," where the same keen judgment that routinely skewers the brightest ingenuities in entertainment hands out ten-point raves to certifiable exhibitionists and Amateur Night rejects.

In writing, the line between author and critic has always been transparently thin. Such oracles as the *New York Review of Books* have so further blurred it that the literary critic has become the literary lion, and the most excessive and pretentious prose in America isn't in the books but in the reviews. *In extremis*, consider Tom Robbins, the country's current "hot" cult novelist, who started out as an *art* critic.

Music criticism is equally fertile. Yesterday's rock-album reviewer is today's essayist and cultural analyst and tomorrow's literary celebrity—at least, if *Rolling Stone* has anything to say about it. And the number of music critics now involved in producing albums that they will later appraise is enough to curl your FM antenna.

Fortunately for us all, opportunities for such quantum leaps into the limelight are limited to those at or near the top. And rank—hence media exposure—derives not just from one's judgment but from one's reputation, self-promotion, tenure, and position of influence. Competition, though discreet, is real and intense. The critical fraternity is riddled with all the vanity, ego, jealousy, rivalry, and pique of a ballet company. Should Critic A praise as "prodigious talent" that which Critic B reduces to "insipid compost," this is not merely a disagreement but a wagering of the high coin of *reputation*. When the final returns are in—popular acceptance, awards, critical consensus—someone will be face down in the dust of credibility.

The issue isn't the caliber of the art in question but the critic's ability to call correctly the point spread on its eventual acceptance. In this game, it's not your eye for quality but your ear for the ground swell that counts. And blowing it can be disastrous. After *Esquire* exalted *Two-Lane Blacktop* as the film of 1971, it proved to be a tedious and self-indulgent audience repellent. *Esky* labored for months to regain its critical stature. Savants who dismissed *Roots* and *Star Wars* as superficial melodrama later found themselves on heavy diets of crow, while several reputations staked on Bruce Springsteen, Peter Frampton, and Erica Jong were last seen going into the potty.

So fierce is the jockeying for validity that it infiltrates even honest criticism. Having proclaimed the excellence of Artist A, one tends to defend that position down the line, regardless of quality, especially after one's nearest rival announces that Artist A hasn't had an original idea since his first hard-on.

Such showdown situations take on all the professional impartiality of a range war, and the loftiest of objective judgments can be warped by professional rivalry to the point where individual artists become mere threads in the tapestry of the critic's reputation.

But objective artistic judgment becomes impossible when the dispute is the criticism itself. If critics are artists, who is to criticize *them*? Who do we rely on to separate intelligent, unbiased artistic appraisal from opinion, prejudice, antagonism, and pigshit? A new breed of Critics' Critics—more envy, rivalry, resentment, and blind-rating-the-blind? Whee.

Perhaps the answer is the impartial outsider, the uninvolved civilian—the clear-eyed, right-thinking, average American, whose simple honesty and horse sense would deflate these pompous and overesteemed inquisitors. Someone we can, and should, trust. Someone like, well, me.

Listen, take it from me . . .

Wide World — Ken Regan

Peter Bogdanovich and Rex Reed: the critic as artist.

SCENES

LULLABY OF HOLLYWOOD

Broadway has rediscovered the Broadway musical—and Hollywood has rediscovered Broadway. Last season's sound-boom has littered the theater with new musicals, many of them already gobbled up by film companies for future movies.

This couldn't have happened a few years ago, when the theater was still sunk in the musical despond that had settled over Broadway like a wet wash after *Fiddler on the Roof* closed without leaving behind a worthy successor. In the interim, we have had the occasional innovative musical (usually courtesy of Stephen Sondheim) and the stray oddball, like *Grease* and *The Wiz*. The industry labels these "fluke" hits, because they don't follow musical-theater tradition and in appeal seem limited to a special-interest market.

It took the phenomenal success of *A Chorus Line* to prove that Broadway was still capable of turning out the *hit* hit musical—the gold-dust property that cuts across all ranks of age, sex, class, race, and taste to appeal to a universal audience. Exhilarated by the million-dollar business generated by *A Chorus Line*, Broadway scrambled out of its doldrums to ride the wave of good luck. To its further ecstasy, the joyride continued with *Annie*. Thanks to this double-barreled economic inspiration, the musical theater is now in the flush of a genuine renaissance.

With blissful inconsistency, Broadway trots out either of two pet

Martha Swope

Ann Reinking in Dancin'.

theories whenever the musical enjoys a resurgence. One says that economic security and all-round Good Times encourage audiences to relax and indulge in musical entertainment. The other says exactly the opposite: that economic insecurity and Hard Times send people to the musical in search of escape from reality.

Five years ago, when the country was sunk in its worst period of economic instability since the depression, the president of the Shubert organization was heard to say: "Whenever times are bad, show business cleans up." But Harold Prince, the director and producer, recently told an interviewer: "When life is hard, I go to the theater to be pricked or to engage in controversy or to talk back. . . . During the Nixon years, I couldn't muster the joy to do a musical like *On the Twentieth Century*."

Theater people love making sociological or psychological pronouncements about the state of their industry. But whenever the theater goes through changes, the gut cause is always money. In the current rebirth of the musical, it's Hollywood money. *A Chorus Line* and *Annie* showed Hollywood that Broadway could still generate big-bucks musicals, and many film companies leaped to the bait. Columbia Pictures bought *Annie* for a record $9.5 million, making Universal look like pikers with its $5.5 million purchase of *A Chorus Line*.

Even in lean times, film companies have bought the rights to hit Broadway musicals (even if they turned out to be movie flops of the magnitude of *Hello, Dolly!*). The new wrinkle is that the studios are now buying huge chunks of the shows before they are even produced on the stage.

Twentieth Century-Fox got the drop on everybody when it bankrolled *The Wiz*. Paramount Pictures put up one-quarter of the $1.5 million budget for *Platinum*, a forthcoming musical about the record industry. Universal is the major backer of *The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas*, a country-and-western musical that moved from off-Broadway to Broadway last summer, and will eventually film the musical, with Dolly Parton as the mature madam. (The stakes can go pretty high in this game. Universal dropped more than a half-million dollars when Mike Nichols's musical production of *Alice* folded in Philadelphia this summer.)

Movie companies aren't the only angels flying around Broadway these days. According to the theater producers merrily turning out their million-dollar products, money is flowing freely again from small-term investors. These nickel-and-dime investors are the backbone of most Broadway shows. Thanks to the enticing Hollywood connection, which promises future mileage on their investment dollar, these guys are starting to line up again to throw their money away.

This surge of popularity in the Broadway musical as an investment property has had direct effects on the shape of the musical as an entertainment form. For one thing, the old-fashioned spectacle musical is no longer the pariah it used to be. The lavish scale of *The Wiz* seemed suicidally costly when it opened three years ago; today everybody's doing spectacle.

Current hit musicals like *Timbuktu!* and *On the Twentieth Century* are high rollers, costing in the million-dollar range to open on Broadway. (The Art Deco train designed for *On the Twentieth Century* cost close to $200,000—a figure considered adequate not too long ago for producing an entire show.) *The Prince of Grand Street*, which starred Robert Preston before it closed ignominiously in Boston, was budgeted at $1 million, as was the ill-fated *Alice*.

But we're not just talking money; we're talking spectacle. Luther Davis, who produced *Timbuktu!* for $1.5 million, calls his sumptuous musical "the theatrical equivalent of *Star Wars*." Pointing delightedly to the "incredible wealth and flamboyance" of the mythical African city depicted on stage, Davis says, "People were really starving for this kind of spectacle on Broadway. Shows of this size were impossible to get on in recent years, because nobody had the money to invest in them. Producers were afraid to take the chance. But audiences really missed them. They love big, exotic, sexy, flamboyant spectacles."

On the Twentieth Century: *in search of splendor.*

No question about it, many of the new musicals are big—in concept as well as in cost. "The material *felt* to me like a big, stylish, glamorous musical," says composer Cy Coleman, describing how he settled on the ambitious comic-opera musical style for *On the Twentieth Century*. Although it hasn't enough dance steps in it to walk itself across the street, the show boasts a huge singing chorus, all resplendently costumed, and a munificent orchestra.

When a spectacle like this gets to the screen, it's even more spectacular, which doesn't exactly enchant movie critics like Pauline Kael. "If there is anything great in the American musical tradition," Kael once wrote, "it's in the light satire, the high spirits, the giddy romance, the low comedy, and the unpretentiously stylized dancing. . . ." When the camera "elevates" these qualities "to epic proportions," Kael warns, the result is a "show of grandeur and importance" that staggers under the weight of its own pretentiousness.

But spectacles aren't the only result of the new musical renaissance. Besides encouraging theatrical producers (with or without movie-company partners) to resuscitate the old-fashioned ex-

travaganza, Broadway's new musical-happy climate has created a proliferation of smaller-scaled shows that we used to call revues. *Ain't Misbehavin'*, a modestly mounted revue of old Fats Waller material, won this year's Tony Award as Broadway's best musical. Although the show is charming as all get-out, it has a total cast of five (count 'em—*five*), with no backup chorus and no book at all, and it was produced for a song. Yet it beat out such heavyweight contenders as *Timbuktu!* and *On the Twentieth Century*.

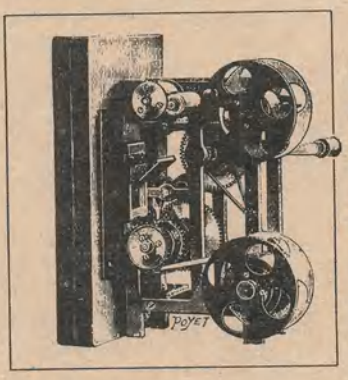
The booklessness of *Ain't Misbehavin'* points up another current musical trend. Although mistakenly interpreted as a rejection of the conventional story line, the trend is, rather, the isolating and "starring" of a single feature. The seamless integration of song, dance, story, and spectacle, which began with *Oklahoma!*, is no longer the only musical ideal. Nowadays successful musicals can be built around a single element and simply dispense with the rest.

Although the witty costuming and choreography of *Ain't Misbehavin'* supply a modest form of spectacle, the show is essentially a song cycle. Bob Fosse's *Dancin'*, which he has described as "an expression of the pure joy of entertaining from the point of view of the entertainer," is an exuberant marathon of dance—and literally nothing else. If *The Act* had had the courage of its convictions, it would have just presented Liza in her dynamite nightclub act. Even a so-called integrated musical like *On the Twentieth Century* hasn't any dance numbers to integrate.

Clearly, the Broadway musical is in some interesting phase of evolution. Of all the new entries this year, Elizabeth Swados's *Runaways* turned out to be the most radical. A composition of songs, poems, and sketches about children who have left their homes for the city streets, the show dismisses such conventional elements as book and formal choreography. Yet nothing feels lost. The pungent lyrics speak volumes, and the energy of the performers suggests raw dance. Maybe *Runaways* has no book, but it *talks*. And if Allen Carr turns it into a movie vehicle for John Travolta and Debbie Boone, I am going to scream.—*Marilyn Stasio*

Ain't Misbehavin': *return of the Broadway revue.*

FILMS



SWEET AND SOUR

Anyone who's seen Robert Altman's movies and has thought about them even a little must have noticed the problems the director has in bringing them to an ending.

The trouble shows itself in various ways. But films as different as *M*A*S*H*, *Thieves like Us*, *Three Women*, even the prestigious *McCabe and Mrs. Miller*, all seem to go slightly strange, or strangely conventional, or just into thin air, before they're over—exactly when they ought to be making final sense out of the energies they've been playing with so vigorously and, usually, so well. One or two of the Altman movies—for example, the immensely likable *California Split*—don't really end. They peter out. And some of the most ambitious, like *Nashville* or the unsuccessful *Buffalo Bill and the Indians*, turn their final moments over to what you might consider fresh beginnings. The assassin who causes the climax in *Nashville* seems almost a deliberate avoidance of dramatic structure—not a plot device but an explosive device, waiting to go off at a certain moment. When it does go off, it essentially clears the stage so that another act can follow.

So the random busyness of the new Altman movie, **A Wedding**, shouldn't appear surprising. What with one plot (if you can call it that) covering at least a dozen secondary plots (each somewhat more important), it is simply typical. The difference is that whereas this kind of movie usually gives us lots of *character* studies tied together by an event, Altman gives us lots of little *story* studies instead.

These little stories keep popping up into the last sequences of the film, and the effect is something like discovering an especially exhilarating star burst just when you thought the fireworks display was over. Of course, the characters are there to inhabit their stories. *A Wedding* has featured players into the dozens. But you're likely to know what a person *does* more fully than what in the deepest sense he *is*, and everyone is always for his own personal reasons in action. It's as if twelve or fifteen movie ideas had stopped off in Chicago for a few hours to attend a fancy wedding reception—before going on to become the completed dramas they seem destined to be.

Thus, you'll have the story about the housekeeper's son who's married the girl he slept with the night before the wedding, delighting his mother and beginning a happy-family romance that takes maybe ninety seconds of screen time and then is never noticed again. Or there will be the vignette about the bride's kid brother's hereditary epilepsy, which the groom's family discovers just after the wedding ceremony. But then the groom's family never does discover the groom's mother's heroin addiction—though we do, along with just the slightest glimpses into the elegant, miserable history that must have produced it.

Furthermore, the groom's maiden aunt is passionately, honorably in love with the family's black butler. He reciprocates, and the family seems to approve, though it has to be kept under wraps, at least for the reception. However, the bride's sister doesn't keep things under wraps when she reveals that she's four months pregnant, possibly with the groom's baby.

And so it goes, all afternoon, in that magnificent Lake Michigan mansion that houses the reception for the marriage of Muffin Brenner (Any Stryker) to Dino Corelli (Desi Arnez, Jr.), a reception that only one invited guest attends because

society has never forgiven the intrusion of Dino's father, Luigi (Vittorio Gassman), a former Italian waiter, into the wealthy, prominent matriarchy of old Nettie Sloan. Nettie (Lillian Gish) makes her own spectacular contribution to the reception: she dies, peacefully, just as the first of the wedding party's cars turns into the estate drive. A lot of the movie has to do with various people's efforts to pretend that the corpse upstairs is merely asleep in her bed.

It's worth noting how much this kind of frantic comedy gains by adhering to the neoclassical theatrical unities of time and place. There are only two locations—the church and the home—and something over two hours of film time to cover perhaps five hours of real time. The physical limitations effectively give Altman enormous dramatic freedom, so that his collection of exuberantly scattered shots looks like a tremendous concentration of activity. It's the dramatic structure of a three-ring circus, and it really counts on always drawing our attention someplace else as its way of keeping things going.

This is fine for circuses but not always fine for movies, and I can't pretend that *A Wedding*, which I've greatly enjoyed sitting through a couple of times now, is anything like a masterpiece. But it has a remarkably forgiving form, which simply surrounds its twenty or thirty miscalculations, poor performances, errors in judgment (par for any Altman movie) with enough good stuff to make up more than the difference. Aside from those I've mentioned, a few of the good people: Carol Burnett as the bride's mother; Nina van Pallandt as the groom's glamorous, glassy-eyed mother; Howard Duff as the family doctor who keeps her going; ninety-one-year-old John Cromwell as the ancient Episcopal bishop dragged out of mothballs to perform the wedding. A few of the good things: the receiving line the hired help must go through because there are no guests at the reception; the Italian restaurant Luigi has built as a basement playroom to remind himself where he came from; the young violinist who wanders through the movie, playing music usually wholly inappropriate for the place and situation in which she happens to be.

A Wedding gives the impression that it was fun to make, like many of the Altman movies—his casts and crews contain so many repeaters that one tends to feel that they've had a good time. In a very special sense, that good time, the continuity of good feeling whereby the playing in front of the camera complements the work that goes on behind it, may rank among the most important functions his films perform. If Altman's films run out a bit at the edges—well, that's all right, because there's no saying absolutely where the edges ought to be. You may have noticed this quality in some of your own home movies. To have introduced it into a multi-million-dollar superproduction has taken courage, humor, self-assurance, and a certain modest gracefulness toward accepting that whatever will be, will be.

I can't imagine a greater contrast to *A Wedding* than Woody Allen's uptight, unfunny, desperately introspective, and absolutely disastrous **Interiors**. Ever since the gentle, pensive late sequences of *Annie Hall*, it's been tempting to speculate about the serious movie waiting inside Woody Allen. This one isn't it. This one is as if he had taken the impulses behind some neurotic comedy skit, drained them of humor, and offered them up as a profound reflection on the riddles of life and (especially) death. The profundity was always implicit in Allen's comedy. Without the comedy, things aren't really any deeper, merely more glum.

Huff as the family doctor.

Interiors is about an unhappy mother (Geraldine Page), an unhappy father (E. G. Marshall), and their three unhappy daughters. One daughter (Diane Keaton) is a well-known poet; another (Kristin Griffith) is a popular movie actress; the third (Marybeth Hurt) isn't much good at anything but keeps leaning toward acting, photography, writing, or whatever might allow her some creative self-expression. The mother has made a career out of tasteful interior decoration—and she seems to have decorated the whole movie in shades of beige, brown, pale gray, and subtle off-white, to create rooms full of understated elegance and not much else. Never was a movie so aware of significant forms and so starved for useful furniture.

Woody Allen has been accused of excess regionalism in the East Coast bias of his comedies. But *Interiors*, with its Park Avenue, Connecticut, and Southampton locales, with its *New Yorker* and *New York Times* sensibility, makes the comedies look downright universal. And though it means to criticize the suffocating refinement it pictures, the only alternative it offers is the embarrassingly good-natured vulgarian (Maureen Stapleton) whom the father marries after he divorces the mother. You know she's vulgar and vital because she wears bright colors and breaks things. Everyone else is extra careful and wears beiges,

Robert Altman's A Wedding: *all the drama of a three-ring circus.*

browns, and pale grays.

The look of *Interiors* comes out of late Ingmar Bergman and middle-period Antonioni. But its visual pretentiousness is really all its own. Every frame exists to be entered by some carefully posed profile; every setting becomes a study in spatial relations. You can't imagine how boring such insistence on significance can be until you've sat through ninety minutes of it. Yet *Interiors* seems committed to the delusion that so many self-conscious poses add up to cinema. I think they add up to vacuity; and put together with the ability to make somebody as lovely as Diane Keaton look strained and ugly, they amount to something less than nothing at all.

The dialogue is full of potential Woody Allen one-liners ("The intimacy of [death] embarrasses me." "It's been such a long time since I've made love to a woman I didn't feel inferior to—or am I being tactless?"), but the film in no wise realizes that potential. If you recall the hilarious literary-life vignettes and the WASP family portrait in *Annie Hall*, you'll have a fair idea of what the world is like in *Interiors*. Going there with an emissary from another planet—Woody Allen, stand-up comedian, New York City Jew out of Brooklyn—that was a funny place to visit. But you'd never want one of your movies to live there.—*Roger Greenspun*

Diane Keaton in Interiors.

WORDS

AVAILABLE FOR EXPORT

Eat your heart out, Idi Amin. You've been such a naughty fellow that our pious leaders probably wouldn't have the guts to sell you any of the items from Tom Gervasi's marvelous catalog of violence. But the Shah of Iran is on the approved list, and I'll bet he has already bought a copy of Gervasi's ***Arsenal of Democracy*** (Grove Press, $19.50) and is poring over it constantly, wrapped in daydreams.

I don't blame him. Here is all the equipment you could want—fighter planes, bombers, missiles, poison gas, machine guns, everything that the clever dogs at the Pentagon have been able to think up for doing away with the folks you hate. Or simply to do away with the folks you decide to test your weapons on.

This book inspires daydreams in me, too. Not long ago I flipped by chance to page 172 and read about the AN-M79 1,000-pound Chemical Bomb. (Actually, it weighs only 960 pounds, but that will do.) I'll skip the more technical stuff about prussic acid and phosgene and cyanogen chloride and hydrocyanic acid and move quickly to the good stuff: ". . . It has no smell and can be absorbed through the skin and eyes, as well as by inhalation. In concentrations of only seventy parts per million, it attacks the central nervous system and is lethal in ten to thirty minutes. Symptoms are a dimming of vision and difficulty in breathing, intense perspiration, drooling, headache, confusion, and drowsiness. In the next stage there is nausea, retching, cramps, and loss of control of the bladder and rectal ring muscle. Finally, motor ataxia sets in, with involuntary twitching, jerking, and convulsion. This is followed by coma, paralysis of the heart and lungs, and death."

Okay, now here's the way I see it. The congressional military committees are having a secret, joint meeting to discuss the need to develop the neutron bomb. Members ask General Zilch, who is testifying in favor of the bomb, if he can bring a sample of the neutron bomb up to Capitol Hill to show everyone on the committees what it looks like. "No," says General Zilch, "we haven't got the neutron bomb beyond the plastic-casing stage, but we do have a mighty fine AN-M79 1,000-pound Chemical Bomb that comes in a steel case, and its effects are just the same." Swell, say the members, let's see it tomorrow. So on the morrow here comes General Zilch wheeling his big thing into the room. At the very sight of it, Sen. Strom Thurmond swoons with delight and falls on the bomb's detonator. Within fifteen minutes the 535 members of Congress and their thousands of awful clerks and flacks and all the lobbyists who hang around Capitol Hill have become one great big twitching, uncontrolled rectal ring.

But enough of pleasantries. Back to reality.

The reality is that we manufacture and peddle around the world each year about $13 billion, or roughly half the sum of our total commerce, in armaments. (Gervasi has a lower figure, but that's not his fault; we keep increasing our sales so fast that no book can be completely up to date.) Of course, we do not intend for our weapons to kill nice Americans on Capitol Hill. We intend for them to kill gooks, wogs, spics, and other lesser breeds who are trying to get uppity and act like the big boys. There is something to be said for encouraging the emerging nations to kill each other, or, if not that, to starve themselves to death buying guns instead of cows from which to make butter. The emerging nations have become something of a nuisance, with their constant complaints about our bullying tactics, and we can no longer look for plagues to help us out as in the past, thanks to the damnable do-gooding of our medical scientists.

Bob Adelman

Author Tom Gervasi: the perils of militarism.

Still, Gervasi makes a good cautionary point: "We cannot be sure that another country will fight the war we wanted fought, or that if it does it will fight on the side we had anticipated, using the weapons we

supplied against the adversary we had foreseen." The lesser breeds, as colonialists have regularly discovered from India to Chile, are not at all trustworthy.

Nowhere is this truer than among the oil-producing nations of the Middle East, and yet it is there—in an idiotic effort to recover a small fraction of the money those nations have stolen from us—that our government is dumping the great majority of our arms. Our biggest customer in that area (or in the world, for that matter) is the Shah of Iran, for whom President Carter has already approved the sale of nearly $3 billion worth of weaponry in 1978. In 1972 President Nixon secretly promised the shah all the arms of any type he wanted, and that was one promise that Richard Nixon, Gerry Nixon, and Jimmy Nixon have carried out. How stable and trustworthy is the shah? Some observers think he is a risky bet.

The Saudis are just as dangerous, says Gervasi. We have sold the Saudis so many Maverick missiles and F-5E aircraft that they have "the most sophisticated antitank system now in existence," all of which "will probably find its way" into the hands of the next Arab state that goes to war with Israel. Even while the Saudi pilots are still fumbling around trying to figure out how to fly the F-5E's, Carter has promised to sell them sixty F-15 Eagle fighter-interceptors, and the Saudis' security is so poor that Gervasi suspects the F-15 technology could easily find its way into the mitts of the Russians.

Well, we would deserve it. Reading this memorable book, one finally comes to feel so much disgust with the 1,100 American corporations making armaments and the 700,000 workers who draw their patriotic paychecks from the trade and the mindless bureaucrats who hustle for them that one finally loses track of who the real enemy is, or of whether the external enemy is any realer than the internal enemy.

One gets to rooting for disaster. One disaster I'm rooting for is that our smart-ass economists see their world destroyed by bad debts.

Gervasi says the Third World nations—nations without shoes—are already in debt to the rich nations by $180 billion (that's *billion*), much of it borrowed to buy planes and guns. This, as he says, is an "intolerable" debt that will probably never be paid and will leave our bankers shuffling paper for dear life. So why do we go on risking our economy by risking theirs? Simple, says Gervasi, with the wry touch that serves him so well: ". . . we believe that we must sell. We believe this because we believe the arms are needed. We believe they are needed because we are making them."

What oozes off these pages again and again is not so much the evil of the military-industrial machine as the pervasive phoniness of it all. For instance, the phoniness of its prosperity. The military-industrial enterprise is a straw economy, and as Gervasi points out, the Defense Department has had to invoke an esoteric law no less than 3,000 times to bail out members of the industry—with rigged contracts. Twice, for example, the Pentagon purchased all the stock in major arms corporations to keep them from dying.

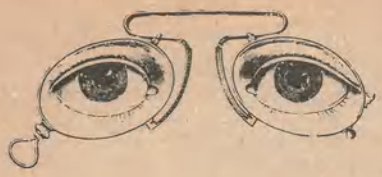
Or the phoniness of the military-industrial sales figures. By some astute prying into the government's records, Gervasi shows that we sell many more armaments abroad than we claim; billions of dollars are hidden or are simply wiped off the record.

Or the phoniness of the "punishment" of arms outlaws. When it was discovered that Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands had been paid $1 million by Lockheed as a "commission" for arranging sales in the Netherlands, the prince's punishment was being forced to give up his position as head of the World Wildlife Fund.

In his *Arsenal of Democracy*, Gervasi has put together a marvelous one-of-a-kind survey of 500 major and major-minor weapons, rich with fascinating details and including as tight and sensible and unpreachy an essay on all this madness as you will find. Indeed, his approach is so sophisticated that one can, without feeling guilty, greet some of these weapons almost as old friends. It is nice to discover, for instance, that the M-1928A1 Thompson .45-caliber Submachine Gun, which served our underworld so faithfully in the 1920s is still respected and used in at least seventeen countries. It is also gratifying to learn that the P-51 Mustang of World War II is still being manufactured, under a different designation, for the purpose of upholding the patched pride of certain countries in Latin America, Africa, and Asia.

Gervasi finds a place for nostalgia, but above all I enjoy the wickedly funny history he slips in occasionally. Out at the Toole Army Depot, he tells us, officials found twenty-four nerve-gas shells missing. Panicking, they told no one. Instead, they painted twenty-four dummy shells to resemble the missing ones "so that their inventory would appear complete. The current depot commander now claims that there was an error in the original inventory records and that the missing twenty-four shells never existed. Instead of painting twenty-four dummy shells, of course, those in charge two years ago might have chosen the option of saying the same thing."

I do quarrel with Gervasi on one point. He argues that we need a shift in national priorities, away from foolish militarism. This, of course, is true. But simply to write of the shift as a possibility is misleading. A change is not possible under our corporate government, and since Americans will not overthrow their corporate government, we must conclude that a shift in priorities could never come about.—*Robert Sherrill*



SOUNDS

LEANING AWAY FROM ROCK

Rock 'n' roll was minority music when it started, music for greasers and red-necks, and now rock, its more self-conscious but still vital successor, is becoming minority music again. Everything from Las Vegas supper club music to the soundtrack albums from *Grease* and *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* purports to be rock these days. But of course it isn't, any more than Frankie Avalon and Fabian were rock 'n' roll.

Most of what passes for rock today is a corporate product, designed to appeal to the broadest common denominator. A look at the best-seller charts tells the tale: movie sound tracks and spin-offs, carefully groomed and lavishly financed bands with all the artistic vision and originality of accounting firms, and flashy, get-down disco groups are dominant, and they have been for several years now. The only authentic rockers capable of breaking into the rarefied atmosphere of the top ten are rockers who have been around for ten years or more, and for these artists the converging of mass tastes in the middle of the proverbial road poses a serious challenge.

Among established rockers and younger artists who aspire to the combination of relevance, artistic integrity, and mass appeal that characterized rock during the sixties, two broad trends are evident. Let's call them lean rock and ork rock. Lean rock is music that's stripped down to essentials, music with an intimate and passionate connection to early rock 'n' roll. Commercially speaking, its avatars are the **Rolling Stones**, whose most recent album, *Some Girls* (Rolling Stones Records), actually managed to wedge itself into the pap-dominated top five. There is also a highly visible lean-rock underground—the punks, the new-wave rockers, and the advocates of power pop, all of whom look with distrust if not outright hatred on such modern-day accoutrements of the rock life as string synthesizers, horn sections, and sweet vocal harmonies. Ork rock—the term *ork*, forties jazz slang for orchestra or orchestration, revels in synthesizers, horns, backup vocalists, and other additives. Its most influential practitioner is **Bruce Springsteen**, though it has a recent, unlikely convert in **Bob Dylan**.

Both lean rock and ork rock trace their pedigrees back to the early and middle sixties. The lean rockers derive from the early Stones, Kinks, and other English groups, and the ork rockers tend to trace their roots to the influential productions of Phil Spector, who used to frame vocals by such groups as the Crystals and Ronettes with massive walls of orchestral slush and an echoing, sledgehammer beat. But there is a crucial difference. The lean rockers are essentially a cult phenomenon. Even the Rolling Stones had to resort to a disco beat and a beefed-up production to get a single, "Miss You," into the number-one position on the charts. The ork rockers may not be in the mainstream, but in general they have a much better chance of getting in, because they are not afraid of what record-industry types call "sweetening"—meaning strings, voices, or anything else that's added to a basic rhythm track and lead vocal to give the record a glossier veneer.

The bind that serious rockers find themselves in—either appeal to a minority or else sweeten your product and risk sugar poisoning—is leading musicians and critics into bizarre behavior patterns.

Springsteen (and his influence) is an excellent case in point. Having won over virtually every prominent rock critic and scored *Time* and *Newsweek* covers in 1975 with his album *Born to Run*—a heavily orchestrated homage to the Spector sound and to the urban desperation, fast cars, and roadside bars that figure so prominently in classic rock lore—Springsteen disappeared. He returned last summer with a new album, *Darkness on the Edge of Town*, but it has not done so well as one might have imagined, and despite another chorus of critical hosannas, one is left with the lingering suspicion that everything is not as it seems.

Lean rocker David Johansen.

Springsteen's new songs are about the same bars, cars, and desperation that fueled *Born to Run*. The sound on the new record has moved away from Spector's idiosyncratic density toward a more homogenized and, potentially at least, more commercial sound, but it has done so without sacrificing the knowing references to fifties and sixties styles that made *Born to Run* such a critical favorite. But more and more, Springsteen's music begins to look like a knowledgeable but contrived pastiche. It isn't great rock. Rather, it's a calculating attempt to synthesize great rock from the shards of the past and the commercial imperatives of the present.

If that's the case, then somebody should tell Bob Dylan, whose most recent album, *Street Legal* (Columbia), seems to bear roughly the same derivative relationship to *Born to Run* as the latter bore to Phil Spector's mid-sixties productions. It's a distinct shock to hear Dylan, who always aimed at capturing raw, spontaneous expression on his albums, tossing turgid nonsense back and forth with a trio of female vocalists over thick, synthetic orchestral textures and a warbling saxophone.

But then, Springsteen's sudden notoriety and dominance in the rock press has done strange things to other rockers, too. Perhaps the most salutary example of Springsteen's influence is **Peter Gabriel**, an English singer and songwriter who used to be lead vocalist for Genesis. On two varied, uneven, but ultimately stunning solo albums, both called *Peter Gabriel* (Atlantic), the man has combined all the technological tricks of English art rock with a spellbinding urban intensity that probably derives from Springsteen's stance but seems more genuine.

An equally promising arrival in the lean rock camp is **David Johansen**, former lead vocalist with the New York Dolls, whose album *David Johansen* (Blue Sky) makes a case for the continuing relevance of Stones-style raunch. Johansen has stepped back a bit from the anarchism and musical sloppiness of the Dolls. His record, which includes a batch of unusually appealing songs written by Johansen and ex-Doll Sylvain Sylvain, is tight and hard but shows a leavening sense of humor. Johansen's worship of the Stones may be a little too overt, especially in his Jaggerish stage moves. But with basic, hard-driving rock of this sort, it's difficult to escape the Stones' influence entirely. Their *Some Girls* album, for all its superficial flash, still manages to plumb more complex depths and ignite more passion than any of the year's other big rock albums do. At a time when making rock that really matters is becoming more and more difficult, the Stones still find it possible to rock hard, say some- thing real, and have a good time. —*Robert Palmer*

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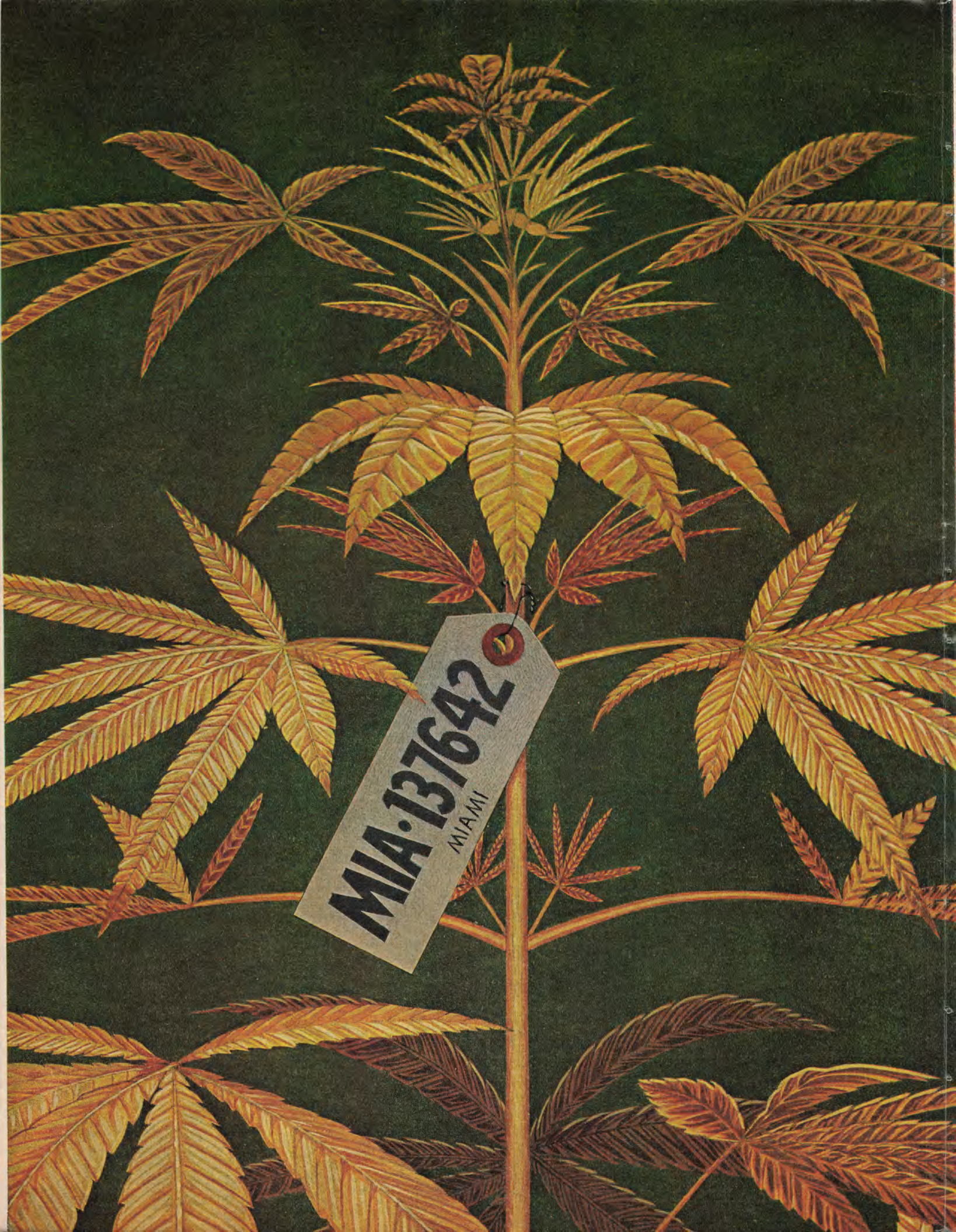
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THE STONING OF AMERICA

Marijuana is now big agribusiness—a $12 billion a year corporate growth crop.

BY ED RASEN

I am staring at the green hills as the darkness and day become one. A slight breeze is coming off the Caribbean. A Colombiano rolls leaves into a newspaper in the shape of a huge cigar and lights it. He hands it to the American sitting next to me, who draws slowly on it. "Keeps the bugs away," he explains, passing the joint on. I puff at it. The light that envelops the western sky suddenly turns purple red. Wisps of cotton candy float in space.

"We only sell it to people who roll it and smoke it," somebody says. The hairs become damp on the back of my neck. I am going backward, sinking into oblivion. I try to take possession of my lost ideas:

"Ya know, you can't play in this game if you love sex. It saps your strength." The American laughs, letting his head fall between his knees.

I am with a small group of Colombianos and Americans at their *finca*, or farm, outside Dibulla, Colombia. We have just returned from a "clandestine" airstrip (not very hard to find), several hours away in the desert, where one million pounds of marijuana in bales is stacked near the 5,000-foot dirt runway. This group does not think that it is a large amount to store in one place at one time. Law-enforcement officials would tag these men "kingpins" of a marijuana-trafficking syndicate.

A week earlier Colombian police seized 1.4 million pounds of marijuana and a four-engine DC-7 aircraft at another clandestine strip, two or three miles from the one just mentioned. After that seizure Peter Bensinger, administrator of the Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA), a branch of the U.S. Department of Justice, said that the approximate 670 tons represented about one month's supply of the marijuana used in the United States. (People in the business in Colombia thought it represented only from 10 to 20 percent of what was stored throughout the country at the time.) "It's incomprehensible to me that 1.4 million pounds represents only 10 percent," says U.S. Customs spokesman Jim Dingfelder. "If that's the case we have to ask ourselves what we're doing here."

A good question. Ten years ago, regardless of what side of the law you were on, a hundred pounds of marijuana was considered a major transaction. Today organized syndicates,

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Edward Rasen, a former Vietnam combat correspondent, penetrated two drug-smuggling "families," interviewed dozens of DEA officials, and logged over 10,000 miles in Colombia, Mexico, and the United States in the course of reporting this story.

Illustration by Sean Earley

ably assisted by attorneys and accountants, utilize trailer trucks, large multi-engine aircraft, and 200-foot ocean freighters to deliver at least 45,000 pounds of weed, or 15 million joints *per day*, to the more than 16 million regular smokers in the United States. This translates to more than 15 million pounds annually, as far as can be determined. That's *7,000 tons*.

Despite billions of dollars spent on drug law enforcement, marijuana dealers generally face little risk, concede federal law-enforcement officials. Jim Dingfelder, from the Miami U.S. Customs office, explains: "The ones we end up catching should be arrested for stupidity, not drug trafficking."

Nobody knows for certain how much money is made on these massive weed transactions, but projections based on interviews with smugglers, dealers, and law-enforcement officials indicate that sales generate at least $5 billion a year at the wholesale level and *$12 billion retail*. As an industry, retail revenues are rapidly approaching the $15.8 billion cigarette market, and have already passed the $7 billion in beer sold in the United States in 1977. One Mexican-American syndicate that daily shipped tons of marijuana from warehouses in southern California to wholesale distributors in major cities of twenty states in the United States, reaped *untaxed profits of up to $3.6 million a week*, according to testimony presented to a U.S. Senate investigating committee.

"Today there is no meaningful deterrent to narcotics trafficking," says U.S. Sen. Sam Nunn. "Sophisticated narcotics dealers, with their vast financial resources, could reasonably determine that crime does, in fact, pay." The hippy dope-dealers of the 1960s counterculture have been replaced by "hip" businessmen who sport short hair, three-piece suits, and college degrees and have transformed a cottage industry into a multi-national corporate agribusiness, in which guns and murder enforce executive-suite investment decisions. The new breed of traffickers are young, intelligent, and upper middle class. They operate outside traditional crime families and ghetto areas, though, by any standard, large-scale marijuana smuggling can be considered organized crime. However, the names of known criminals or members of Mafia families seldom appear in the investigations or court records of busted major syndicates.

Instead, the typical new dope businessman is an attorney. "We have criminal attorneys and attorney criminals," says Fred Rody, Miami DEA regional director. "There is such a thing as criminal consort. We know that some of the large smuggling operations have lawyers who are providing them with all the advice they need to operate."

However, even after DEA agents spent more than two years building an airtight case against a Mexican-American syndicate involved in the multi-million-dollar, nationwide wholesaling of marijuana, federal judges did not sentence any of the attorney criminals to prison.

Examples: Richard J. Litner, a practicing attorney in Boston, financed sales in New England and set up "cover" corporations, yet was offered the opportunity by federal judge Charles W. Joiner, without the consent of the prosecutor, to plead guilty to reduced charges. He was then placed on one-year probation so that he would not be disbarred and deprived of his livelihood. Attorney John K. Lowe, of Denver and Kansas City, made a hand-to-hand sale of 400 pounds of marijuana to an undercover agent for $40,000. He received two years' probation and a $1,000 fine. As a law student, George Weingarten, now a practicing attorney in San Diego, once received a gold Rolex wristwatch as a sales reward for distributing 10,000 pounds of marijuana in one week. He became a DEA informant in exchange for a reduced sentence of one-year probation. Maria Blanca-Vargas Reid, executive director of the San Diego Mental Health Association, handled a $35,000 drug payment. Charges were dismissed in the interest of justice after she cooperated with federal authorities and revealed the whereabouts of her son, Robert Craig Chipman, and his criminal associates. Frank Marcone, an attorney from the Philadelphia area, contributed down payments of up to $25,000 on grass transactions. Charges against him were dismissed because he cooperated with further investigations. Charles Sargent Hewett, a law student from Corona Del Mar, Calif., wholesaled up to $750,000 of marijuana per week. Charges were dismissed at the request of the U.S. attorney's office for his cooperation in identifying all the people he sold to, even though he was involved in the murder of his former distributor in Boston and the attempted murder of one of his associates from San Francisco. And so on.

> Most grass used to come from Mexico, via light plane. Now it's coming from Colombia; it's new POE is South Florida.

As marijuana dealing becomes a white-collar crime, the point of entry and country of origin are also changing. Most grass used to come from Mexico, by light plane, truck, or car, across the 2,000-mile southwestern border. Now it's coming increasingly from Colombia, and its new POE is South Florida.

In 1977 federal agents seized a million pounds of marijuana in South Florida, and that marked the first time that seizures there surpassed those along the Mexican border. The U.S. Federal Reserve Bank in Miami is the only branch in the nation with a surplus of cash in circulation. Treasury officials say it is due largely to drug traffic. And the U.S. Dept., of Justice has been investigating routine reports of large cash transactions at sixty other Florida banks. One bank had a cash deposit of more than $900,000. The focus is on bankers who falsify documents to cover huge cash deposits.

A federal grand jury has subpoenaed transaction records from twenty-one banks, primarily from South Florida, suspected as conduits or exchange centers for up to $50 million a month in drug-smuggling revenues. Dollar for dollar, drug smuggling may already have surpassed tourism as South Florida's number-one business. As an example of the scope of the traffic in South Florida, in 1977 the tourist industry brought $1.75 billion into the area. The grass business may have brought more.

Why are Colombia and South Florida connected? The answers are practical, but to understand them, you have to understand a little about the sociology of the Colombian smuggler.

Mexico has traditionally been the primary source of marijuana consumed in the United States. However, the 1978 harvest of Mexican marijuana was the smallest on record because of the prolonged two-year drought that has affected the commercial marijuana-growing areas in the states of Sonora and Sinaloa. The fields have also been severely affected by the paraquat-spraying program conducted by the Mexican government with the assistance of the U.S. State Department Narcotics Activity Unit (NAU) and the DEA.

A DEA intelligence analyst reports that in 1976, Colombia became the primary supplier for the United States. Colombia now supplies approximately 60 percent of the marijuana consumed in the United States, and the percentage is increasing as fear of paraquat-sprayed Mexican weed spreads. Mexican weed now represents 35 percent of the market. (Jamaican, Thai, Hawaiian, and domestically grown marijuana account for the other 5 percent.) Between 1975 and the end of 1977, Colombian authorities seized 1.2 million pounds of marijuana that was ready for shipment, confiscated 2,000 pounds of seeds, destroyed 435,000 plants about to be harvested, and burned 775 acres that were planted.

Several dozen Colombian-American syndicates, or "families," control the marijuana business, until recently centered in and around Barranquilla, a dusty, sprawling river port on the Caribbean coast, about 1,200 miles south of Miami. Rodolfo Garcia Ordonez, director general of the newly formed Colombian Judicial Police, says that the "Llanos" (provinces situated south of Bogotá), the Santa Marta–Guajira region along the northern Caribbean coast, and the state of Cauca, in the southwestern

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region of the country, have about 100,000 acres of marijuana planted among them. Each acre yields up to six or seven tons of grass.

John Bacon, DEA senior-intelligence analyst for Latin America, characterizes the Colombians in this way: "Colombians from Cartagena to Barranquilla are traditionally smugglers. They have smuggled coffee, cattle, and textiles for decades. The Guajira Peninsula is a politically second-class area run by the military. It is militarily important because of the border with Venezuela. The Indians are not involved in the government. The Llanos and areas south of Bogota have been lawless for centuries and historically have been regarded as smuggling havens for goods going to Ecuador and Peru. The Colombians have become the toughest, roughest, smartest, and most effective smugglers in the world."

Colombia, the world's number-two coffee supplier, receives an estimated $1.4 billion a year from the sale of illicit drugs and contraband, which is equivalent to the entire revenues from coffee exports. Figures from the Banco de la Republica, Colombia's central bank, indicate that exports other than coffee brought in an additional $924 million in 1977. But of that figure, the bank can only account for $100 million in legitimate business. About $500 million in drug money is channeled into the economy, either directly or indirectly into banks, farms, ranches, or short-term government exchange certificates. Up to $600 million escapes to foreign tax havens and Florida bank accounts and real estate.

For many Colombians, drug trafficking is the only way to earn a living. There is no middle class; 60 percent of the population shares 9 percent of the national income. Farmers are paid less than $4 a pound to grow marijuana—double the price of coffee. It is wholesaled in the United States for from $225 to $325 a pound. U.S. pilots are paid up to $50,000 in cash for flying up to 25,000 pounds per flight.

Colombian officials admit that as much as 90 percent of all marijuana shipments escape detection. Corruption is so common that government scandals no longer shock the public. Allegedly, drug syndicates have bought their way into the government. In fact, Dr. Peter Bourne, President Carter's former special adviser on drugs, informed Alfonzo Lopez Michelsen, then president of Colombia, that intelligence sources indicated that a high government official was soliciting cash donations from drug traffickers. Bourne sent a secret memo to Carter, which said, in part: "The network had made a multi-million-peso investment . . . and, as a result, is expected to be able to choose the head of Colombian law-enforcement agencies." When former president Michelsen was questioned about this statement on CBS's "60 Minutes," he admitted that there was corruption in the government on all levels but said, "We are not corrupting the Americans. The Americans are corrupting us."

With this sort of background—years of highly successful, sophisticated smuggling operations behind them—Colombian syndicates made contact with Cuban dealers in South Florida. The Cubans had locked up the cocaine traffic as well as the non-Mexican grass trade, which flowed mostly through Miami. When the Mexicans began experiencing their drought and paraquat problems and when U.S. border interdiction and gang infighting combined to erode Mexican grass supplies in the States, the Cuban–Colombian–South Florida connection flourished. Recently, the Colombians have even begun to supplant the Cubans as bosses of the Miami dope satyricon. An examination of some of their scams is useful in understanding the nature of recent international dope-smuggling history.

Harold Derber, fifty-five, a former sailor, became a multimillionaire by directing a marijuana shipping operation between Colombia and the United States. He was killed by a hail of small-caliber bullets outside his lavish Miami condominium in February 1976, the day before he was supposed to answer a Securities and Exchange Commission (SEC) subpoena.

> Intelligence sources indicated that a Colombian high government official was soliciting cash donations from marijuana smugglers.

Derber popularized the "mother ship" concept—a small, ocean-going freighter, carrying multi-ton loads of marijuana from Colombia, remaining in international waters, and rendezvousing off the U.S. coast with small boats that transfer portions of the load to the mainland. Derber's ship, the MV *Night Train*, was the nemesis of the U.S. Coast Guard and the DEA for more than two years, until it was seized carrying 108,000 pounds of marijuana on February 1, 1977, one year after Derber's still-unsolved murder.

Through the years, law-enforcement agencies seized onshore an estimated 200,000 pounds of marijuana transported by the *Night Train*. No one knows exactly how much got through. One indication, though, might be the $12 million deposited in the account of Ocean Explorations Corporation, a Panamanian shipping company, at the Panama branch of Banque Nationale de Paris. Derber was the only person with check-signing authority on the account. Another indication might be that during the year preceding Derber's death, he made cash deposits of up to $130,000 at one time in a Florida bank, bought more than $2.5 million in certificates of deposit, and transferred $371,000 from U.S. banks to his personal account at a bank in Panama. Between February 4 and June 14, 1974, Derber deposited $502,500 in the account of someone named R.C. Gomez. In 1975 he bought 50,000 shares of Chefs International, which owns the La Crepe restaurant chain. Robert Brennan, a securities investor, remembers Derber as a "subdued, gentle-type guy."

Derber was one of the more mysterious characters in the international marijuana-smuggling business. He was deported from the United States in the early 1960s after he had collected more than 1,100 advance air fares from Cuban refugees by promising to fly their stranded relatives to Miami. He made only one flight, which carried thirteen passengers.

Somehow Derber was allowed to reenter the United States in 1974 "for business purposes." He quickly became involved in marijuana smuggling with former Hallendale, Fla., mayor John David Steele. In September 1974 Steele and Derber were arrested in Dade County, Fla., with 3,000 pounds of marijuana. The charges were eventually dropped because of an illegal search by drug agents. In November 1974 Derber bought the MV *Night Train*, a 121-foot Panamanian coastal freighter, and began running marijuana from the Guajira Peninsula to Florida and, later, to New England. "The name *Night Train* was very well known to the DEA," an agency spokesman recalls.

Allegedly, Winces Velasco was one of Derber's primary Colombian connections. Velasco had access to a 7,000-foot airstrip fifteen miles outside Barranquilla, Colombia. Derber stayed at Velasco's home when he was in Colombia.

After Derber's death, his associates or murderers saw no reason to mothball the *Night Train* or the mother-ship concept he'd perfected, but by February 1, 1977, the DEA had penetrated the operation. Informants were on board as crewmen. On January 28, the *Dauntless*, a Coast Guard cutter, sailed to Miami and picked up two DEA agents. The same day other agents, posing as smugglers, chartered the *Catchalot II*, a fishing boat scheduled to rendezvous with the mother ship for the transfer operation. It headed for a rendezvous point in the Bahamas but could not find the *Night Train*.

After four days of missed connections, in which it became clear that the *Night Train* was checking the *Catchalot II* out, the *Night Train* sent up a twin-engine airplane and directed the *Catchalot II* to a location thirty miles southeast of Marsh Harbor, Abaco. Late that afternoon the crew of the *Night Train* passed 150 bales of marijuana to the *Catchalot II*, completely filling its cabin and covering the metal decks. At dusk the fishing boat headed for the Florida coast with its cargo of evidence and radioed the wait-

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ing Coast Guard cutter, 100 miles away.

When the *Dauntless* arrived on the scene, her captain, Comdr. Jon C. Uithol, ordered the mother ship to stand by for boarding. "They refused to heave to and instead turned the vessel and attempted to ram us," Uithol recalled. "We had to go full speed astern to avoid being hit." Crewmen from the *Night Train* began throwing packages into the sea as the cutter maneuvered up to the side. "We told them to heave to or we'd fire," Uithol said. "We got no response; so we gave them three bursts across the bow with our fifty-caliber machine gun."

The *Night Train* began evasive maneuvers. Crewmen continued to throw marijuana and documents overboard. Three more warning bursts of machine-gun fire failed to stop them. "We manned the three-inch cannon on the forecastle and let them have three rounds," Uithol said. "That had the desired effect." DEA agents said that no valid registration was found aboard the freighter. "Documents indicate the vessel was registered under different names at different times," a Coast Guard official said. The name *Labrador* was painted on the stern, and traces of the words *Night Train* were visible under new paint on the bow.

Thirteen Colombian crewmen were arrested aboard the ship. Later Drug Enforcement Administration agents arrested four men in a Miami hotel room. Charged with conspiracy to import marijuana were William John Martins, eighteen, of Ochopee, Fla.; Peter Paul Smigowski, thirty, of Stratham, N.H.; Thomas Labernaz, twenty-six, of Fort Lauderdale, Fla.; and Edward Rodriguez, thirty-two, of New Britain, Conn., the "main man" in the smuggling operation. "We don't know who this man is," said a DEA agent after Rodriguez's arrest. "We showed his passport to a woman he said was his mother in Puerto Rico, and she said she didn't know him."

On May 20, 1977, in U.S. federal court, the master of the *Night Train* was sentenced to four years in prison. The crewmen received two years each. The stateside conspirators were each sentenced to six years of confinement. The sentencing was a landmark case, in that the successful infiltration of the crew allowed the government to prove conspiracy and to obtain jail sentences. Normally, foreign smugglers are merely deported and are back in business the same week. (The fifty-four tons of marijuana seized was worth $2 million to the operators of the *Night Train*. On the mainland, it would have been worth $24,300,000.)

In the wake of the *Night Train*, marijuana-by-sea is becoming more common: "Five years ago we were getting maybe two drug-running boats a year; now we are getting one a month," says Edward Cass, New England DEA regional director.

In October 1977 the Coast Guard boarded a Honduran-registered shrimp boat, the *Juliana I*, 120 miles northeast of Boston. More than 50,000 pounds of marijuana were found in its hold. The

Juliana had a Colombian crew and no flag or identification numbers. On April 27, 1978, 40,000 pounds of marijuana in 600 burlap-wrapped bales were seized as the cargo was being unloaded from the *Onalay*, an eighty-foot British-registered cabin cruiser. Ten tons were confiscated on shore, and the other ten were seized on the boat on the Damariscotta River, near Boothbay Harbor, one of Maine's most popular coastal summer-resort areas. Deputy Commander Ralph Brown of the U.S. Coast Guard said that the yacht was worth more than $2 million and was filled "with a wall of electronics gear," including several radar systems and a sophisticated navigational computer.

Capt. Melvin Graves, head of Maine's Division of Special Investigation, said that Maine has become a haven for drug smugglers because federal agents have been cracking down on drug traffic along southern sections of the East Coast. Graves, along with agents from the DEA, the IRS, U.S. Customs, the U.S. Coast Guard, and the Maine State Police, has to date arrested twenty-nine persons who were from New York City, Los Angeles, and Massachusetts. Fourteen vessels have been seized in that area alone. This amount represents about half the number estimated to be operating each month.

Kenneth G. Burnstine, a stockbroker and real-estate developer turned grass smuggler, is a good example of the new dope businessman. He told one law-enforcement officer that intrigue was his original reason for getting into the dope business. Smuggling provided excitement and status that he never enjoyed as a conventional businessman.

Burnstine's legacy still looms large, although he crashed to his death in his vintage P-51 fighter plane. He built up his trade with the flair of a pirate, utilizing Florida Airways International (FLAIR), his small airline company, to shuttle marijuana from Jamaica and Mexico to the United States. Smuggling operations with his fleet of twin-engine Lockheed Lodestars were characterized by the flying techniques he learned as a Marine Corps pilot, flying combat missions in Korea.

One technique, now commonly used by other "dope pilots," has two planes, one carrying marijuana, the other empty, flying together wing tip to wing tip so that they appear as one on FAA and NORAD radar screens when they enter the United States. The decoy plane lands at a regular airport while the cargo plane proceeds to a clandestine airstrip. Another technique is the "air drop"—pushing bales of marijuana out of a low-flying aircraft over a rural area prior to landing empty at a regular airport.

There is some dispute about how much money Burnstine made. Over a period of several years, three marijuana-laden aircraft registered to him or his companies crashed. After his arrest Burnstine told DEA questioners that he brought in ten planeloads, averaging 3,000 pounds each, and sold the marijuana for $180 a pound. Drug agents believe that ten planeloads a month were arriving. He is estimated to have grossed $5.4 million in 1972–73.

Similarly, Burnstine concealed the ownership of his palatial $650,000 Fort Lauderdale home, listing its owner as 2101 Middle River Drive, Ltd., a foreign corporation. The grounds around the house were patrolled by a 130-pound lioness. On the iron gates at the entrance was the blunt warning: TRESPASSERS WILL BE EATEN.

Burnstine's downfall began in June 1974, when he decided to expand drug-smuggling operations into Mexico. He got in touch with a former associate who owned property there. But the associate was cooperating with the U.S. government and put Burnstine in touch with two undercover DEA agents. On the night of July 12, 1974, in a hotel on the Caribbean coast at Vera Cruz, Mexico, Burnstine took the shirt off his back and gave it in a gesture of friendship to one of the agents who had just agreed to become his drug connection in Mexico.

> Within a week, DEA and Colombian officials seized 1,430,000 pounds of marijuana. It represented $429,000,000, a world record.

From a series of meetings and phone calls, this undercover agent was able to assemble a conspiracy case. Burnstine's blue, size-forty-two Mexican Guayabera shirt became a government exhibit when he went on trial in Miami.

In late spring 1975, after being convicted of drug charges and sentenced to seven years in federal prison, Burnstine became an informant for the DEA and was released. However, on June 17, 1976, his private plane mysteriously crashed. He died shortly before he was to testify against Randy Avon, then a state representative from Fort Lauderdale, and Mitchell WerBell III, an Atlanta, Ga., arms dealer.

During the subsequent trial, WerBell's lawyer introduced evidence that a company associated with WerBell was sharing a combination office-apartment in Washington, D.C., with Lucius Conein, a high-ranking DEA intelligence officer and a former CIA agent. The DEA stated that Conein was acting on his own, not as an agent. WerBell won acquittal on the federal drug charges, claiming that he was working for the DEA. The state fraud charge against Avon was dropped. "A lot of kingpins can't be gotten because they don't handle the drugs themselves," said U.S. Sen. Sam Nunn. "But they do handle the money. And you can get them involved in the conspiracy."

However, high-finance drug cases are not easy to make, despite new federal and state laws providing for the confiscation of money and property acquired as the result of continuing criminal enterprises. For example:

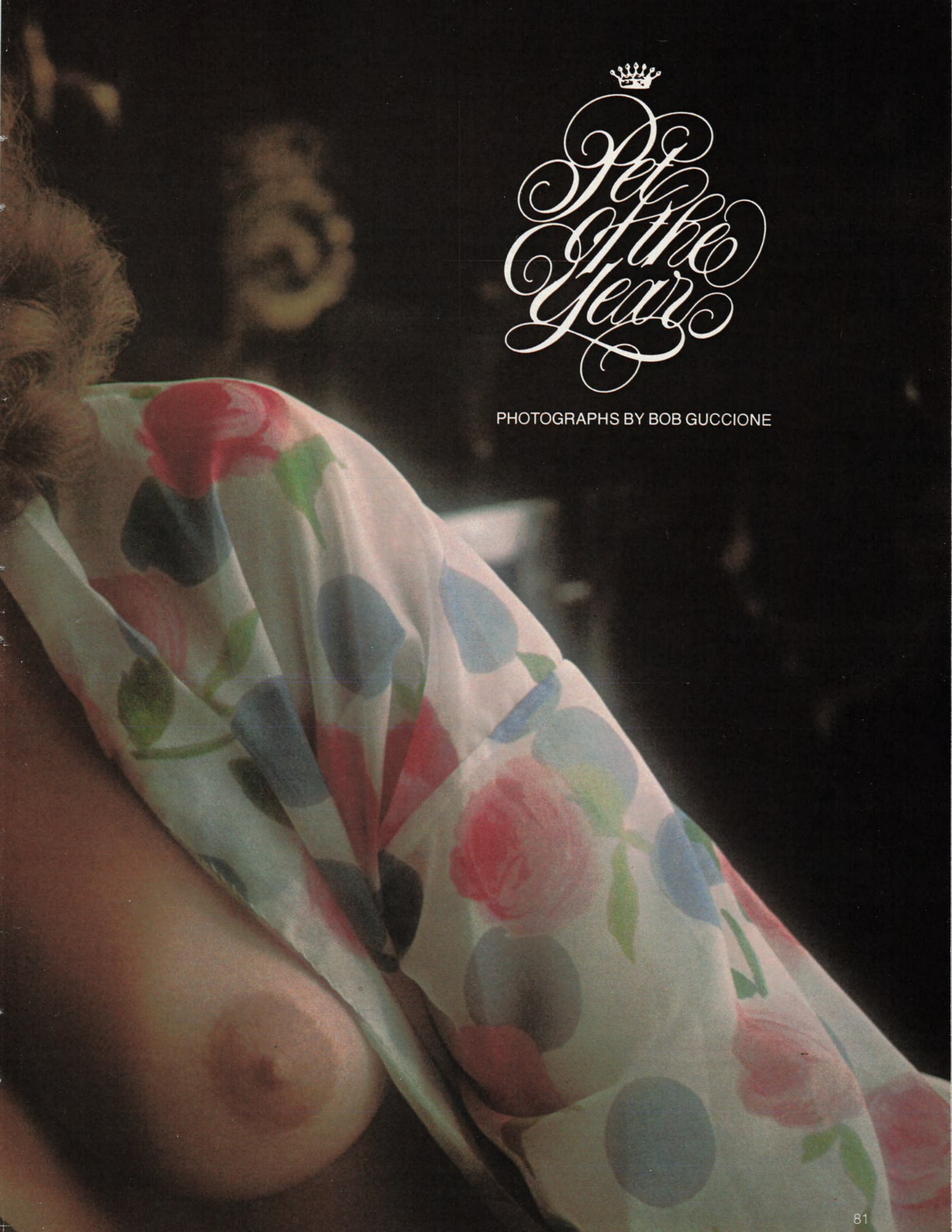
In July 1976 Roger William Alistair Fry, thirty-one, of San Diego and Mill Valley, Calif., became the first and only marijuana trafficker convicted under section 848 of the 1970 Controlled Substances Act, a seldom-used law originally designed to prosecute Mafia leaders who finance "hard" drug transactions. (In 1970 the government still didn't consider marijuana smuggling "big business.") In return for his guilty plea to a formal charge of running a "continuing criminal enterprise," Fry was sentenced to ten years in federal prison, without parole, the minimum sentence a judge can impose under "848." Fry admitted in U.S. Federal Court that he directed a nationwide syndicate distributing marijuana as an ongoing corporate enterprise, under the cover of legitimate businesses, two of which were Royal International Enterprises and Cheeta Oil Products. Business records seized from Fry's partners—Alberto Sicilia-Falcon, thirty-three, a Cuban national living in Tijuana and Mexico City, and Carlos Angel Kyriakides-Villasenor, forty-four, of Tijuana, Mexico—revealed that Fry was responsible for distributing weekly shipments from Mexico totaling up to 40,000 pounds. These wholesaled for $2.4 million.

The Sicilia-Falcon–Roger Fry conspiracy case is one of the most important drug investigations the DEA has ever undertaken. The investigation uncovered a syndicate involving more than 1,600 individuals throughout the United States, Canada, Latin America, and Europe. It utilized foreign banks; Sicilia-Falcon possessed two bank books with deposits totaling more than $260 million. So far the DEA has seized $25 million of the illicit profits in Switzerland.

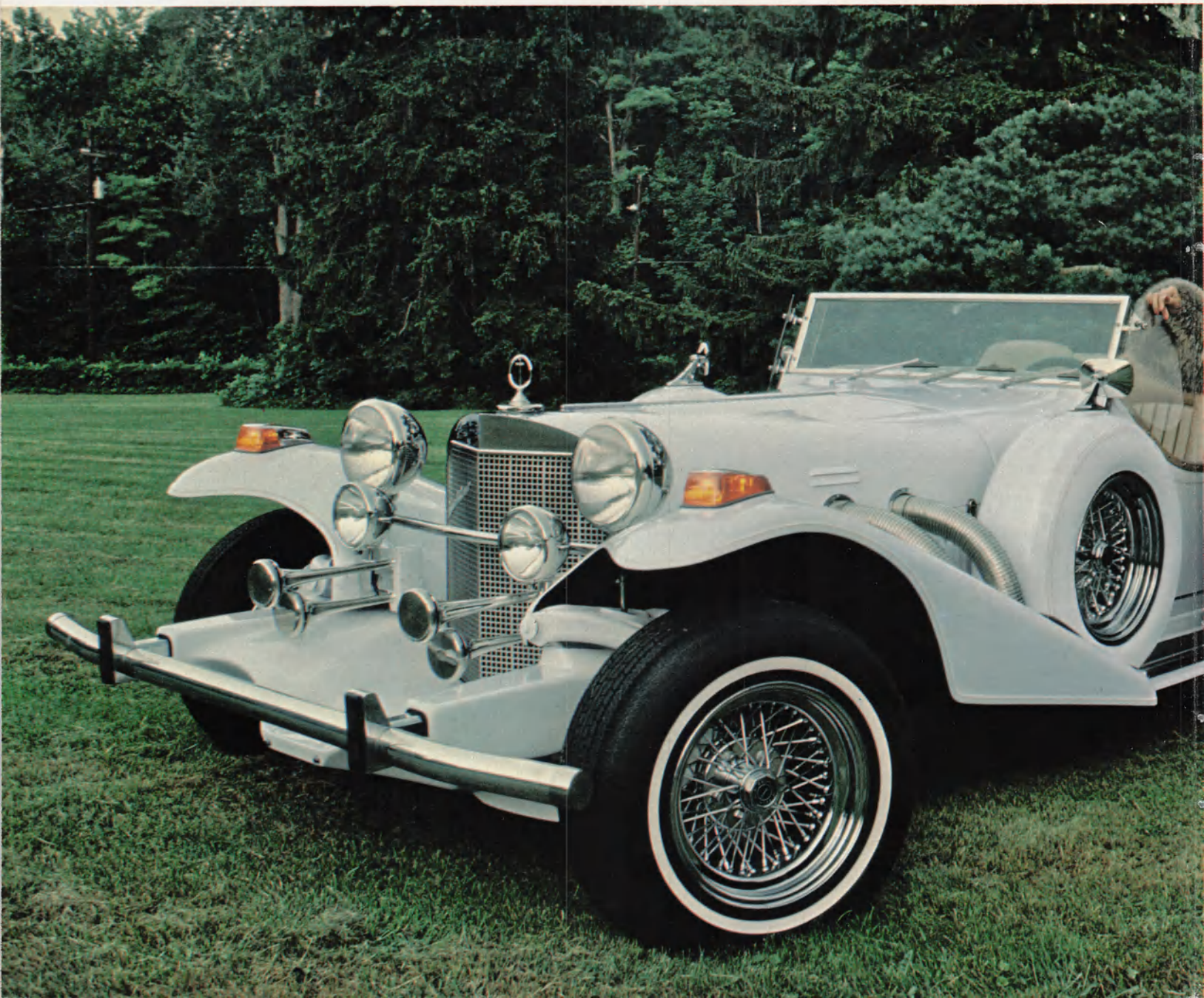
Sicilia-Falcon began selling drugs in the early 1970s with his girl friend, after she was released from La Mesa Penitentiary in Tijuana. Through Ms. Coleman, formerly a member—along with Juan and Roberto Hernandez (see *Penthouse* "The Mexican Connection," February 1977)—of a large heroin ring busted in 1970, Sicilia-Falcon made connections with many of the major drug dealers in Tijuana.

Alberto Baruetta-Manriquez, thirty, who testified against Roger Fry in 1976, said: "In the spring of 1972, I was selling 250 to 300 kilos [from 500 to 600 pounds of marijuana] a week from my house in Del Cerro [near San Diego]. My supplier in Mexico was Carlos Kyriakides." But in 1973 Carlos Kyriakides told Baruetta that he didn't have

CONTINUED ON PAGE 120


Pet of the Year
PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

"I consider being chosen Pet of the Year the ultimate accolade," admits chestnut-haired, twenty-six-year-old Dominique Mauré. "It means even more to me than being named Miss America," she smiles, "because it isn't just a handful of judges who make the decision but millions of satisfied readers. They aren't responding to some carefully orchestrated media event but to spontaneous, instinctively positive feelings that I arouse in them. As for all my wonderful prizes, "she smiles," especially the fabulous car and the coat ($95,000 worth in all)—well, they've convinced me that material possessions can certainly *add* to a person's happiness, even if they don't guarantee it!"



Dominique poses here with her $28,000 custom-made Excalibur sports car (manufactured by Excalibur Automobile Corporation, 1735 South 106th Street, Milwaukee, Wisc. 53214) and her $10,000 Brothers II Finnish hooded raccoon coat; and, below, with "another real prize," says she—"my very special mentor, Bob Guccione."

Despite her 5'11" height, her voluptuously tawny 38–26–37 form, and her provocatively feline face, Dominique doesn't consider herself all that exceptionally beautiful. "But I do think there's a certain sexuality and mystique about me," she admits, "or else I wouldn't be here! Being Pet of the Year still seems too good to be true," she confesses happily. "Flying to London on the Concorde with Bob Guccione was really an incredible experience—drinking champagne, feasting on tons of caviar . . ."

Our comely ambassadress will travel the length and breadth of the United States, representing *Penthouse* before the press and meeting thousands of fans. "I'm particularly interested in public relations, because interreacting with people is as natural to me as breathing," says our appropriately breath-taking Pet of Pets. Dominique has also modeled professionally—not only television and print but also live-runway modeling. "Nude modeling is a traditional art form," our Pet believes. "And because *Penthouse* appeals to discriminating, educated readers, it has helped bring a new respectability to nudity. Being photographed by Bob Guccione was especially fulfilling," Dominique explains, "because he knew exactly how to bring out the most in me."

"He encouraged me to use my body, my eyes, and my facial expressions to convey the deep sensuality I really feel as a person." So she doesn't mind being a "sex object"? "Hardly! I love it! I think the militant days of the feminist movement are over. Women want to be feminine again; but I do think the movement has helped women appreciate each other more. When I was doing a promotion tour as the June Pet of the Month," she adds, "a woman came up to me and said, 'I think you're gorgeous and fantastic, and I think what you've accomplished is very important.' "

". . . It was the biggest compliment I've ever received—I'll always treasure that . . ." Then a mischievous look crosses her face, and she footnotes: "But men are definitely my biggest fans!" Dominique has a special man in her life but feels that "every person is unique. And I think you can love more than one man at a time, each in a different way. Sex is like a movable feast, something we always have with us to give us solace, pleasure, and a wonderful way of expressing our feelings. How can availing yourself of that God-given blessing *ever* be called gluttony?" she smiles. "I've had orgasms since the age of fifteen, and I don't ever intend to stop!"

Her favorite sexual experience took place in her lover's sports car, in broad daylight. "I'll never get over how passionately insistent he was," she smiles. "He couldn't even wait to get me to a rest stop!" Dominique prefers very intelligent men who are also "sensitive but dominating" in bed. "I don't care about any special physical type—I'm concerned most about what's going on inside." Her sentiments are admirable, of course. But with a spectacular exterior like hers, Dominique's *inner* beauty faces pretty stiff competition . . .

New facts about the death of a young American journalist in Chile indicate that our government had him murdered because he knew too much.

THE EXECUTION OF CHARLES HORMAN

Charles Edmund Horman was born in New York City on May 15, 1942. He graduated from Harvard University, magna cum laude, Phi Beta Kappa, and was honorably discharged from the United States Air Force National Guard. In 1972 he settled temporarily in Chile with his wife, Joyce, to pursue a promising career in free-lance writing. He was one of two American citizens who died in Chile in the military coup that overthrew the government of Salvador Allende.

Many of the facts surrounding Horman's death are unknown, but a relatively clear outline has emerged. In early September 1973 Charles and Joyce were joined in Santiago by Terry Simon (a longtime friend on vacation from New York). On September 10, 1973, Charles and Terry traveled to the coastal city of Viña del Mar, some seventy miles west of Santiago. They had planned to return to Santiago that night, but while they were in Viña, all roads between the coast and the capital were suddenly closed for unspecified reasons. Unable to leave the coast, they checked into the Miramar Hotel. At 4:00 A.M. the following morning, the government of Chile was overthrown in a violent coup, which was directed in part from the port city of Valparaiso, several miles north of Viña.

Coincidental with the coup, martial law was declared, and severe travel restrictions were imposed throughout Chile. As a result, Charles and Terry continued their stay at the Miramar, where they witnessed disturbing activity by American military personnel. The day after the coup, an American naval engineer named Arthur Creter ebulliently told them "I'm here with the United States Navy. We came down to do a job, and it's done." During the next three days, other American military men talked freely about coup logistics.

On the morning of September 15, 1973, Lt. Col. Patrick Ryan (second in command of the North American Naval Mission in Valparaiso) introduced Charles and Terry to Navy Capt. Ray Davis (commander of the U.S. military group in Chile). Davis offered to drive them through Chilean military lines back to their home in Santiago, and they made the trip that afternoon. Reunited with Joyce, they decided to leave Chile as soon as possible. A wave of xenophobia was sweeping Santiago, and Charles felt that their knowledge marked them as potential liabilities to the new régime. On the morning of September 17, 1973, Charles and Terry went to the U.S. embassy to seek assistance in leaving Chile but were refused aid. Hours later, a light green truck carrying from twelve to fifteen soldiers pulled up in front of the Horman home, where Charles had returned alone. The soldiers leaped from the vehicle and, pushing through the front gate, poured across the lawn. As a small group of neighbors watched, the commanding officer ordered his men into the house. Twenty

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Excerpted from *The Execution of Charles Horman: An American Sacrifice* by Thomas Hauser. Published by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, Inc. Copyright © 1978 by Thomas Hauser.

BY THOMAS HAUSER

M.PRESLEUX

minutes later they reappeared, dragging Charles with them. As the truck pulled away, a young woman bystander hailed a cab and followed. The military vehicle picked up speed and proceeded directly to the junta's main prisoner-detention center—the National Stadium—where it disappeared from view behind the structure's cold, gray walls.

When Joyce and Terry returned to the Horman home, they found it in a shambles, with no trace of Charles. Two weeks later, when it became evident that U.S. embassy personnel were either unable or unwilling to help, Joyce telephoned Charles's father, Ed Horman, in New York and asked if he would join her in Santiago in an effort to locate his son. The following pages, recounting Ed Horman's odyssey, are excerpted from Thomas Hauser's book, The Execution of Charles Horman: An American Sacrifice, *published by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich.*

He hardly looked like a man with a mission. Balding . . . round-faced . . . dressed in baggy slacks with a blue-and-red, horizontally striped shirt open at the collar, he could have passed easily for a retired vacationer en route to Miami. His face belied the fact that for two weeks he had shuttled between Washington and New York, made frantic telephone calls, and done everything possible to save his son. Now, for the first time since learning of Charles's seizure, he was alone. There was no one to talk with, no telephone calls to make, only waiting until the plane landed in Santiago 5,000 miles and sixteen hours later.

In some respects, the ride was reminiscent of a journey that Ed Horman had made six years earlier. After graduating from Harvard, Charles had grown extremely bitter about the war in Vietnam and hostile toward the "establishment." Ed, as an available representative of the older generation, had become a target for more than occasional abuse.

"We were cordially noncommunicative on many subjects in those days," Ed recalled, "and it troubled me greatly. Charles was living in Portland at the time, and when he decided to move back east, I asked if I could fly out and drive back with him."

"I'll let you know," Charles told his father. "I'll have to think about it." Several days later he called back and said he would like it very much if Ed came.

The drive cross-country to New York took seven days. "We talked all the way," Ed remembered. "I didn't completely satisfy him, and he didn't completely satisfy me, but it helped a lot. We grew closer from that point on. When Charles and Joyce quit their jobs and went to Chile, I didn't approve completely, but at least I understood and was able to accept what they were doing."

The Lan Chile flight to Santiago stopped in Miami, Cali, Quito, and Lima. Having awakened from a fitful sleep, Ed sat silent in the dark predawn hours and listened to the sounds of the plane in the night. Slowly, the horizon brightened, and the sun rose over the Andes Mountains, their tall, craggy peaks pushing upward through the clouds. Deep valleys spotted with patches of green followed, giving way to the fertile fields of Peru. Then the Atacama Desert of northern Chile stretched out below.

Half an hour before arriving in Santiago, Ed went to the toilet to change shirts and shave. When the plane landed, he proceeded to the terminal building, where a blond man with sharp features approached.

"Are you Ed Horman?"

"I am."

The man extended his right hand. "I'm Fred Purdy, the United States consul in Santiago. Charles Anderson cabled from Washington and told us you were coming. I understand you'd like to meet with the ambassador as soon as possible."

"That's correct."

"Well, Mr. Horman, he'll be available this afternoon. You have to understand, though, the situation is very confused down here."

> "My family and I," said Ed Horman, "have lost trust in the statements, motives, and decency of our government. As an American, I truly regret that loss."

"I'm aware of that," Ed told him. "I don't expect results overnight, and I realize that you people are running the show. I simply want to do whatever I can to help find my son."

Purdy was polite but had a distinct military air that Ed found slightly grating. "I've been in Santiago for three years," he said, leading Ed through customs. "It's not a bad city, but I'm looking forward to reassignment."

"Where will you go next?"

"I don't know. I've been in the foreign service for fourteen years. So far, I've served in Mexico, the Azores, and Jamaica. I'd like to go to Brazil, but that's not my decision."

Joyce had made reservations for Ed and herself at the Crillon Hotel. "I'll drop you there," Purdy told him. "Once you've unpacked and had lunch, I'll pick you up for your meeting with the ambassador."

"That will be fine. What's the Crillon like?"

"It's not bad—a little nicer and more secure than the Riviera, where your daughter-in-law was staying at first." There was irony to Purdy's remark. If the Crillon was secure, it was only because the sympathies of its management were well known to the military. On the afternoon of Allende's death, the hotel had hoisted flags and served complimentary champagne in celebration of the coup.

Joyce met Ed at the hotel when he arrived. Wearing a rumpled cotton dress that was badly in need of ironing, her hair askew, she looked awful. Ed comforted her as best he could and then unpacked. Purdy arrived in mid-afternoon and drove them to the embassy, where they were introduced to a defense attaché named William Hon. Then they proceeded to the ambassador's office.

Nathaniel Davis's reputation had preceded him to Chile. Born in Boston and, like Charles, a graduate of Exeter, he had joined the foreign service in 1947. In 1968 he was named ambassador to Guatemala, where he was alleged to have supervised a "pacification program" that resulted in the deaths of 20,000 opponents of Guatemala's right-wing régime. In October 1971, shortly after Salvador Allende announced that the Kennecott and Anaconda companies would not be compensated for the nationalization of their Chilean copper holdings, Davis replaced Edward Korry as ambassador to Chile. Ed and Joyce expected little sympathy from him but knew that, by virtue of his position, Nathaniel Davis was one of the most powerful men in Chile. They felt that he could help—if he wanted to.

"It's a pleasure," Davis declared, shaking hands with Ed. "Won't you sit down?"

Lowering himself onto a sofa to the ambassador's left, Ed glanced around. The room was extremely large and luxuriously furnished with richly upholstered black leather chairs. Everything seemed in order down to the neatly piled papers on the ambassador's desk. Purdy and Hon took seats to the right, and the meeting began with Joyce at Ed's side.

"Let me tell you what's been done so far, Mr. Horman," the ambassador began. "Since your son was reported missing, we have exhausted every realistic lead and searched down every possible avenue. Embassy personnel have called local *carabineros* stations and checked with the Chilean Department of Investigations without success. Consul Purdy has twice visited the National Stadium, spoken with the officer in charge of detainees, and reviewed prisoner lists, looking for your son's name. He's also visited other detention centers and has been told that no Americans are being held there."

As Ed and Joyce listened, Nathaniel Davis continued his recitation of events. "On September 24 Capt. Ray Davis had lunch with Admiral Huidobro, the junta's chief of staff. Several days later I spoke with the admiral myself. He assured us both that the Chilean military has no knowledge of Charles's whereabouts. I raised the issue personally with Chile's ambassador-designate to the United States, and another embassy official discussed it with Frederick Willoughby, press secretary for the junta. Colonel Hon has checked with Chilean military intelligence and exhausted

CONTINUED ON PAGE 194

British taste/American price: The two sides of Burnett's White Satin Gin

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THE LAST DAYS OF JIMMY CARTER

It looked like curtains for the Carter presidency as the 1980 elections drew near . . . until the president's men conceived a desperate scheme to save their jobs through nuclear holocaust.

It was hot that summer night. The stench from the chemical plants lay heavily on the city of Wilmington. The filthy, black waters of the Delaware River lay sullen beneath a thick, starless sky.

Forty miles to the north, in the electric-utility computer complex at Valley Forge, five figures in stocking masks with guns in hand barked instructions at terrified computer technicians.

On the outskirts of Wilmington, at Scrum's Gigantic Discount Store, on Route 121, there was a shriek of alarm as the lights went out, cash registers jammed, and exactly 32 percent of the customers began removing goods from the shelves and thrusting them into their pockets.

In the lovely old frame homes along Walnut Street, where lived the cream and pride of the Wilmington legal profession, air conditioners died, television sets fell silent, darkness came, and families gathered around transistor radios.

It was 9:37 P.M. at state police headquarters. Commander Ryan was munching a ham and Swiss on a hard roll while he reviewed surveillance reports on his daughter's new boyfriend. The phone rang.

"Commander," a shaken voice said from the other end. "It looks as though we've got a major incident in Wilmington. The lights are out, and something funny has happened at PJM headquarters. We're trying to get the Pennsylvania State Police to find out what's happened."

Ryan swallowed his mouthful. "Where is PJM anyway? What's that got to do with Wilmington?"

"Sir," said a somewhat reproachful voice. "PJM is the control center for all the utilities on the East Coast. It's located in Valley Forge."

Inside the PJM headquarters all was chaos. The night-shift technicians had been taken entirely by surprise when the five intruders, dressed in the uniforms of vending-machine delivery men, leaped through the door and slammed it shut behind them.

"This is it," shouted the leader, brandishing a machine pistol. The technicians were quickly trussed and gagged and told to lie face down on the floor. The five men went to work with considerable efficiency. It took them just five minutes to isolate the power-supply controls for the city of Wilmington. While four of them bent over the computer terminals, tapping out the instructions to shut

From *Smoke: Another Jimmy Carter Adventure*, to be published by Times Books.

FICTION BY ALEXANDER COCKBURN AND JAMES RIDGEWAY

Hackensack 6
Newark 21
Hillside 23

off the electricity to Wilmington, a fifth placed a call to the city's largest all-news radio station.

"This is the Nuclear Faction. We are tired of legal mumbo jumbo. We want nuclear power stopped now. We're shutting down Wilmington, just to show you what can be done. Wilmington today, Philadelphia tomorrow, New York the day after."

Such at least was the message that was taken down in shorthand by a flustered receptionist at the radio station and later bannered in the press.

The five left as rapidly as they had arrived. Within half an hour the state police had freed the technicians. Resetting transmission devices and restoring interconnections to Wilmington took another eleven hours.

The blackout lasted thirteen hours in all. It cost the city of Wilmington $1.5 million in property damage from looting, lost industrial production, and damage suits.

Three nights later a Cessna 172 swooped down on the desert 200 miles outside the city limits of Los Angeles. Three persons alighted with maps, flashlights, and shovels, and looked for markers left the day before.

It took forty-five minutes to scrape away the sand and expose the main artery of the El Paso natural-gas pipeline leading from the Southwest to Los Angeles.

The Cessna had already been in the air again for five minutes when half a dozen rattlesnakes and one prairie dog in the immediate vicinity observed a bright flash. The earth trembled, and a sheet of flame shot skyward as natural gas—value two dollars per thousand cubic feet—exploded and burned.

A few minutes later subsiding pressure in the pipeline manifested itself in Los Angeles. Oil refineries began to shut down. Stoves and gas-fed air conditioners and refrigerators went out of service. Industries and utilities that had converted to natural gas in order to reduce air pollution were knocked out of commission.

Within an hour the Los Angeles police were in touch with the FBI, which, in turn, following prearranged procedures, had called in the Inter-Agency Task Force on Energy. This top-secret high-level group, lodged in the Department of Energy, was in close touch with the CIA, the FBI, the Nuclear Regulatory Commission, and the Pentagon's Office of Civil Preparedness. Members of the Task Force convened forthwith in their headquarters in Rosslyn, just across the river from Washington and close by the CIA headquarters in Langley.

Soon the task force was scrutinizing maps of the El Paso pipeline system. Air-traffic controllers in the western states were alerted to be on the lookout for unidentified small aircraft. Satellite reconnaissance of all pipeline systems leading into California was immediately initiated. Specially trained Rangers attached to the Immigration Service's border patrol were parachuted into the sabotaged area.

The injured pipe was sealed, and spare sections were dropped by helicopter. El Paso pipe fitters were rushed to the scene. Gas from the northern part of the state was increased in volume, and by dawn some industries in the Los Angeles area were beginning to operate on a near-to-normal basis. Within three days new pipe had been laid, and the gas flow was normal.

But there was no trace of the saboteurs.

In his report to Hamilton Jordan, the head of the Task Force, Ambassador Hinckle, after extolling the "swift response" of his own group, made a number of grim points. First, in the wake of the PJM and Los Angeles interdictions, it now seemed clear that someone had leaked a copy of a top-secret FBI report on fuel-supply systems to terrorist groups. Second, the fuel-supply systems in the United States were, as these two incidents had shown, vulnerable to the most primitive forms of assault. Third, though security measures must now be taken "wherever feasible," especially in large-population centers, it was evidently impossible to protect fuel supplies within the continental United States from further assaults.

"To mount tolerable security of fuel supplies," Ambassador Hinckle concluded, "would require an investment as massive as that undertaken during World War II to counteract the German U-boat menace. At that time, it will be recalled, the United States constructed two immense pipelines connecting the oil-producing fields of Texas with the East Coast, thus obviating the necessity of vulnerable intercoastal tanker traffic. It is these very pipes, among others, that are now threatened from within."

Ham Jordan and Jody Powell were skeet shooting in Camp David when a Secret Service man told them that the president was ready to start the meeting. Settling into the plush chairs, they presented a colorful crew: Jimmy in his new flared French jeans, with tennis shirt by Jean of New York; Jody in a St. Laurent après ski outfit; and Ham in Sunny Surplus jeans and Vietnam vet shirt. Ham, with his usual sartorial wit, had retained the World War I gas mask now dangling on his khaki belt, and Jody wore an Iron Cross and bent hairpins from Punkadelic. Round their necks gleamed spent thirty-caliber silver bullets suspended on rusty iron chains. Pat Caddell, ever the jokester, was in the burnoose that a waggish William Safire had sent him, recalling Caddell's one-time business relationship with Saudi Arabia.

They waited, chatting idly. Powell, with appropriate mimicry, read aloud Hedrick Smith's latest "News Analysis" in the *New York Times*. The president riffled through the minutes of the last Trilateral meeting and roared appreciatively over David Rockefeller's cover letter.

"These Rockefellers certainly get

"Hey Mom! Can I fuck the puppies, too?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 106

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS

"Does this mean they're not coming to dinner?"

FORUM

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around," he remarked to no one in particular. "Here's David telling me that he has just had a personal conversation with Prime Minister Desai."

"You mean the piss drinker."

"Yes, Jody. Anyway, David says that Desai says that he wants some more enriched uranium. In fact, David says we should get onto it right away. The Indians can't pay for it, of course, but David says that his bank will buy it from us at a discount, and then he can lease the uranium to Desai. David says this kind of thing is done all the time. I guess he must know. Will you keep an eye on this, Ham?"

"Sure thing, Jimmy." Ham scribbled a note on his yellow scratch pad and stuffed it into his gas mask.

At last they heard the noise they had been waiting for. There was a whirl of helicopter blades, a flurry of Secret Service men, and then an eruption as though a tornado had burst into the room.

"Bert!" the cry went up.

Bert Lance waved in greeting, moving his hand with some difficulty, since enormous gold rings adorned each finger, weighing them down.

"Gee, Bert, you look terrific," said Jimmy shyly, overawed as always by the self-possession and beaming joie de vivre of his old comrade.

"I feel terrific," bellowed Bert. "This is the life. Only yesterday we were tying up a deal in the New Hebrides, were in Zurich for dinner last night with you know who, and had breakfast this morning in Grand Cayman. Just call me Mr. Offshore."

The minutes seemed to fly by as Bert held everyone rapt with his traveler's tales of bridging loans arduously negotiated, of interim financing brilliantly achieved. In his words breathed the mysteries of the Orient, Switzerland, and the whole magic world of international finance.

At last, with a sigh of regret, the president remarked that serious matters awaited attention.

"I wanted to wait till Bert got here before Pat made his presentation."

"I think it's pretty clear," Caddell began, "that the events in Wilmington and Los Angeles are forcing our hand. Now's the time to move. This nation is being threatened from within. For you to make any kind of play for the environmental vote now will be just like treason."

"I don't know, Pat," said the president unhappily. "I don't want to sound like Nixon after Kent State and just be upstaged by the Republicans and lose on both ends."

"Oh, fuck 'em," Bert burst out. "Screw the bastards to the wall. I always told you, Jimmy. Your friends are and always have been in the business world. Not with these pimply-faced faggot Commies and their dike girl friends."

The president winced at Lance's exuberant vocabulary.

"Why, Bert, many of them are superb young people, committed to the United States' best interests."

"Bullshit, Jimmy. They will drag you down. Here's what I suggest. Mel Thompson has the right idea. Every time one of those creeps starts demonstrating near a power plant, arrest him and throw him in jail. At the same time arrest the ringleaders and get Griffin to charge them with conspiracy. And just to rub it in, get one of those public-interest lawyers down there in the Justice Department to run the case. Have grand-jury investigations, in every federal courthouse, looking into the possibility of Communist subversion of our fuel supplies and energy program. Shut these bastards up once and for all."

There was a brief silence.

"That sort of thing doesn't fly anymore," Caddell said sadly. "You can't get away with that." He sighed. "I have to fight this kind of nostalgia every day, when I talk to my clients in industry. But I have another game plan I sketched out on the way up here. The first and most obvious thing to do is to get the FBI to increase surveillance of the demonstrators. Then we've got to start pumping money into local citizens' groups to give you value for walk-around money."

"We could provide this funding through LEAA or, better yet, through that ACTION community-crime-control program."

"Say, that's a great idea," Jordan broke in. "I'll bet Sam Brown is against nuclear power himself. No one would ever think that ACTION would be working for nuclear power."

The president brightened visibly. "Sam Brown was a fine appointment. I've great confidence in him."

Caddell broke through the president's measured self-praise.

"Though Bert's grand-jury idea wouldn't work, there is another way. There's nothing to stop us from establishing a special task force within the Justice Department to deal with intruders and sabotage at nuclear-power plants and supply houses. Why, we could even get some hearings fixed up on the Hill about national security and the internal sabotage threat along the lines of that memorandum Jim Schlesinger gave Jimmy six months ago."

The president pondered once more. "To sum it up then, if I understand you right, we will indicate to the business community our support for nuclear power. Simultaneously, I will reassure opponents of nuclear power that I am personally agonized by the dangers of nuclear power and have not yet come to a determination, and meanwhile we will press ahead with interdiction and prosecution of all activists in this field.

"Have I got it right?" He looked round the room hopefully. They nodded, Bert toasting Jimmy's accurate report with a genial wave of his Tab.

"One thing," said Jimmy plaintively. "I'm not going to have to do exactly the opposite of this plan next week, am I?"

"No, no, Jimmy. This is okay for the time being."

"Good. Now I must attend religious ser-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 186

"Sorry to see your wife still has her cold."

MALIA

"The first time I had an orgasm I knew that something very special had taken place in my body, and I wanted it to happen again."

NORWEGIAN NAIAD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEN JOHANNSEN

Malia Redford wears a size-three dress, weighs 100 pounds, and stands just 5′3″ ("Five-six on tiptoe!" she prompts), but her perfectly proportioned 34–22–34 inches make her seem like a sculpted figurine come to life. "I may look delicate," warns our fetching Norwegian import, "but I come from hardy Viking stock. We tend to be a persistent, assertive people, and I'm no exception. I may not be all that tall," adds our feisty little Pet of the Month, "but I always stand up for myself!" When asked what she plans to do when she graduates, our sultry, green-eyed college sophomore is quick to respond, "Everything I do now—only better!"

Then, more seriously, she admits to aspirations as a designer of women's clothes, "especially for petite women like me—the overlooked minority." In the meantime, Malia is content to attend classes, to swim, ski, ride horseback, and generally "to lie back and enjoy all of life's pleasant surprises." She's referring specifically to the surprise she received when doing this *Penthouse* layout on location in Hawaii. "All my life I'd fantasized about making mad, passionate love on a beach at dawn. Then I found myself here on this island paradise, but *alone*—and I'm not the kind to have casual sex with strangers."

"I may look delicate, but I come from hardy Viking stock. I'm not all that tall, but I always stand up for myself."

Then, unexpectedly, on the third day of shooting, Malia's steady boyfriend flew over from San Francisco and surprised her. "Needless to say, my beach fantasy was fulfilled the next morning," she confided. Was his visit prompted by lust or possessiveness? She thought for a moment. "Both, I hope!" At eighteen, Malia says she's not that inhibited—"as I guess my pictures verify! But I do feel that I'm just beginning to discover my sexual potential, especially when it comes to inventing new ways to please my lover—not to mention myself as well."

"The first time I had an orgasm, it was sort of spontaneous. It happened simply by pressing myself against my lover. All I knew was that something very special had taken place in my body, and I wanted it to happen again." Like her Viking ancestors, Malia knows she has a lot of new worlds to discover. But she also thinks it's important to value what you have at the moment. "I now have a man who shares my interests, who finds me beautiful outside and in, and I appreciate it." Her one unfulfilled fantasy is to make love with three virile men at once. "I'm sure it will happen soon," she tells us. "Maybe that's optimistic," she teases, "but, well, knock on Norwegian wood..."

*"I'm just beginning to discover my sexual potential, especially when it comes to inventing new ways to please my lover—*and *myself."*

MISS MALIA REDFORD/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

THE STONING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 79

to smuggle kilos anymore because he "had a good connection."

In 1973 the DEA and the U.S. Department of Justice learned of Sicilia-Falcon and Kyriakides. According to a government memorandum prepared during the course of "Operation Clean Sweep," a long investigation of government corruption along the United States-Mexico border, Kyriakides was Sicilia-Falcon's top lieutenant in the Tijuana area and was suspected of regularly passing loads through the border by paying corrupt U.S. border guards. Eventually, a member of the group testified as follows: "We were paying $5,000 a vehicle loaded with marijuana to come through the checkpoint at San Ysidro."

Sicilia-Falcon had made connections with Julio Cesar Bello-Guinart, one of the primary marijuana brokers in Tijuana, and Gaston Santos, a noted Mexican bullfighter who had access to a private guerrilla force of 1,500 men. Thus Sicilia-Falcon revolutionized the marijuana business in Mexico. His organization set up a vertically integrated structure that eliminated middlemen and contracted with peasant farmers to grow marijuana; then the S-F group transported it to storage areas in southern California, safely above the U.S. border patrol checkpoint in northern San Diego County. There Roger Fry assumed responsibility and "fronted" (sold on credit) to a small group of wholesale distributors in California. These half-dozen primary distributors fronted to smaller "tonnage" distributors in California and twenty other states. After splitting the costs of the marijuana, transportation, storage, workers, and bribes, Fry and the S-F group divided profits from the sixty-to-seventy-dollars-a-pound wholesale price.

In early 1973 Fry put pressure on one of his dealers, William Ayub, twenty-eight, to "work off" the money he owed by producing a bigger, more reliable buyer. Ayub, through John Cruz, a young surfer socialite from the exclusive Point Loma section of San Diego, met law students Charles Hewett, twenty-seven, and George Weingarten, twenty-five, both of San Diego, who were dealing tons of marijuana. Ayub put Fry together with Hewett for "a piece of the action."

Hewett had built a national-distribution network through his mistress, a twenty-two-year-old San Diego girl, and John Flashkamper, twenty-six, owner of the Leather Wearhouse (sic) in Manhattan Beach. Between the two he developed buyers in San Diego, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle, St. Louis, Philadelphia, Boston, and Long Island, N.Y. Also, by this time, the corporate officers of Cheeta Oil Products, a California tanker-truck company using large $80,000 Peterbilt rigs to haul asphalt to Mexico and return with crude oil, were bribed to haul other products.

In May 1973 Cheeta Oil tankers made nineteen trips, carrying a total of 114,000 pounds of marijuana, to a ranch in Corona, Calif. Baruetta testified that he was paid $3,000 per tanker by Fry to supervise the unloading of the trucks at the ranch. The dope was loaded into smaller trucks owned by Distributors Fairway, a "cover business," and transported to the company's warehouse in Costa Mesa for further redistribution to some people who worked for the Johnson Furniture Company and Cleary Distribution, Inc. It was at this time that Fry gave Hewett and Weingarten gold Rolex watches as sales rewards for selling 10,000 pounds of marijuana in one week. By now the S-F operation was able to command from $200,000 to $220,000 a ton for marijuana in Boston, Philadelphia, and New York, because it had tied up wholesaling in those cities. In Portland, Seattle, and Vancouver, where it was trying to establish a foothold, S-F flooded the wholesale market with the same grass at from $140,000 to $160,000 a ton. It marked the first time a marijuana syndicate manipulated prices nationally.

In late June 1973 Cheeta Oil tankers delivered 30,000 pounds of marijuana to a warehouse in Santa Fe, Calif., in less than a week. Fry and Sicilia-Falcon flew to southern Mexico to arrange shipment of another 120,000 pounds.

Upon their return, Baruetta was summoned to meet Sicilia-Falcon at his fortress-mansion atop a hill in Tijuana. The house was equipped with a shooting range and a vault with a concealed walk-in entrance. It was surrounded by high walls and patrolled by guard dogs. Sicilia-Falcon told Baruetta that there was a new head of the Mexicali operation, where the tankers were loaded, and that Baruetta was out. Fry had an American he was placing in charge of U.S. operations. Later Sicilia-Falcon ordered his bodyguard, an ex-Special Forces Vietnam veteran, to kill Baruetta, since he knew too much. Shot and left to die, Baruetta nevertheless survived. In 1974 he agreed to cooperate with the DEA and took agents to various unloading locations.

On June 23, 1974, two Cheeta Oil tankers departed from a warehouse in Mexicali and headed for the San Ysidro border, about fifteen miles south of San Diego. At 6:00 A.M. the trucks were stopped in the U.S. customs clearing area, and a search of their tanks yielded 10,000 pounds of marijuana. Large twelve-pound, plastic-wrapped packages containing four-pound pressed "bricks" were found hanging from the top of the tanks, extending along both sides.

While the search for the warehouse in Mexicali was underway, DEA agents acting on information from a Mexican source seized 2,000 pounds of marijuana in a camper-truck at El Cajon, Calif. The truck provided a link to a supply point maintained by Bello-Guinart halfway between Mexicali and Tijuana. That afternoon Mexican Federal Judicial Police found 12,000 pounds in a truck at an electrically fenced

CONTINUED ON PAGE 224

© 1978 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

100's: 19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine,
KING: 20 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.

"A lot of cigarettes promise taste. But for me only one cigarette delivers, Winston."

King. 100's.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

BY JEFF GREENFIELD

The author, who was a speechwriter for Robert Kennedy and John Lindsay, worked for several years as a political consultant. His latest book, *Television: The First Fifty Years*, was published by Abrams.

VOTING IN REVERSE: A GUIDE TO POLITICIANS

Shortly after the Vietnam War escalated into a huge conflict in 1965, a joke began sweeping through conservative political circles. "They told me if I voted for Goldwater, we'd have half a million troops in Vietnam. So I voted for Goldwater, and sure enough, we've got half a million troops in Vietnam."

That little joke speaks volumes, for it contains not only a central piece of political wisdom but also the key to reestablishing Americans' shattered confidence in their system of government. Sweeping claims, no doubt, but breathtakingly true.

What is this central piece of political wisdom? Simply that you can absolutely depend on the president you elect to do something he has solemnly sworn on a stack of campaign contributions *not* to do. Republican or Democrat, liberal or conservative, young or old, our leaders can be completely trusted to break their most solemn campaign vows the minute their hands slip off the inaugural Bible. Indeed, so ingrained is this presidential habit that I suspect that if we opened the mouth of the eagle on the presidential seal, we'd find a forked tongue.

I don't know where the custom began: maybe with Thomas Jefferson, who bitterly opposed a strong central government but then used a highly dubious claim of presidential power to buy the Louisiana territories. Or maybe with Abe Lincoln, who spoke eloquently of the American tradition of freedom but then used federal police power to throw many of his political opponents into jail without any due process at all.

Whatever the historical record, the recent past offers an almost unbroken record of presidential Indian giving. Franklin Roosevelt ran for president in 1932 on a promise to cut the federal budget by 25 percent; then came the biggest growth of federal power in our history. John Kennedy promised us a new frontier and made his first two appointments—Allen Dulles of the CIA and J. Edgar Hoover of the FBI—absolute symbols of the old order. Lyndon Johnson promised us peace and consensus government, but within sixty days of his inaugural the bombers were pounding North Vietnam and the generation gap began widening into a canyon. As for Richard Nixon, well, forget the promise of law and order for a minute and look at his foreign policy. The one thing that every red-blooded Republican Nixonian could count on—completely, absolutely, totally—was Richard Nixon's flinty-eyed, no-nonsense, don't-let-the-Commie-bastards-push-us-around anti-communism.

So what did Nixon do? Rearm Quemoy and Matsu? Unleash Chiang? Not on your life. By 1972 Mr. Anti-Communist was applauding a kill-the-American-dogs ballet in Peking, clinking glasses with Chou En-Lai, and exchanging pleasantries with Mao Tse- "Butcher of Shanghai" Tung.

And so it goes. Gerry Ford, the symbol of Republican fiscal

> You will get what you want if you vote for the candidate who says exactly the opposite of what you most deeply believe.

integrity, racked up the biggest federal deficits in peacetime history, while Jimmy Carter, pledging to bring to Washington a whole new spirit that would be free of the dead hand of the past, staffed his cabinet with a railroad salvage clearance sale of cobwebbed Great Society liberals whose last interesting idea was to change the color on social security checks.

Why does this happen? Does every new president become an amnesiac the first time the Marine Corps Band plays "Hail to the Chief"? Are all the presidents so dumb that they can't remember what it was they promised the cheering throng of supporters in the grand ballroom of the Hotel Whoopee three months earlier? No, no, of course not.

When a new president takes office, he looks at his big White House, his $100 million airplane, his helicopters, his push buttons, his servants, the china, the pool, the tennis court, the hundreds of reporters and photographers who follow him everywhere and want to know everything he is thinking, and one overriding thought comes barreling into his head: *how do I get to stay here forever?*

So he calls in his advisers, and they look at the polls, and they start to ask another important question: *how do you get the people who didn't like you to like you*? The advisers figure that if the people who like the president still like him and the people who don't like him learn to like him, then everybody in America will like him and they will vote for him and eventually repeal the Twenty-second Amendment and let him move the children in for good.

Now that doesn't ever work, of course, since the more a president tries to woo his enemies, the more he alienates his friends, who eventually forget to show up on Election Day. But that comes later. What happens first is that a president begins to work as hard as he can proving that the people who voted against him really have nothing much to worry about. So when John Kennedy won his hairline-thin victory, he worried that people in the business-establishment, old-boy-network community thought of him as youthfully impulsive and liberal. So he renamed Dulles and Hoover to the jobs from which they should have been retired forthwith, gave away the communications satellite to private profiteers, and launched a tax cut that was the biggest giveaway to the rich in our history. And his early stridency in foreign policy was a direct repudiation of those Democrats who thought that they were voting for a peace-oriented candidate.

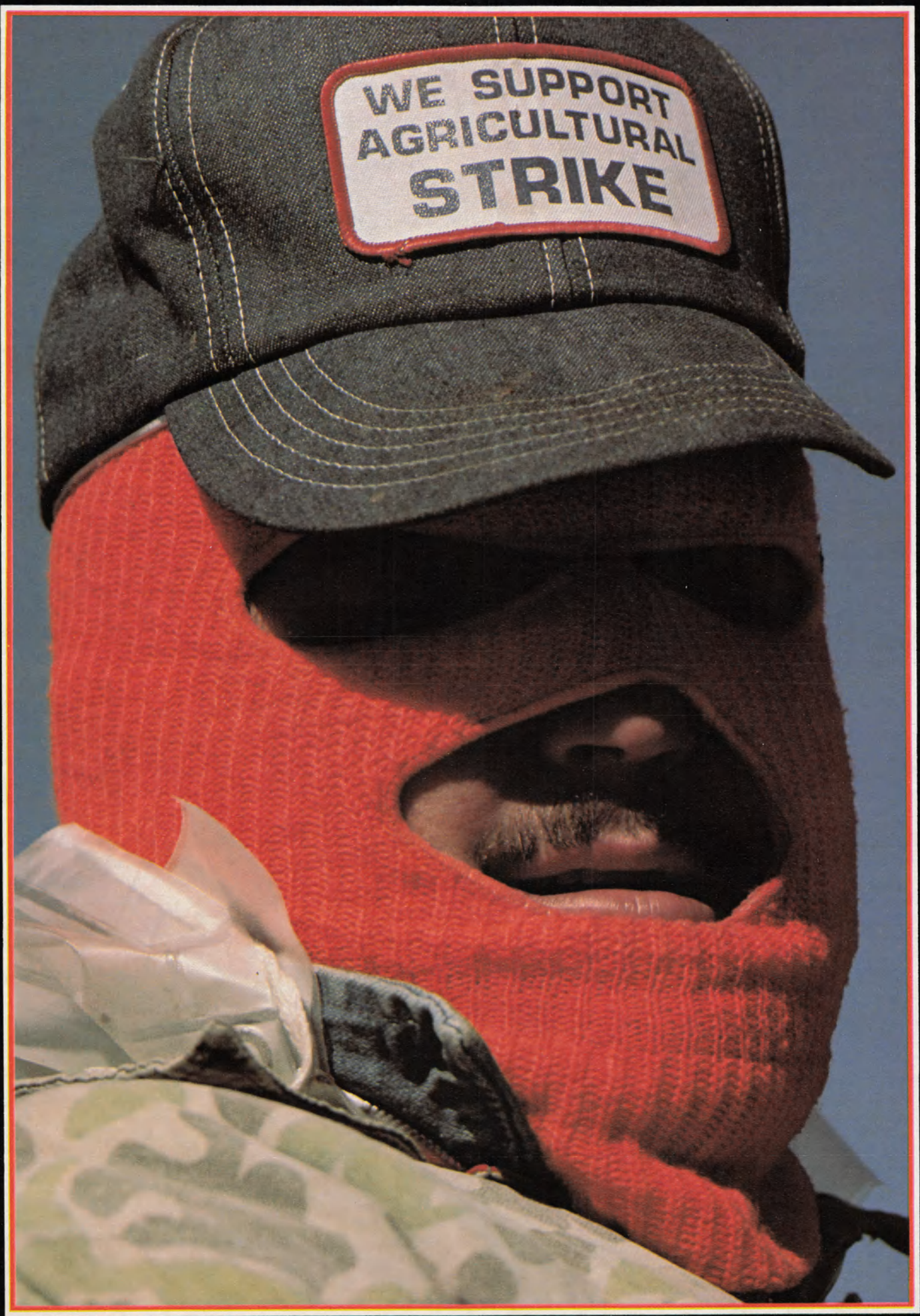
Richard Nixon, on the other hand, wanted to assuage those who felt that he was a cold-hearted, anti-poor-people budget cutter. So everything from welfare payments to food-stamp budgets to federal-bureaucratic interference in education went through the roof, and whether these policies were good or bad, they were exactly the opposite of what Nixon's voters *thought* they were getting.

(This habit doesn't just infect presidents, by the way. Here in New York Ed Koch was elected mayor in 1977 after promising dozens of times to oppose a billion-dollar highway boondoggle called Westway. A week before the election, Koch proclaimed publicly, "*Westway will never be built!*" Before a hundred days of his administration had passed, Mayor Koch was solidly supporting the environmental disaster he had been elected to resist. And when an angry citizen questioned him about his reversal, Koch shot back: "So? Vote against me the next time.")

Well, now what do we do about all of this? The answer is astonishingly simple. Since you now know that a president will move, with the certainty of a Newtonian principle, *away* from his promises *toward* his opposition, just vote for the candidate who says exactly the *opposite* of what you most deeply believe.

Do you believe, for example, in a strong federal government, with increased regulatory power over business and industry? Your candidate, of course, is Ronald Reagan. Indeed, in Reagan's eight years as governor of California, he presided over record-breaking budgets each and every time—a promising hint of a president who runs on the promise of cutting Washington down to size and who will preside over the nationalization of the steel industry. If, on the other hand, you seek a president who will clear the way for the further dominance of big business over American life, then Jerry Brown is your man. Forget about the Sufi choir at the inaugural, the retreat to Zen monasteries, the solar-powered vibrator subsidies, and the concept of Linda Ronstadt as First Old Lady. Just remember that the only way Brown can win the presidency is over the solid opposition of the corporate giants of our land. Once in the Oval Office, Brown will study the polls—or throw the I Ching or whatever—and realize that these giants of the boardroom stand between him and universal popularity. To win their confidence, he will bring about massive corporate tax breaks; sharp cutbacks in "wasteful" environmental and consumer regulations; and open season on our national forests, seashores, and wilderness areas. It's the only way a President Brown can move. After all, how many Sufis vote, anyway?

The notion is no idle speculation; it is as much of a certainty in political life as the sidereal movement of the sun is in our diurnal life. Do you want disarmament? Vote for Henry Jackson. Do you want to invade Cuba? George McGovern, of course. Indeed, so certain am I of this path to citizen control of politics that I offer one more example. Who is the candidate most likely to drive political scandal from our nation's capital, to purify politics at every level of our national life? Of course, the man whose entire public life has been devoted to the reverse. Ladies and gentlemen, St. George himself: Richard Milhous Nixon.


WE SUPPORT
AGRICULTURAL
STRIKE

The strikers who filled the streets of
our nation's capital in an attempt to save their farms
were no match for the power of a
government committed to their destruction.

BITTER HARVEST

PART TWO: BETRAYED IN WASHINGTON

The first farm strike in the nation's history extended into 1978 with no time to lose. Even though the striking farmers were bound by their strike pledge to grow only 50 percent of their normal production, they would have to return to their fields in four months and work the dirt if they were to grow anything at all. They would have little time to parade their tractors come April.

On Tuesday, January 3, South Dakota strikers turned back five truckloads of imported Canadian beef at the border. Early reports from Texas indicated that the town of Lubbock was completely surrounded by tractors. In Denver, Colo., 500 strikers in 300 vehicles descended on a regional Safeway warehouse, and twenty-five police were dispatched to the scene. A farmer was arrested after he and others moved a tractor across the warehouse gate. In the ensuing scuffle several farmers were sprayed with Mace.

These local actions maintained the strike's visibility but had little other effect. If the American Agriculture Movement was going to win any relief for farmers before planting time, it would have to be won in Washington, D.C., against the stiff opposition of the first farmer to be elected president since 1801. On the face of it, the AAM was not well suited for the task.

The farmers were bona fide political amateurs, and they had little tolerance for greasing the wheels of power. When they heard the word *lobby*, most of them immediately thought of the movie-house foyer. To compensate for a lack of experience, the farm strike had to count on visibility and enthusiasm.

Throughout American history, the farmers have always been convinced that agriculture was democracy's taproot in Mother Earth. In addition to that sense of historical mission, farmers now felt an immediate urgency inspired by the bankruptcy breathing down their collective necks. As far as these farmers were concerned, their strike was a crusade for survival and they had no qualms about acting in accordance with that realization.

It's not surprising that the world of federal agricultural policy had trouble understanding the farmers. In the halls of Congress and the USDA, agricultural policymaking is a well-worn towpath watched over by several key politi-

BY DAVID HARRIS

cians and a host of economists. For three decades it has been a basic tenet of that farm policy that reduction in the number of farmers was a natural and even desirable outcome of the advance of technology and its inevitable tendency to "concentrate" the farm industry into a smaller number of larger producers. Added to this legacy was the Carter administration's overriding concern with inflation and the federal budget. Neither higher market prices nor higher subsidies were acceptable.

The collision between these two viewpoints on agriculture was preordained. During the first four months of 1978, the conflict grew into a running political battle, which culminated in the farmers' making a massive assault on federal legislative bastions. When the dust cleared, James Earl Carter of Plains, Ga., had held the line on every front. Carter would claim to have marshaled a great "victory for consumers," and the farmers took to calling the former peanut farmer the Benedict Arnold of agriculture. Furthermore, part of the credit for the president's victory would go to another ex-farmer, Secretary of Agriculture Bob Bergland.

It was fitting that the strike, which had first announced itself at a 1977 meeting between Bergland and the farmers in Pueblo, Colo., began its 1978 campaign on January 6 with a rematch in Omaha, Nebr., the agricultural capital of the Midwest. The gathering was arranged by Nebraska Gov. J.J. Exon and was planned as a small meeting between the secretary of agriculture and selected AAM members. Exon called the meeting a "bargaining session" when he announced the arrangements. If it was, it resembled few of the back-room and closed-door powwows that "bargaining" usually evokes.

On the morning of January 6, starting from three different assembly points, mounted farmers paraded single file toward Ak-Sar-Ben Coliseum, the Omaha entertainment complex where the session was to be held. One of the converging tractor columns was more than four miles long. At the coliseum itself 300 AAM members were seated in the dining room along with 250 members of the press. Five hundred farmers who couldn't fit in the dining area listened to piped-in sound in the bleachers of the coliseum's ice rink. Still more waited in the parking lot with the tractors. All of the proceedings, including the "bargaining session" with Bergland, were broadcast live by Nebraska Public Television.

The secretary of agriculture arrived at the coliseum after the preliminaries. The "bargaining session" itself was held in a brightly lit room apart from the crowd and was shown on video monitors in the dining area and on home sets throughout the state. Secretary Bergland sat down with selected farmers and listened to their arguments. Throughout the meeting he maintained an air of neutrality and calm and said little. In fact, Bergland had heard everything before.

So had the farmers, but both sides played their roles as if mindful that all Nebraska was watching. Around the table farmers from South Dakota, Kansas, and Nebraska told stories of their losses. They argued that they deserved a rate of return equal to those available in the rest of the economy and that they wouldn't get it until the prices reached 100 percent of parity. "If you allow the family farm to go down the drain," a Texas farmer warned, "the blood of this nation will be on your hands." When Gene Schroder's turn came, the Baca County, Colo., farmer tried to concentrate on the question of inflation. Schroder had spoken similar words to hundreds of strike meetings in forty states since he and three others had first talked of a strike over coffee in September 1977. Agriculture, he argued, was the biggest source of real wealth in the nation. It started with nothing but dirt and seed and produced enormous quantities of mankind's most essential asset. Even at present prices, he explained, agricultural exports were the only thing keeping the U.S. balance of trade from dropping out of sight. If, by maintaining a cheap food policy, the United States refused to generate any income out of its primary source of wealth, of course the dollar would be worthless. It was a stupid policy, he concluded, not unlike a bunch of Indians selling Manhattan for twenty-four dollars. A well-paid agriculture would stabilize the economy, not disrupt it.

> If farmers' prices had increased at the same rate as congressional salaries, wheat would be $6.90 a bushel instead of $2.35.

Bergland listened to it all, occasionally nodding and smiling. When the time was up, he made a brief statement. In it the secretary of agriculture noted his sympathy with the farmer's goal of 100 percent parity. "Thanks again for being so direct with me," Bergland concluded. "I'll be discussing this with the president on Monday morning." With that, the "bargaining session" was officially over, and programming switched back to the main studio.

On the way back to Washington, Bergland stopped at the much friendlier convention of the Texas branch of the American Farm Bureau in Houston. The farm bureau is the nation's largest so-called farmers' organization and the only organization whose national officers came out in immediate and vehement public opposition to the strike. Bergland told the farm bureau that parity prices were unacceptable because of red tape and cost to the taxpayer. The secretary of agriculture made no mention of his previous promise to help the strikers achieve it and referred to the strike as "irresponsible."

No reporters were present at the secretary of agriculture's promised Monday discussion with the president to see how these seemingly contradictory positions were resolved, but whatever transpired there made no ripples on the surface of their farm policy.

Since December the AAM had been making plans for visiting Washington, D.C., and the encounter with Bergland in Omaha only spurred the group on. By consensus of the membership, January 18, 19, and 20 were finally set as the demonstration dates, and word was flashed to the nation's strike offices. In the meantime, the AAM worked to extend its base. After spreading throughout the western wheat belt and the devastated Southeast, the strike was now beginning to extend into the prime corn-belt land in the heart of the Midwest.

The very center of the corn belt is Bethany, in central Illinois. Central and southern Illinois are blessed with the richest farmland in the nation. The strike had just reached Bethany and surrounding Moultrie County when Bill Rowe watched the December 30 evening news and heard an announcement that the AAM was planning a meeting at Taylorville Junior High School in Christian County, thirty-five miles away. Rowe was curious but, like most farmers in the area, far from desperate. Blessed with strong ground, Illinois farmers have some of the best economies in all of agriculture. Illinois alone produces 10 percent of the total world production of both corn and soybeans. Nevertheless, Bill Rowe and his wife, Carole, drove to Taylorville to find out more.

Bill, twenty-nine, and his father, Eugene, fifty-eight, farm 1,120 acres of corn and soybeans. All of the farmers in the neighborhood pride themselves on their farming skills and race to see who will get their crops in first when the cover of winter snow finally melts off the fields. Last year Bill and Eugene, thanks in no small part to their huge $50,000, four-wheel-drive Stieger tractor, were the first ones in and had all their corn planted by April 18. Their beans were down by the middle of May.

Moultrie County farmers like to get in early so that their plants will be strong enough to survive the vagaries of the Illinois summer. Last year temperatures rose to more than 100 degrees during the crucial time when most of the corn crop was pollinating, and much of the local farmers' production suffered. Thanks to an early start, the Rowes' corn was already pollinated and forming ears before the heat wave hit. The Rowes' crops survived the June-to-August hail season, and Bill and Eugene were among the first to reach the elevators with their harvest. Even so, the

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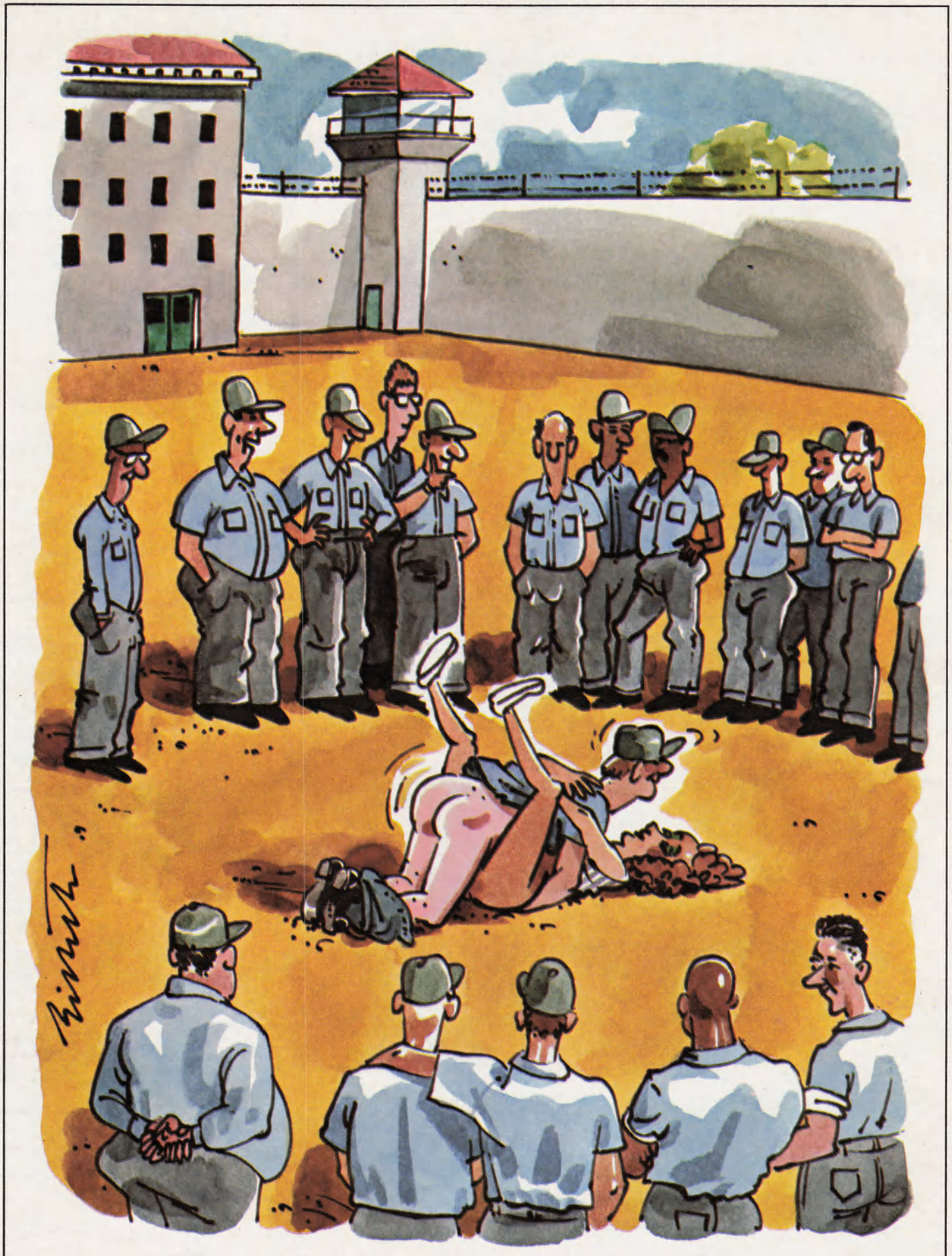
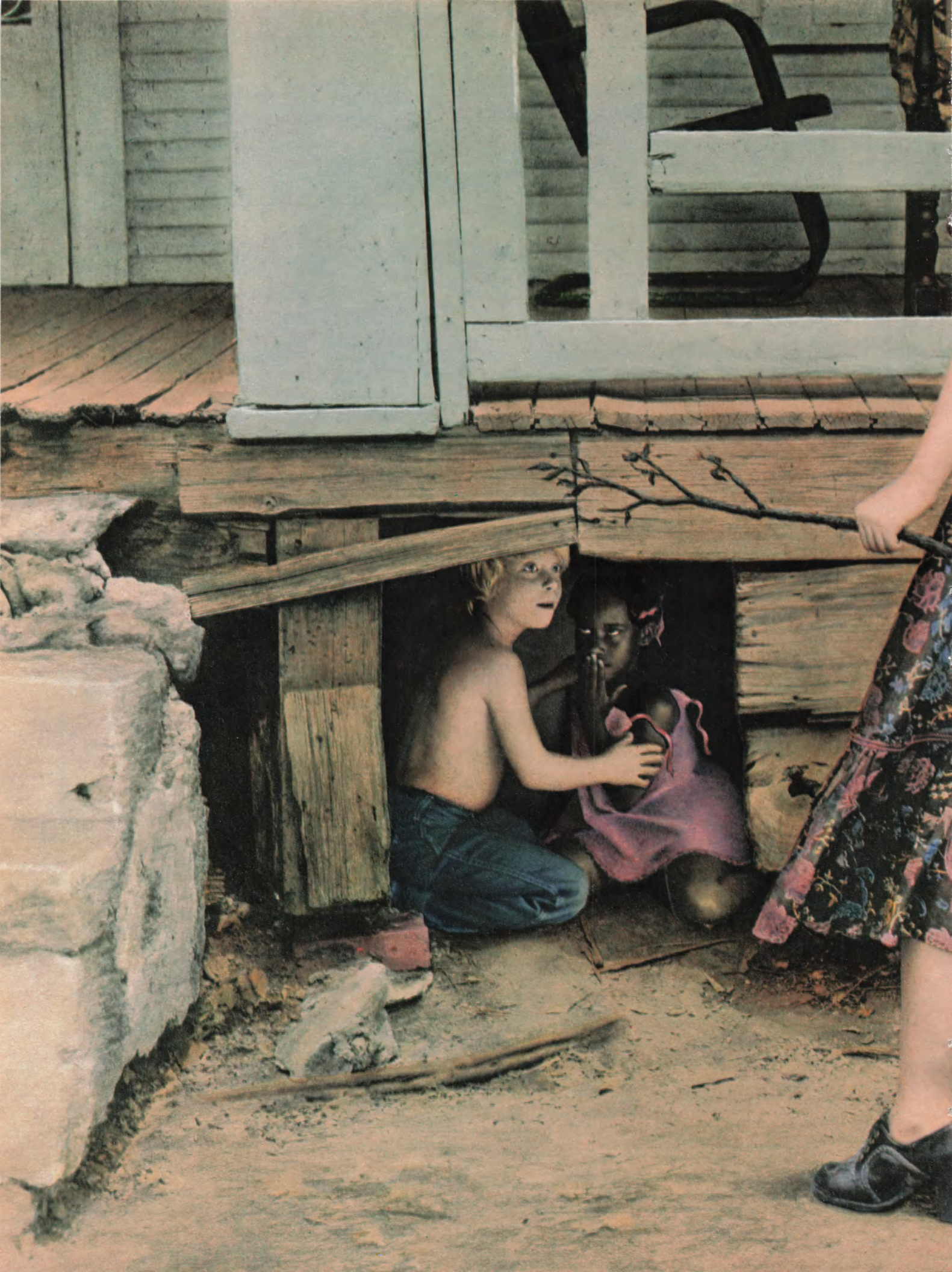


"The warden's daughter! Now that's what I call balls."



A CHILDHOOD IN GEORGIA

My brother sidled up to me one day and said, "It's time you got yourself a little piece, boy."

BY HARRY CREWS

It has always seemed to me that I was not so much born into this life as I awakened to it. I remember very distinctly the awakening and the morning it happened. It was my first glimpse of myself, and all that I know now—the stories, and everything conjured up by them, that I have been writing about thus far—I obviously knew none of then, particularly anything about my real daddy, whom I was not to hear of until I was nearly six years old, not his name, not even that he was my daddy. Or, if I did hear of him, I have no memory of it.

I awoke in the middle of the morning, in early summer, from the place I'd been sleeping: in the curving roots of a giant oak tree in front of a large, white house. Off to the right, beyond the dirt road, my goats were trailing along in the ditch, grazing in the tough wire grass that grew there. Their constant bleating shook the warm summer air. At my feet was a white dog named Sam. I looked at the dog and at the house and at the red gown with little pearl-colored buttons I was wearing, and I knew that the gown had been made for me by my Grandma Hazelton and that the dog belonged to me.

The house there just behind me, partially under the arching limbs of the oak tree, was called the Williamses' place. It was where I lived with my mama and my brother, Hoyet, and my daddy, whose name was Pascal. I knew when I opened my eyes that morning that the house was empty, because everybody had gone to the field to work. I also knew, even though I couldn't remember doing it, that I had awakened some time in mid-morning and come out onto the porch and down the steps and across the clean-swept dirt yard, through the gate weighted with broken plow points so it would swing shut behind me . . . that I had come out under the oak tree and lain down against the curving roots with my dog, Sam, and gone to sleep. It was a thing I had done

From the forthcoming book, *A Childhood: The Autobiography of a Place*, by Harry Crews (Harper & Row). © Harry Crews

before. If I ever woke up and the house was empty and the weather was warm—which was the only time I would ever awaken to an empty house—I always went out under the oak tree to finish my nap. It wasn't fear or loneliness that drove me outside; it was just something I did for reasons I would never be able to discover.

I stood up and stretched and looked down at my bare feet at the hem of the gown and said: "I'm almost five and already a great big boy." It was my way of reassuring myself, but it was also something my daddy said about me, and it made me feel good, because in his mouth it seemed to mean I was almost a man.

Sam immediately stood up, too, stretched, reproducing, as he always did, every move I made, watching me carefully to see which way I might go. I knew I ought not to be outside lying in the rough curve of root in my cotton gown. Mama didn't mind me being out there under the tree, but I was supposed to get dressed first. Sometimes I did; often I forgot.

I went through a sapling thicket and over a shallow ditch and finally climbed a wire fence into the field. I could see them all, my family and the black tenant family, far off there in the shimmering heat of the tobacco field. They were pulling cutworms off the tobacco. I wished I could have been out there with them pulling worms, because when you found one you had to break it in half, which seemed great good fun to me. But you could also carry on empty Prince Albert tobacco can in your back pocket and fill it up with worms to play with later.

I went down to the end of the row and sat under a persimmon tree in the shade with Sam and watched as Daddy and Mama and brother and Willalee Bookatee, who was—I could see even from this distance—putting worms in Prince Albert cans, and his mama, whose name was Katie, and his daddy, whose name was Will, I watched them all as they came toward me, turning the leaves and searching for worms as they came.

When they were close enough, Willalee showed me the two Prince Albert tobacco cans he had in his back pockets. They were both filled with cutworms. The worms had lots of legs and two little things on their heads that looked like horns. They were about an inch long, sometimes as long as two inches, and round and fat and made wonderful things to play with. There was no fence around the yard where Willalee lived, and the whole house leaned toward the north at about a ten-degree tilt. Before we even got up the steps, we could smell the food already cooking on the wood stove at the back of the house, where his grandma was banging metal pots around over the cast-iron stove. Her name was Annie, but everybody called her Auntie. She was too old to work in the field anymore, but she was handy about the house, doing ironing and cooking and scrubbing floors and canning vegetables out of the field and berries out of the woods.

She also was full of stories, which, when she had the time—and she usually did—she told to me and Willalee and his little sister, whose name was Lottie Mae. Willalee and my brother and I called her Snottie Mae, but she didn't seem to mind. She came out of the front door when she heard us coming up on the porch and right away wanted to know if she could play in the book with us. She was the same age as I, and sometimes we let her play with us, but most of the time we did not.

"Naw," Willalee said, "git on back in there and help Auntie. We ain't studying you."

"Bring us the book," I said.

"I git it for you," she said, "if you give me five of them worms."

"I ain't studying you," said Willalee.

She had already seen the two Prince Albert cans full of green worms, because Willalee was sitting on the floor, arranging the worms in little designs of diamonds and triangles in some game he had not yet discovered the rules for.

"You bring the book," I said, "and you can have two of them worms."

Just as I was about to mount, to do God knows what, I heard something behind me. Then I saw mama's stout legs, those knees flexed and ready.

Willalee almost never argued with what I decided to do, up to and including giving away the worms he had spent all morning collecting in the fierce summer heat, which is probably why I liked him so much. Lottie Mae went back into the house and got the Sears Roebuck catalogue and brought it out onto the porch. He handed her the two worms and told her to go on back in the house, told her it weren't fitting for her to be out here playing with worms while Auntie was back in the kitchen, working.

"Ain't nothing left for me to do but put them plates on the table," she said.

"See to them plates then," Willalee said. As young as she was, Lottie Mae had things to do about the place,whatever she could manage. We all did.

Willalee and I stayed there on the floor with the Sears Roebuck catalogue and the open Prince Albert cans, out of which deliciously fat worms crawled. Then we opened the catalogue at random, as we always did, to see what magic was waiting for us there.

In the minds of most people, the Sears Roebuck catalogue is a kind of low joke associated with outhouses. God knows the catalogue sometimes ended up in the outhouse, but more often it did not. All the farmers, black and white, kept dried corncobs beside their double-seated thrones, and the cobs served the purpose for which they were put there with all possible efficiency and comfort.

The Sears Roebuck catalogue was much better used as a Wish Book, which it was called by the people out in the country, who would never be able to order anything out of it but could, at their leisure, spend hours dreaming over it.

Willalee Bookatee and I used it for another reason. We made up stories out of it, used it to spin a web of fantasy about us. Without that catalogue our childhood would have been radically different. The federal government ought to strike a medal for the Sears Roebuck Company for sending all those catalogues to farming families, for bringing all that color and all that mystery and all that beauty into the lives of country people.

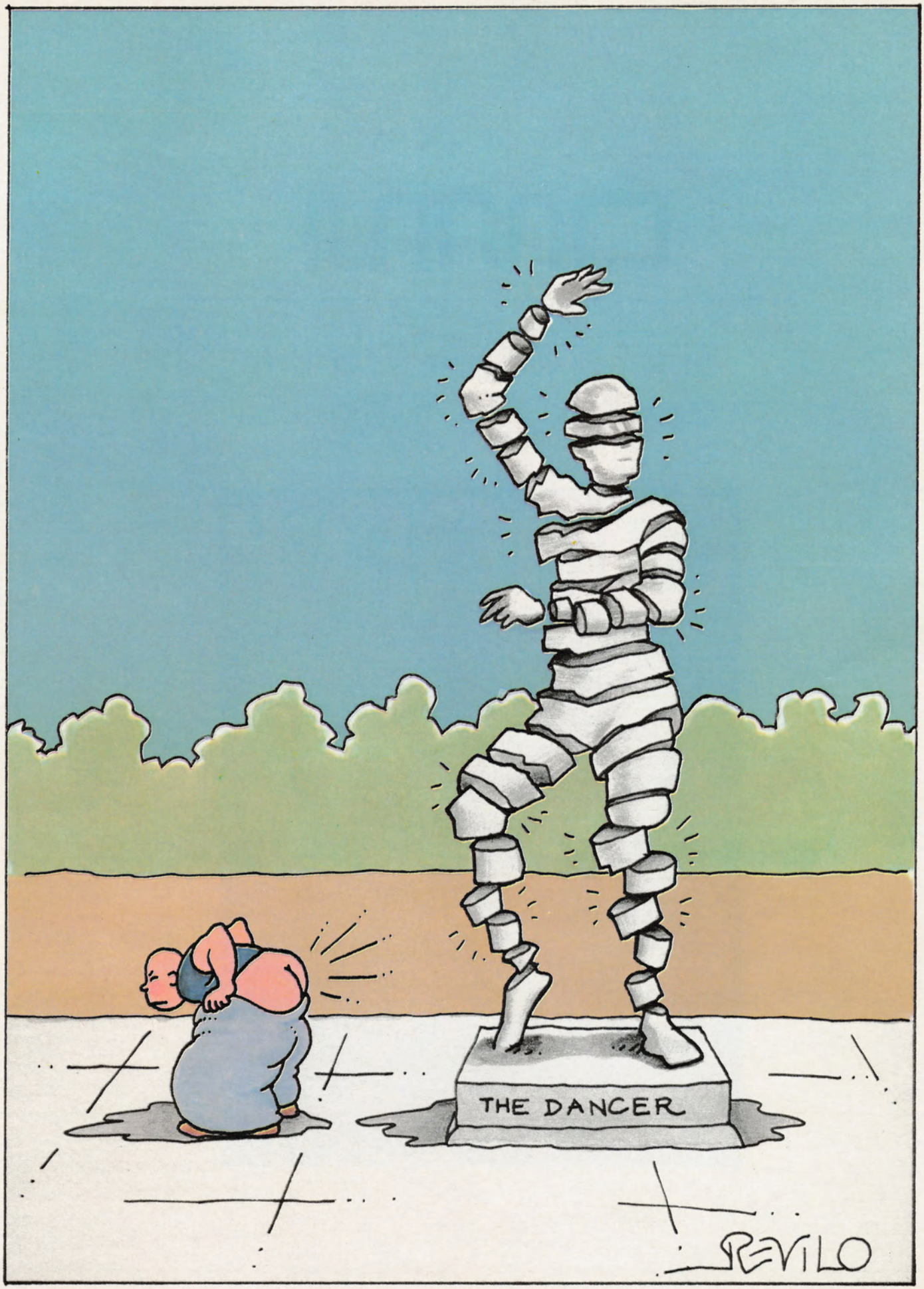
I first became fascinated with the Sears catalogue because all the people in its pages were perfect. Nearly everybody I knew had something missing—a finger cut off, a toe split, an ear half-chewed away, an eye clouded with blindness from a glancing fence staple; and if they didn't have something missing, they were carrying scars from barbed wire or knives or fishhooks. But the people in the catalogue had no such hurts. They were not only whole, with all their arms and legs and toes and eyes on their unscarred bodies, but they were also beautiful. Their legs were straight, and their heads were never bald, and on their faces were looks of happiness, even joy, looks that I never saw much of in the faces of the people around me.

Young as I was, though, I had known for a long time that it was all a lie. I knew that under those fancy clothes there had to be scars; there had to be swellings and boils of one kind or another, because there was no other way to live in the world. And more than that, at some previous, unremembered moment, I had decided that all the people in the catalogue were related. Not necessarily as blood kin. But they knew one another, and knowing one another, they had to have hard feelings, trouble between them off and on, violence, and hate between them as well as love. And it was out of this knowledge that I first began to make up stories about the people I found in the book.

Once I began to make up stories about them, Willalee and Lottie Mae began to make up stories, too. The stories they made up were every bit as good as mine, sometimes better. More than once we had spent whole rainy afternoons, when it was too wet to go to the field, turning the pages of the catalogue, forcing the beautiful people to give up the secrets of their lives: how they felt about one another, what kind of sicknesses they may have had, what kind of scars they carried in their flesh under all those bright and fancy clothes.

Willalee had his pocketknife out and was

CONTINUED ON PAGE 134


THE DANCER
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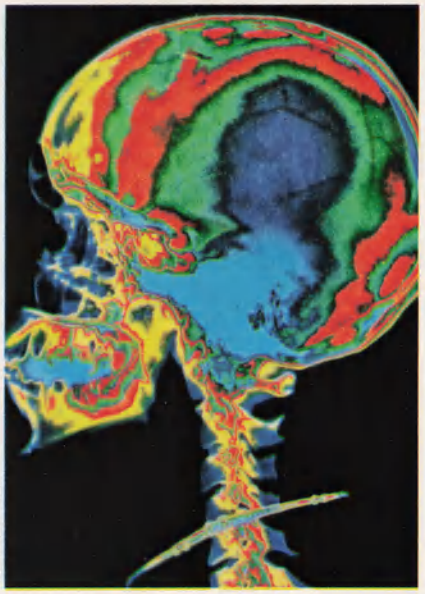

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about to operate on one of the green cutworms, because he liked to pretend he was a doctor. It was I who first put the notion in his head that he might in fact be a doctor; and since we almost never saw a doctor and because they were mysterious and always drove cars or else fine buggies behind high-stepping mares, quickly healing people with their secret medicines, the notion stuck in Willalee's head and he became very good at taking cutworms and other things apart with his pocketknife.

The Sears catalogue that we had opened at random found a man in his middle years but still strong and healthy, with a head full of hair and clear, direct eyes looking out at us, dressed in a red hunting jacket and wading boots, with a rack of shotguns behind him. We used our fingers to mark the spot and turned the Wish Book again, and this time it opened to ladies standing in their underwear, lovely as none we had ever seen, all perfect in their unstained clothes. Every last one of them had the same direct and steady eyes of the man in the red hunting jacket.

I said: "What do you think, Willalee?"

Without hesitation, Willalee said: "This lady here in her step-ins is his chile."

We kept the spot marked with the lady in the step-ins and the man in the hunting jacket and turned the book again. And there was a young man in a suit, the creases sharp enough to shave with, posed with his foot casually propped on a box, every strand of his beautiful hair in place.

"See what it is," I said. "This boy right here is seeing that girl back there, the one in her step-ins, and she is the youngun of him back there, and them shotguns behind'm belong to him, and he ain't happy."

"Why he ain't happy?"

"'Cause this feller standing here in this suit looking so nice, he ain't nice at all. He's mean, but he don't look mean. That gal is the only youngun the feller in the jacket's got, and he loves her, 'cause she is a sweet child. He don't want her fooling with that sorry man in that suit. He's so sorry that he done got hisself in trouble with the law. The High Sheriff is looking for him right now. Him in the suit will fool around on you."

"How it is he fool around?"

"He'll steal anything he can put his hand to," I said. "He'll steal you hog, or he'll steal you cow out of your field. He's so sorry he'll take that cow if it's the only cow you got. It's just the kind of feller he is."

Willalee said: "Then how come it is she mess around with him?"

"That suit," I said, "done turned that young girl's head. Daddy always says, if you give a man a white shirt and a tie and a suit of clothes, you can find out real quick how sorry he is. Daddy says it's the quickest way to find out."

"Do her daddy know she's messing 'round with him?"

"Sure he knows. A man allus knows what his youngun is doing. Special if she's a girl." I flipped back to the man in the red hunting jacket and the wading boots. "You see them shotguns behind him there on the wall? Them his guns. That second one right there—see that one, the double barrel? That gun is loaded with double-aught buckshot. You know how come it loaded?"

"He gone stop that fooling around," said Willalee.

And so we sat there on the porch, with the pots and pans banging back in the house over the iron stove and Lottie Mae there in the door where she had come to stand and listen to us as we talked, even though we would not let her help with the story. And before it was over, we had discovered all the connections possible between the girl in the step-ins and the young man in the knife-creased suit and the older man in the red hunting jacket with the shotguns on the wall behind him. And, more than that, we also discovered that the man's kin people had found out about the trouble he was having with his daughter and the young man. They had plans of their own to fix it so the High Sheriff wouldn't even have to know

Little girls had *it*.
None of the little boys had *it*.
We had to go
through all kinds of
things—fights, gifts, lies,
whatever—if we wanted *it*.

about it. They were going to set up and wait on the young man to take a shoat hog out of another field; and when he did, they'd be waiting with their own guns and knives (which we stumbled upon in another part of the catalogue), and they was gonna throw down on him and see if they couldn't make two pieces out of him instead of one. We had in the story what they thought and what they said and what they felt and why they didn't think that the young man, as good as he looked and as well as he stood in his fancy clothes, would ever straighten out and become the man the daddy wanted for his only daughter.

Before it was over, we even had the girl in the step-ins fixing it so that the boy in the suit could be shot. And by the time my family and Willalee's family came walking down the road from the tobacco field toward the house, the entire Wish Book was filled with feuds of every kind, and violence, maimings, and all the other vicious happenings of the world.

Since where we lived and how we lived was almost hermetically sealed from everything and everybody else, fabrication became a way of life. Making up stories, it seems to me now, was not only a way for us to understand the way we lived but also a defense against it. It was, no doubt, the first step in a life devoted primarily to men and women and children who never lived anywhere but in my imagination. I have found in them infinitely more order and beauty and satisfaction than I ever have in the people who move about me in the real world. And Willalee Bookatee and his family were always there with me in those first tentative steps. God knows what it would have been like if it had not been for Willalee and his people, with whom I spent nearly as much time as I did with my own family.

There was a part of me in which it did not matter at all that they were black. But there was another part of me in which it had to matter, because it mattered to the world I lived in. It mattered to my blood.

All of us grew up in Bacon County surrounded by sexual couplings of every kind. Nobody ever tried to keep such matters from us. It would have been impossible, anyhow. In some vague, unconscious way, I knew that people must do the same thing as animals, more or less, but it had never occurred to me that *I* might be expected to try it. Therefore it was a real jolt when my brother sidled up to me one day and said: "It's time you got yourself a little piece, boy."

I knew very well what he meant, but I resisted it. "A piece of what?" I said.

He told me.

"Naaawww," I said.

"Yep," he said, with chilling finality.

I told him I did not know anything about it, nothing at all. He proceeded to tell me all about it, in much greater detail than I wanted to listen to. He told me how it was done and where I was to do it—under the house—and further, that I should put the girl on top of an old dishpan that he had already thoughtfully stored under there for me.

"On a damn dishpan?" I said. When I was away from grownups, I had recently begun to see how all the curse words I knew would fit my mouth.

"Ain't nothing better'n a dishpan," he said. "Put her up on that dishpan when you lay 'er down, and it'll turn that thing up to you like a fried egg."

I didn't know why I wanted it turned up like a fried egg, but Hoyet said I would see how it all worked once I got started. More than that, I didn't really want to do it, because I couldn't see any sense in it. But my brother clinched it for me when he said: "It always comes a time in a man's life when he's got to do it. Purvis says it's sure as death." Purvis was a boy who worked for one of our uncles, but he was already old enough to come home drunk and bloody at daylight, for which we greatly admired him. If it was good enough for Purvis, it was good enough for me. Lottie Mae was the girl.

It was cold enough to crack your eyeballs, and Lottie Mae and I were bundled up in clothing. But I worked at her shivering, buttoned-up little body as best I could and finally got her out of her clothes

CONTINUED ON PAGE 220

THE CRICKET AND THE SATIN WOMAN

The tragic story of a gin-drinking insect and the woman he loved.

Herr Nightingale and the Satin Woman walk along the Rhine waterfront, past import shops displaying island masks, crude nets, and pottery. The Satin Woman stops, Nightingale beside her, handling a garish Hindu sword, idly, as one handles a memory; Captain Agah had one like it, he recalls, and the jewels flashed as Agah waved it in the desert at the French and British airplanes, defying them to drop a bomb on him personally.

Chance pieces, the fragments of time.

"Yes, please, may I help you?" The owner of the shop comes from the back room, unwrapping his chin. "Earrings of that quality can no longer be gotten from Bombay, madame; I have spoken the truth. Yes, please, try them on."

The Satin Woman takes the earrings, wanders deeper into the shop. "What is in that cage?"

"Personal pet, madame, a cricket, not for sale at any price."

"May I see him?"

"Of course, please."

The cage is lowered, and the Satin Woman peeks in the tiny windows. The cricket is dining but, upon seeing her, immediately rises. A strange signal passes through her nerves, and she draws back, shocked by the delicate sensation that only gradually subsides, as the owner praises the handiwork of the cage as well as the cricket's character.

"How much?" asks Nightingale.

"Impossible, dear sir, I cannot sell the little friend who is my good luck and helps me with the crossword puzzle."

"Fifty marks."

"The cage alone is worth that much, if I may say so. Here, ladies and gentlemen, observe the carpeting and the newly installed wall panel."

Nightingale and the owner haggle over the price, while the Satin Woman browses, aware of the cricket's eyes still on her.

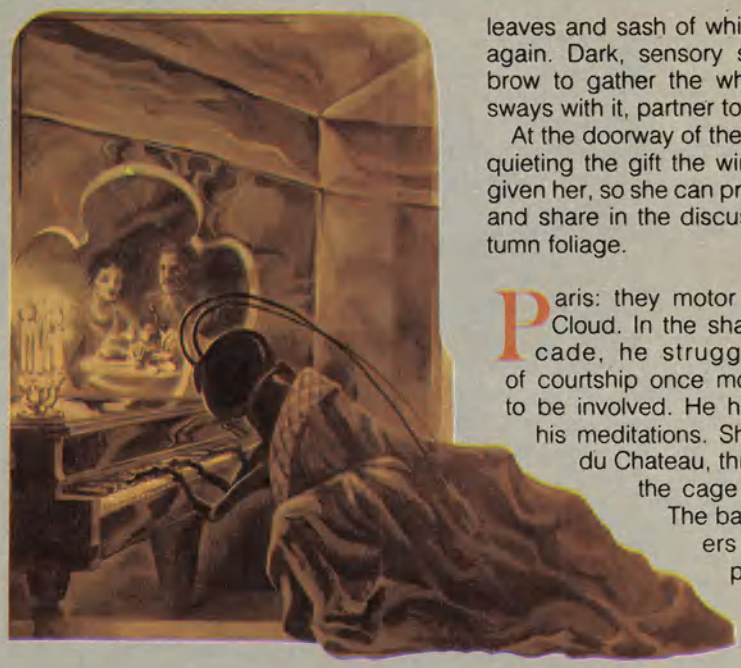
BY WILLIAM KOTZWINKLE
ILLUSTRATED BY JOE SERVELLO

They share a midnight supper in their room. The cricket plays his piano softly. Nightingale has no wish to leave her, feels the parting already.

"What is that he's playing?" asks the Satin Woman.

"Satie," says Nightingale, pouring the wine.

The gentle, haunting theme is repeated. The windows of the cage cast rosettes of yellow light on the table; the flame of a tiny candelabrum burns within.



Nightingale studies the Satin Woman's face in the flickering glow. She moves her arm, and the sleeve of her dressing gown falls forward in such a way that he feels it in himself, feels a feminine fabric fall and move deep within him and disappear as suddenly, hinting of the world that could be his were he to surrender all.

And the music of the cricket seems to tell him how to give up pride and folly.

But he sails at dawn, away from her, with a fortune in dreams.

"Come with me," he asks.

"No," she answers. Pride and folly aren't his alone. And the cricket plays, still more softly, as the candles grow dim.

The Satin Woman motors inland, the cricket cage on the seat beside her. The cricket entertains her with popular tunes, which she harmonizes—a facade, of course, this light conversation and song; both realize something deeper awaits them.

She has her favorite inns, hidden in the forests of Austria, and she walks the secluded autumnal paths, the cricket riding on her collar. Her perfume takes him over; she has dabbed it on her throat, perhaps, or just behind her ear. A song of courtship escapes him momentarily, before he comes to his senses.

Another couple from the inn appears on the path. The Satin Woman stops; they speak. They think her quite alone; if they see the cricket, he appears as nothing more than a lifelike pin. The Satin Woman is amused, then startled, for their pleasantries grow faint behind the voice of the cricket, which she hears inside her forehead, faintly tingling, electric. Yet he is motionless on her collar, except for his feelers, which slowly search the air.

"What is it?" she asks him, in silence, even as she continues conversation with the guests of the inn.

"The sorrow the wind has gathered," he answers, and she sees the wind has passed them on the path and feels the intimacy of its touch, as on fine, quivering antennae threaded from her hair.

The guests continue speaking: "And are you stopping long?"

"No," she says, falling into step with them. "I leave tomorrow."

"A pity. The harvest festival is next week. There'll be dancing."

The wind turns swiftly back, wearing a cape of dead leaves and sash of white fireweed, and passes again. Dark, sensory structures rise from her brow to gather the whirling wisdom, and she sways with it, partner to its stately saraband.

At the doorway of the inn, she regains herself, quieting the gift the wind and the cricket have given her, so she can proceed to the dinner table and share in the discussion of politics and autumn foliage.

Paris: they motor through the city to St. Cloud. In the shadow of the Grand Cascade, he struggles against the song of courtship once more, for he has no wish to be involved. He has his cage, his library, his meditations. She climbs the long Allée du Chateau, through the deserted park, the cage swinging on her finger. The bare trees and fading flowers release secrets, which play in her hair and over her skin. From the high hill, Paris is visible—Montmartre, the Arc de l'Etoile, the Eiffel Tower, and she herself is a tower. The signals are faint but reassuring.

"Let me out now," says the cricket.

She opens the cage, watches him hop away, knowing he can easily vanish in the grass.

He proceeds into the leaves, along the pulse of the earth, letting it pop him into the air and float him down again. The surges are powerful, and his road is clear, into the lavender and thyme—but he returns. For the comfort and protection of his cage, he tells himself.

Yet he knows differently. She stands on the hillside, a wreath of signals in her hair, elegant as a praying mantis and just as dangerous.

The song of courtship bursts from him, full-blown, impossible to contain any longer. He commands the hillside, shattering the tranquility of the statues. Chirping and whirling at her feet, he flings the tune wildly, feeling it ignite the town of St. Cloud and pass along the railway to Paris, where it must, he is certain, inflame the boulevards. It is out of season; still it can't be helped. Men, women, and cockroaches will be shifting nervously at the cafés. The dying grass will resurrect, and certain wines will mysteriously blow their corks. This is the grand madrigal of the cricket; he will not be stopped. The female can't resist the song of the

stridulating male.

"Such a pretty song," she says, as he falls exhausted. "Does it easily translate?"

"It concerns itself with prodigious leaping," he answers, and slinks back into his cage.

Le Havre: the Satin Woman sleeps. The cricket has retired to his cage, reading by the fire. Quite unexpectedly, the cage lifts itself from the dresser and circles the room.

He leaps from his chair; he'd been warned about Indian-made cages, been told that their mystical yearnings would finally arise, but he hadn't expected levitation, not from solid brass.

Too late now. The cage is floating out the open window. He topples backward, the carpet sliding underneath him. Below is the city, above the night sky. He peers through the porthole and catches his breath. The cage is accelerating toward the stars.

The cricket cage meets in space with another, of Chinese make. Its owner comes forth, bows deeply, invites the cricket to dine. Afterward they sing—lighthearted songs of later date, for neither wishes to aggravate the vertigo of their position with any of the older, primordial airs.

Presently, the bamboo cage exhibits signs of restlessness. Its owner bows once again. "Your benefactor is in danger, owing to the treacherousness of one called Chang, of Moon Pagoda Street."

His cage draws away, circles once, and departs down the celestial highway.

The Satin Woman climbs the gangplank, the cricket cage on her finger. Within it the cricket is rearranging his library, trying to immerse himself in things unrelated to her. But in spite of himself he feels her emanation; his bookshelves grow hopelessly disordered.

She enters her stateroom, unpacks a few things, and opens his cage.

He hops out, finds himself on her dressing table, among the perfumes and lotions. He wanders through them, down an avenue of glass in a city of enchantments. Her pearls hang over a cosmetic tray; he hops along them, dizzy from scent and situation.

"Have you been to sea before?" she asks, removing her shoes.

"Yes," he answers, landing in a stack of bracelets. "I owned a small nutshell. It sank off the African coast."

He speaks with hesitation, hardly aware of what either of them are saying. The stateroom is small; her stockings fall over the arm of a chair.

"You know Africa then?"

She's in her dressing gown. He retreats to his cage, busies himself at his bookshelves again, and asks her to close the lid.

But in the dark he's different, when the moon comes through the porthole and he answers with melodies that make her body tremble.

I'm in good voice tonight, he thinks. She hears a creaking noise, like a trapdoor opening overhead, and suddenly her vision has expanded to startling peripheries. Frightened, perceiving a thousand varied aspects of the night converging, she walks dizzily to the cage, opens up the lid.

"It is your insect eye," replies the cricket. "Compound, ommatidial."

She sinks onto the bed, awed by the spectacle of fluid form that is the ceiling—a foreign substance, protean, seeming now immense, now minute, now embroidered with designs labyrinthian and divine.

"I've found the attar of dreams," she says, reaching for the wondrous stuff above her, bathing her arms in its play.

"Not surprising," says the cricket, "seeing as you were born in it."

"Am I just a dream?" she asks.

"Enjoy the view," he answers, leaping onto the bed beside her and continuing his song.

She realizes that she's glowing, intermittently, from the abdomen. Luciferous, she flashes blue, green, and red for hours while the cricket sings, his song seeming to inspire her fireflash—but he says not so; she herself makes the glow, with pigment and enzyme fine as the moonlight.

But then the fireflashes cease without warning, and she grows sad. "What has happened?" she asks, wanting the glow.

"Your soul, in choosing its magic form, has decided against the firefly."

"But why?" she sighs. "It was so pretty."

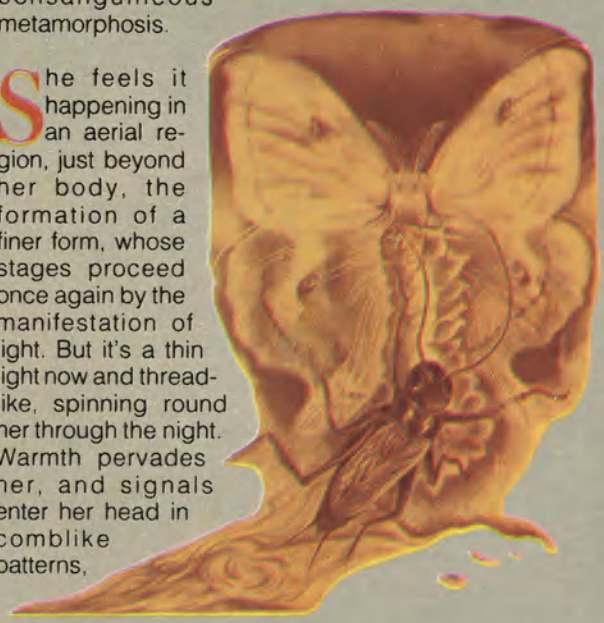
"Perhaps," he says, hopping closer on the sheets, "it finds itself more attracted to the—cricket form?"

"Yes," she answers, "I want that very much."

"I shall sing—and you shall hear it in your legs."

"I already hear you there," she says, softly.

"We shall see." He resumes his music, praying for a consanguineous metamorphosis.



She feels it happening in an aerial region, just beyond her body, the formation of a finer form, whose stages proceed once again by the manifestation of light. But it's a thin light now and thread-like, spinning round her through the night. Warmth pervades her, and signals enter her head in comblike patterns,

bringing visions of existence so delicious that she stirs impatiently and works to penetrate her cocoon of light, while her mortal body sleeps below, insensate, dreamless.

Or, she asks herself, am I its dream?

Her soul-form breaks through its silken girdle; she emerges.

"Japanese moon moth," wails the cricket. "We are estranged."

She flies around him, emitting her attractant. "We can make it work," she says and flutters down beside him.

They circle and dance, but each movement in the mating flight must be precisely that of the other, must correspond exactly, and they do not know each other's code.

Their passion searches madly. The moon moth is in a frenzy, and the cricket is in tears, for he knows how impossibly intricate the password is.

He improvises, but across these boundaries no one goes.

The Satin Woman's wings are folded. She finds she cannot rise again. It's morning, the subtle colors of the night are gone, and her compound eye is closed.

She rests and walks the deck, the cricket on her collar. But the memory of her maiden moonflight lingers, and though she sees the iridescent blues no longer, she feels them down inside her, stirring an unsatisfied desire.

The sea wind blows her collar. The cricket takes refuge underneath it, where the invisible flowers of her perfume bloom and sway.

A bad mistake, he tells himself, to try and leap the gulf dividing us.

The Satin Woman takes a deck chair, beside an eager young man, who's tried throughout the voyage to impress her with compliments and clever remarks. She smiles but feels removed from coy deceptions.

The cricket wanders down along her throat, the spring gone from his step. His path leads down twelve velvet stairs.

"May I get you a drink?" asks the young man. "Or some sort of tea?"

She shakes her head, but something in her suddenly limpid gaze, something in the way she slowly arches her back, leads the young man to believe his bright manner is finally breaking through to her.

The cricket wanders aimlessly along, antennae sweeping lightly over the softly scented slopes.

I'm fairly ravishing her with my charm this morning, thinks the young man, enthusiastically.

She takes to wearing the cricket in her underwear. He roams freely there, in a melancholy affair hidden from her fellow passengers It gives a distant quality to her conversation, which frequently falls into dreamy silence. She is thought by some to be a poetess. At times she faints without reason, a sudden little gasp taking her midsentence, her eyes slowly glassing over and then fluttering wildly.

A few moments later she is herself again.

But the insect dance is more complex than the human; as the moon moth, she cannot find release. The soul's dark trembling is denied her.

The cricket seeks counsel from a grayling butterfly, which has stowed away in the hold and tells him, "Bend her antennae down. That always works."

Of course it doesn't work. The secret lies hidden, beyond gates of flame.

Her fellow passengers think it merely the cricket's conversation she enjoys, for the tiniest drop of gin and tonic sets him talking of golden caterpillars and red and white spiders with one missing leg.

Hopping up and down the bar, he babbles about fantastic insects—a cicada as large as a wastebasket, ant cities more beautiful than Rome, an insect that molts into human form for a single evening, taking the shape of a debonair gentleman who then calls on the lady of his choice.

He is something of an embarrassment to the Satin Woman, but the other passengers find it an amusing and cooling way to spend the afternoon until the cricket collapses on a potato chip.

She carries him off in a tiny, silver bell, the cricket clinging stupefied to the striker.

"I behaved badly again."

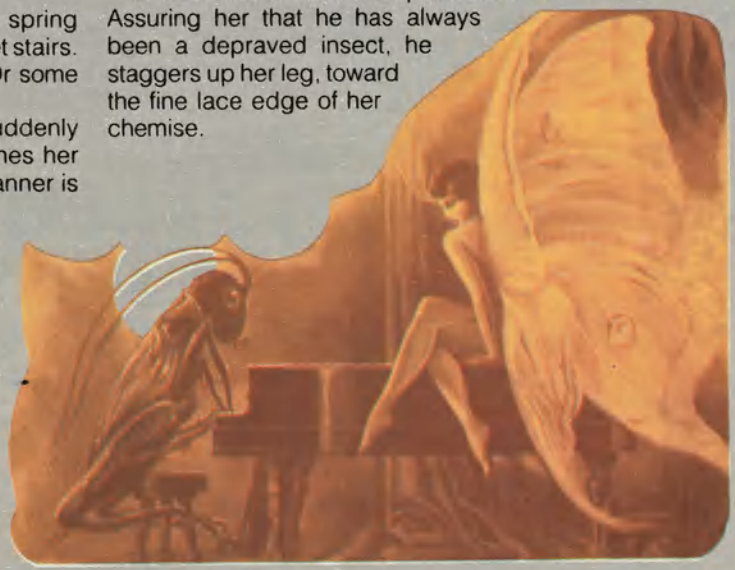
"My jewelbug." Gently, she strokes his drooping antennae.

"Centipedes, two feet long . . ."

She opens the cabin door and carries him to her bed table. He stumbles around, singing to himself. He's been drinking too much lately; he knows it. But the affair isn't going smoothly, and their problem is profound.

The Satin Woman changes into something cooler and lies down. The tropic heat soon covers her with its burning breath. Restless, she tosses on the bed. The cricket leaps upon her ankle and wanders there in drunken circles.

She fears she has corrupted him. Assuring her that he has always been a depraved insect, he staggers up her leg, toward the fine lace edge of her chemise.



The ship creeps along toward Port Said. The Satin Woman reads in her shaded deck chair. The cricket, chattering nonsense about golden caterpillars, has made a fool of himself with an elderly couple at poolside.

He leaps onto a wine cork, imbibing the vapors. His brain is exploding.

"But where does one find such a golden caterpillar?" asks the woman.

"It is born from a pebble, madame, consisting of two layers. And now if you'll excuse me, I must . . . have a . . . pretzel."

"He's passed out, I think."

"Miss . . . miss, your cricket."

In the city of Cairo, beyond the mosque of Mamluk Sultan El-Muayyad, in a street of whitewashed walls and closely grated windows, Herr Nightingale owns a house, and to it the Satin Woman comes.

The doorkeeper leads her through the sunless hall to her rooms. A cool fountain plays near the entranceway. The cricket cage is hung in a window facing the courtyard, in the shade of a line of sycamore trees.

She opens the cage. The cricket peers out, antennae trembling. "I could use a drink."

She mixes a drop of gin with chilled licorice juice, and they sit quietly, listening to the play of the fountain. But neither the white walls nor the fountain can keep the heat of midday out; she opens a latticed door, onto a sunken tub filled with rose water.

Floating on a rose petal, the cricket keeps her company while she soaks. He floats quite close to her eyes, and each of his fragile limbs is so close to her, filling her with love and sadness—he's little more than a leaf himself; how can he escape the heavy tread of time?

"I'm resilient, especially when I'm loaded. *Oh, fill the cup high, before life turns its back . . .*"

The water slowly drains from the pool; the rose petal sinks onto her belly, clinging like a kiss.

Nightingale's serving girl taps lightly on the Satin Woman's door, enters with supper, finds her asleep.

Attracted by the bright cricket cage, the girl steps quietly up to it, peering inside.

A moth and cricket are within, in a tiny canopied bed.

Blushing deeply, the girl withdraws.

The cricket plays for her. She sits on his piano, her iridescent wings fanning slowly at the air. The tune is bittersweet, filled with the echo of longing and the ashes of a misbegotten love; the melody touches lightly along her incompatible form, circles her combs, and fades. If only, she thinks to herself, things could have worked out for us.

He looks up at her, a sad smile on his lips.

Nightingale rejoins the Satin Woman, gives her Chinese brooches, rings, an antique mirror. "Belonged to a Han wizard, or so I was told. Lovely setting, isn't it?"

Her face is blurred, distorted by the old, discolored glass, but she knows it is a true reflection of her troubled feelings. She says nothing of the cricket, of the ache in miniature in her heart. Presently, the blinds are drawn, the lamp extinguished, and Nightingale speaks softly. She answers him, in the old way, and finds unexpected shelter from her tangled emotions in his familiar arms, in his rough, low voice, in the murmured sounds they make together.

The cricket hears and slips quietly past the reunited lovers, his head heavy and no song left to sing.

Let love be consanguineous. I am departing.

But his attempt at a casual exit fails, as her courtship signal reaches him and fills him with despair, for all that was, for what they had; misshapen though it was, it was a world, a time, a place for his heart to swell. "Why, why?" he cries, leaping to the windowsill.

And—I should have known, in fact, did know, from the start. But fate decides always, and we are its fools.

He drops into the courtyard. Her signal pursues him, the sound of the moon moth, into the trees.

He hops away; her silhouette is everywhere, moon moth and mortal, haunting his path.

He leaps to the courtyard wall, pointing his feelers about for a direction. His legs shift nervously, a scratchy music coming from them, of which he is unconscious.

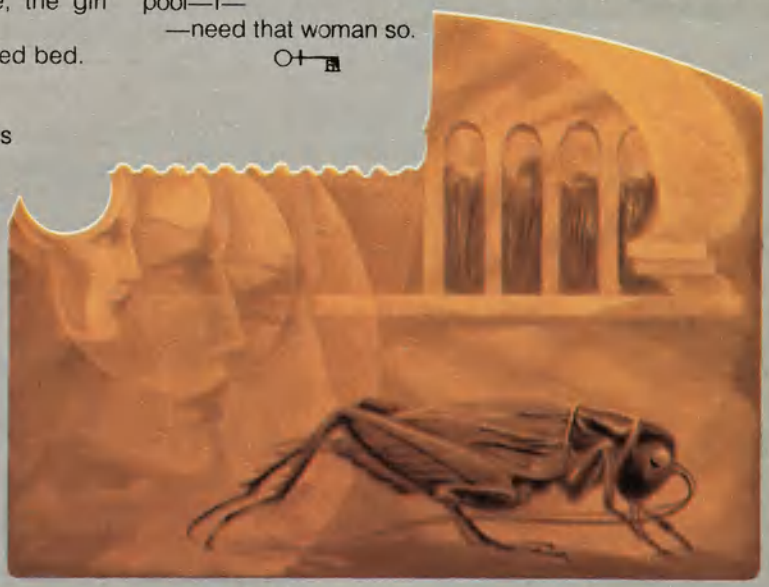
The Satin Woman hears the tune: the tongue of crickets is her own. . . . The cricket leaps into the adjacent courtyard.

I'll travel on, living in backyards. An insect doesn't need a roof over his head, or gin and tonic, or pretzels.

The cricket finds a niche for the night in a brick overlooking a moonlit pool. The Satin Woman's signal has ceased, but he needs a drink badly. Upon the surface of the pool a water strider dances ecstatically. The cricket watches the entrancing movements, remembering again, slowly, what it is to be an insect—the incomparable lightness of it all!

Humans are so heavy, the spirit chained down in them, unable to leap or fly, while I—he leaps to the edge of the pool—I—

—need that woman so.



PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

ROBERT SHELTON

The Imperial
Wizard of the United Klans
of America
predicts armed conflict
between
blacks and whites.

For decades violence and the white-supremacist, anti-Semitic, anti-foreigner Ku Klux Klan have been synonymous. At the height of the civil-rights movement in the South, a number of Klansmen were convicted of taking part in plots to murder blacks and their white supporters. And only a few months ago, one Klansman, seventy-three-year-old Robert Chambliss, was found guilty of bombing a church in Birmingham, Ala., fifteen years ago, an explosion in which four teenage black girls were killed.

Despite the record, Robert M. Shelton, an unprepossessing, sandy-haired man who is leading a resurgence of the Klan across the United States, says his organization has been made a scapegoat. Where Klansmen have been convicted, he maintains, it has often been under enormous federal pressure. If there has been true violence by Klansmen, he says, it has been rare, and then only in self-defense. The greatest violence, he says, has been perpetrated, not by the Klan, but by black militants; and, he adds—borrowing the language of civil-rights activists—"a dual system of justice" has caused many to look the other way. "There's a difference when it's a white man of the Klan that's doing something," Shelton maintains. "That's active violence or a riot. But the blacks can come out and break store windows and block the doorway of the free economy and enterprise system, and that's a big demonstration."

Under pressure from the FBI and Congress, Klan membership plummeted in the late 1960s. But now, according to both Klan officials and the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, the organization most actively monitoring the Klan, membership is on the rise. The numbers, the ADL says, are still small: up from 6,500 in 1975 to 8,000 this year. But they are "not without significance," the ADL believes, because of the Klan's "tradition" of bigotry and violence and because there appear to be "enough alienated, die-hard elements" in the country to give the Klan the potential for substantial growth.

Shelton suggests that part of the confusion about violence and his organization stems from the fact that there are perhaps a dozen groups that identify themselves as the Ku Klux Klan, and, he says, "I can't answer for these other people." Shelton and the ADL agree that his group, the United Klans of America, is the largest. According to the ADL, Shelton himself—known as the Imperial Wizard—is "the most competent, capable" Klan leader. Although one rival, David Duke, twenty-seven, the Imperial Wizard of the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, has been particularly effective in obtaining publicity on television and in national publications, he has, the ADL says, a much smaller following.

Shelton and the ADL come to the same conclusion in explaining the fresh interest in the Klan. "Reverse discrimination," Shelton calls it. Backlash against black social gains, the ADL believes.

These days, the forty-nine-year-old Shelton is preoccupied with pursuing a $50 million suit against the FBI for allegedly harassing him and his organization and in preparing for what he sees as an inevitable revolution in the streets of America. Persisting in his disavowal of violence, Shelton says that he favors "political action" but that he is convinced that the workingman—frustrated by inflation, unfair taxes, welfare giveaways, and favoritism toward blacks and immigrants—is going to turn to the gun. Shelton's Klan is not prepared to lead such a revolution, but he conceives of individual Klansmen serving as cadremen. To this end, Shelton says, his Klan has been providing survival training, and many members have set up shelters and supply caches for use when the fighting starts.

Robert Shelton has the worn, tired look of the workingman, the kind of face that does not stand out in a crowd. He wears tinted bifocals in gold wire frames and conservative suits. In the last fifteen years, he says, he has worn his robe and hood in public only twice. The symbols that daily affirm his ties with the Klan are a small tie tack and a rubylike ring, each bearing an almost invisible imprint of a drop of blood.

Shelton administers his Klan from an office in a huge metal building on the wooded outskirts of Tuscaloosa, Ala., and from his nearby lakeside home. In the winter months, he spends hours on the telephone between 7:00 P.M. and midnight, when most of the members are home from work. In the summer, he is on the road 80 percent of the time, traveling either in a Chrysler Cordova or in a thirty-one-foot-long "executive motor coach," complete with shower, kitchen, and bunks.

Shelton, a churchgoing Baptist with three children, does his best to present himself as "just an average American citizen, a father, a family man, who is concerned with the problems of this country." In conversation his voice is soft and sometimes trails off to an inaudible whisper. He seldom

UPI

drinks, and he limits smoking to a pipe. At times, you wonder if you're really talking to the man accused of fomenting so much violence. Could this soft-spoken, bespectacled churchgoer actually be the same man who spent more than nine months in prison for contempt of Congress?

Shelton was born in Tuscaloosa, a gray mill town that is also home to the University of Alabama. He has lived there most of his life. Growing up, Shelton worked in his father's grocery store. Later he was a tire builder at the B.F. Goodrich plant in town, and eventually he became a tire salesman. Goodrich fired him in 1964 because of his Klan activities, and since then the Klan has been his life.

Shelton traces his own involvement with the Klan back to the days he spent as an air force cook in Germany during the Berlin airlift, when he saw black soldiers "pushing themselves on an occupied people," bartering chocolate bars and cigarettes with the starving German citizenry. It was no different from what the white soldiers were doing, Shelton admits. But somehow the blacks infuriated him, and he began "to see the necessity for affiliating with some type of organization to start combating what I knew was certain to come." Back home, he saw a Klan rally in a cow pasture one Saturday afternoon and signed up.

There have been times when the future looked bleak to Shelton. But not now. In the next five to ten years, he predicts, people are going to "come forward in droves to the Klan. We've been labeled as crackpots and bigots," he says, "but as life goes on, the realities are going to be experienced by the people and not just by me. And they're going to see that the majority of our predictions and our beliefs were right."

Reporter Joseph B. Treaster conducted this exclusive interview for *Penthouse*.

Penthouse: How do you explain the new interest in the Klan, the recent jump in its membership?

Shelton: The buildup has been due to this country's policies of racial discrimination in reverse—the government's leaning on companies and institutions and saying, "You will hire X number of minorities or blacks, regardless of the cost." We're finding more and more union members becoming alarmed because they see no future for themselves. Another concern of the American people is the huge number of illegal immigrants who have been coming into this country.

And then people are unhappy about what's going on in the schools. For the last ten years, we've been saying that if integration was allowed and pushed in the school systems of this country, we were going to see the abilities of our graduating classes lowered. I think this has been proved now. And the whole issue of busing has caused a lot of concern. All these issues have resulted in more and more people aligning themselves with the Klan.

Penthouse: If your strength continues to increase, what are your plans?

Shelton: We're going to try for political action. However, I am of the opinion that the big-brother bureaucracy has become so entrenched that it's virtually impossible to do anything through politics. As things are going now, I can see revolution in the very near future in this country.

Penthouse: What shape do you see this revolution taking?

Shelton: I see it taking the same shape as most revolutions—combat.

Penthouse: How do you see the revolution starting?

Shelton: Well, you and I know that the government is on the verge of bankruptcy, if it's not already bankrupt. The same is true of many of the giant corporations. The government cannot continually tax the average workingman, as it has in the past. The people are going to take only just so much.

Penthouse: Is the Klan ready to lead this revolution?

Shelton: We're not ready. We're not at the point where we could take the role of leadership, and we realize we don't have enough time to build the army that would be necessary. What we're primarily interested in is enlightening, informing, and educating enough Klanspeople so that they have the knowledge and the ability to stand up and lead in crucial times.

> The cross has been used over the ages as the rallying point for Christians who were fighting the anti-Christ forces. That's why it's the symbol of the Klan.

Penthouse: Are you training your members to be soldiers in this revolution?

Shelton: We're definitely not training anybody in guerrilla warfare, but we are instituting survival programs. Some Klan groups have karate and judo training, but we don't have a massive program ourselves. We have various survival books, teaching the methods of going out into the woods and surviving.

Penthouse: By combat do you mean actual violence and fighting?

Shelton: There's no way to prevent it if we're going to survive.

Penthouse: If we're "going to survive" as what?

Shelton: As a Christian nation—if the white race is going to survive. Our mere survival depends on whether or not a man has the courage to stand up and fight.

Penthouse: When do you think it might become necessary to "stand up and fight"?

Shelton: Within twenty years.

Penthouse: What is the appeal of the Klan these days? What does an individual get out of joining?

Shelton: He gets the satisfaction of knowing that he's aligning himself with people of his own philosophy and way of thinking. He knows that he'll be part of a group that's trying to do something for his race. He doesn't see those other fraternal organizations in his country working for his welfare or for his philosophy of maintaining the separation of the races.

Penthouse: In congressional hearings back in 1965, your opponents said that virtually the only attraction of the Klan is its potential to be an outlet for violence, that it brings together extremists who draw encouragement from one another and who engage in criminal acts with or without the sanction of the Wizards.

Shelton: In the first place, I accept very little of any statements made in those hearings. We have been investigated so thoroughly that—I can assure you—if there had been any evidence whatsoever, I'd have been prosecuted a long time ago. In the second place, what does "bringing together racists or radicals" mean? Everyone has a different interpretation of what a racist or radical is.

Penthouse: Do you consider Klansmen racists?

Shelton: If in being a racist you are saying, "Yes, I want to be who I am, I want to maintain my heritage, I want to protect my family, have the choice of selection," then I would say, "Yes, I am a racist. I am proud of being white."

Penthouse: Is your membership composed of a particular class or group of people?

Shelton: The biggest percentage of the Klan membership is made up of the average, working American citizens, the men who are, say, the dues-paying members of a union, who work in industry. Or the Klansman might be a farmer. There is a fair percentage of professional people. Our membership consists of people from villages, hamlets, cities, and towns, and they are from every walk of life.

Penthouse: Are you stronger in the rural areas or the cities?

Shelton: I would say the rural areas. The structure of our organization is centered on rural areas. Our theory of operation is, instead of going into the city and building a hub, to build a rim around the city and then go into the city.

Penthouse: Do you have klaverns in any of the major cities?

Shelton: Oh yes.

Penthouse: Where is your greatest strength in this country?

Shelton: Right now it's the Southeast. Florida is the strongest state, then Louisiana,

Alabama, Tennessee, the Carolinas, Virginia. But it's no longer such a sectional thing, because people in New York have problems just as they do in Alabama and California. There's a lot of concern in New York. I don't think you can say it's a southern organization any more. We've got klaverns in practically every state.

Penthouse: Where are you weakest?

Shelton: There are areas in the Midwest with no black population. They don't have the problems that they have in other sections of the country.

Penthouse: Your members have been described as people who, in many cases, have had criminal records, who are bullies and social misfits—some might even be called white trash. Do you think that description might be appropriate?

Shelton: No, I don't. A lot of people would consider me white trash. In many parts of society, people feel that if you're a segregationist, you're white trash. We're for the upholding of the white man, regardless of the position he holds in society. Some members of the organization may have violated the law at one time. They've served their time. Maybe a member served time for making whiskey. At least he was trying to make a living to feed his family. He wasn't going on food stamps and making the government and taxpayers pay for it. How many times was Martin Luther King in jail? How many times were a lot of the black demonstrators in jail for violations of the law? I would say that the majority of the militant organizations I have seen are the scum of the earth.

Penthouse: The black militants?

Shelton: Yes.

Penthouse: Have you branched out beyond the United States? Do you have any international chapters?

Shelton: No. I've been in correspondence for a number of years with different people in other countries who wanted to organize into Klans, but the basic concept of the Klan is to advocate Americanism and loyalty to the United States. I helped a group get started in England a number of years ago. For that activity, I have been barred from entering England. We also have a Klan organizing the American servicemen in Germany.

Penthouse: Do you have klaverns on U.S. military bases elsewhere?

Shelton: Oh, we have them scattered around in different areas—I wouldn't say klaverns, but Klan members. They're in this organization. They go into military service and continue their membership and work toward the goal of gaining members. But they aren't what you'd call established units.

Penthouse: Has the United Klans ever had a connection with any of the Nazi organizations?

Shelton: We're not affiliated with them in any way. We've dismissed people from this organization who joined the Nazi party.

Penthouse: Why do you take that stand?

Shelton: Because I don't think you can be loyal to two organizations.

Penthouse: How do you feel about the Nazi position?

Shelton: I agree with some of their philosophies to a degree, but I can't see aligning my loyalty and my pledges to something that first developed in another country.

Penthouse: Are there any organizations you feel an affinity with?

Shelton: We try to stay separate, even if we work in the same direction as other groups. But we have what we call the PIOC, the Patriotic Inter-Organizational Communications, which is made up of the leaders of some 160 conservative groups. We get together once a year and discuss some of the problems of the community.

> I want to be who
> I am; I want to maintain my
> heritage. I want
> to protect my family. . . .
> I am a racist.
> I am proud of being white.

Penthouse: Do members of the Klan continue to wear the robe and hood?

Shelton: We use it in ritualistic work. It's not used so much out in the general public as it was in the past.

Penthouse: What color is your robe?

Shelton: Originally it was purple, but now all the robes are white.

Penthouse: Who manufactures the robes?

Shelton: Local groups acquire their own robes. It might be a member's wife who is a seamstress, or there might be a good seamstress in the community who doesn't want to be on welfare and has the initiative to do sewing and alterations and all. The membership will designate someone like that to make the robes.

Penthouse: What material are the robes made of?

Shelton: They can be doubleknit or satin. Some prefer to have just the regular cotton.

Penthouse: What is the purpose of burning crosses at your rallies?

Shelton: Well, the cross has been used over the ages as the rallying point for Christians who were fighting the anti-Christ forces. That's why it's the symbol of the organization. We add fire to the cross to show that Christ is lighting the world.

Penthouse: These crosses have often terrified people.

Shelton: Most of that terror comes when a person unaffiliated with our organization has a disagreement with his neighbor. He'll go to his garage, construct a crude little cross and soak it with gasoline, and then set it off in front of his neighbor's house. Then he'll run back and pick up the telephone and tell that neighbor that if he doesn't straighten out, he can expect a visitor. I would say that 90 percent of the cross burnings in people's yards are carried out by persons who are not even in the Klan.

Penthouse: But wasn't that kind of tactic used by the Klan in the past?

Shelton: In the past it was a symbol that would be a warning to a wrongdoer. We're now living in a different time, though.

In the days of Reconstruction, every man who participated in the Confederate army was disenfranchised and wasn't allowed to vote. The carpetbagger scalawags who came to this part of the country made up the political power structure. The only law and protective force in existence at that time was the Klan! Most of the intimidating was done by the Freedmen Bureau, a governmental agency that sent masqueraders into the South, equipped with the robe and paraphernalia of the Klan, to terrorize people and steer sympathies away from the Klan. This was when General Nathan announced publicly that the Klan was dissolving and that anybody seen in the robe of the Klan was to be shot on sight.

Penthouse: Are you saying that the Klan never carried out any of this terrorizing and intimidation?

Shelton: It had to! It had to survive. It was in occupied territory. To protect themselves, their property, their families, people had to form a vigilante-type organization—the Klan. Then and now, fear is the weapon you use to keep people in line. If your children don't fear you, then they're not going to mind you. They lose respect for you. If you don't fear the law, then you're not going to respect the law. And, if you stop to think about it, if you don't fear Christ, you're not a Christian.

Penthouse: What was the effect of the hearings, conducted back in 1965, by the House Un-American Activities Committee?

Shelton: The combination of the hearings and the FBI's counterintelligence program hit us in membership and weakened us for about ten years.

Penthouse: What kinds of things did the FBI do against the Klan?

Shelton: You name it and it did it. We filed a $50 million lawsuit recently against the FBI in which we listed some fifty different projects that had been carried out against the organization and me.

Penthouse: Could you give us some examples?

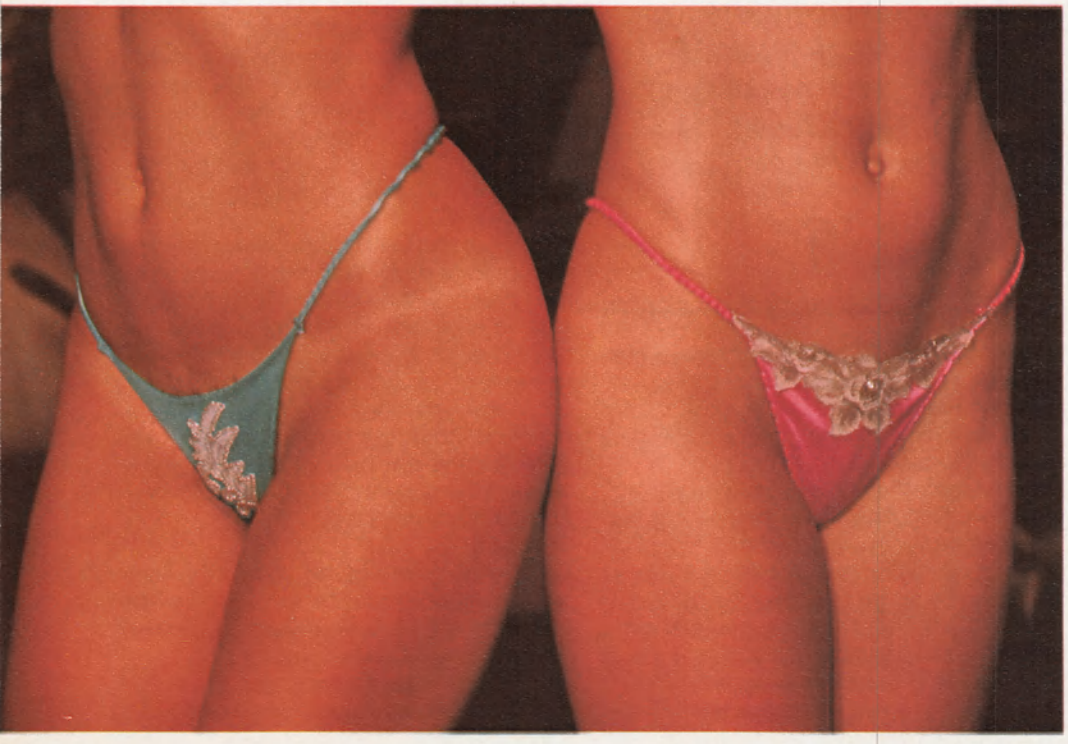
Shelton: The FBI sent two agents to a special school in Philadelphia and trained them in forging my signature. Then it sent out letters all over the United States, forging my signature on my stationery. It tried to unseat me as head of the organization.

Penthouse: How?

Shelton: By starting up all types of rumor campaigns. It even put out a cartoon booklet against me and my family, trying to discredit me. It tried to make the membership believe I was an alcoholic. It tried to say I

CONTINUED ON PAGE 206

All the lingerie on these pages can be ordered from VIVA LINGERIE, Dept. F78, P.O. Box 6500, Englewood, N.J. 07632. Further instructions are on page 155.



This page, top left: She wears a black satin underwire bra of handmade pearl, beaded and sequin appliqué on white lace. Or wear it as a tantalizing evening top (FAN10, 32-34-36, $35.00). *Bottom left:* Turn over a new fig leaf on sheer, luscious, seafoam nylon with handmade leaf (FAN8, one size, $11.00). *Right:* This G-string is trimmed in lace and rhinestones and comes in apricot with brown lace (FAN5) or in cerise with taupe lace (FAN9, one size, $7.00). *Opposite page:* Our fanning lass wears her slate Antron III pink-and-gray Swiss-embroidered net bra, frosted with white lace (VS11, 32-34-36, $10.00) and matching hipster bikini (VS-12, P-S-M, $12.00). Her companion wears a driftwood-and-blue Swiss-embroidered bra (VS13, 32-34-36, $10.00) and matching Enkalure hipster bikini (VS14, P-S-M, $10.00).

SNEAKY XMAS GIFT CATALOGUE

Or:

How to give the barest minimum and get big, sneaky, lip-smacking value in return

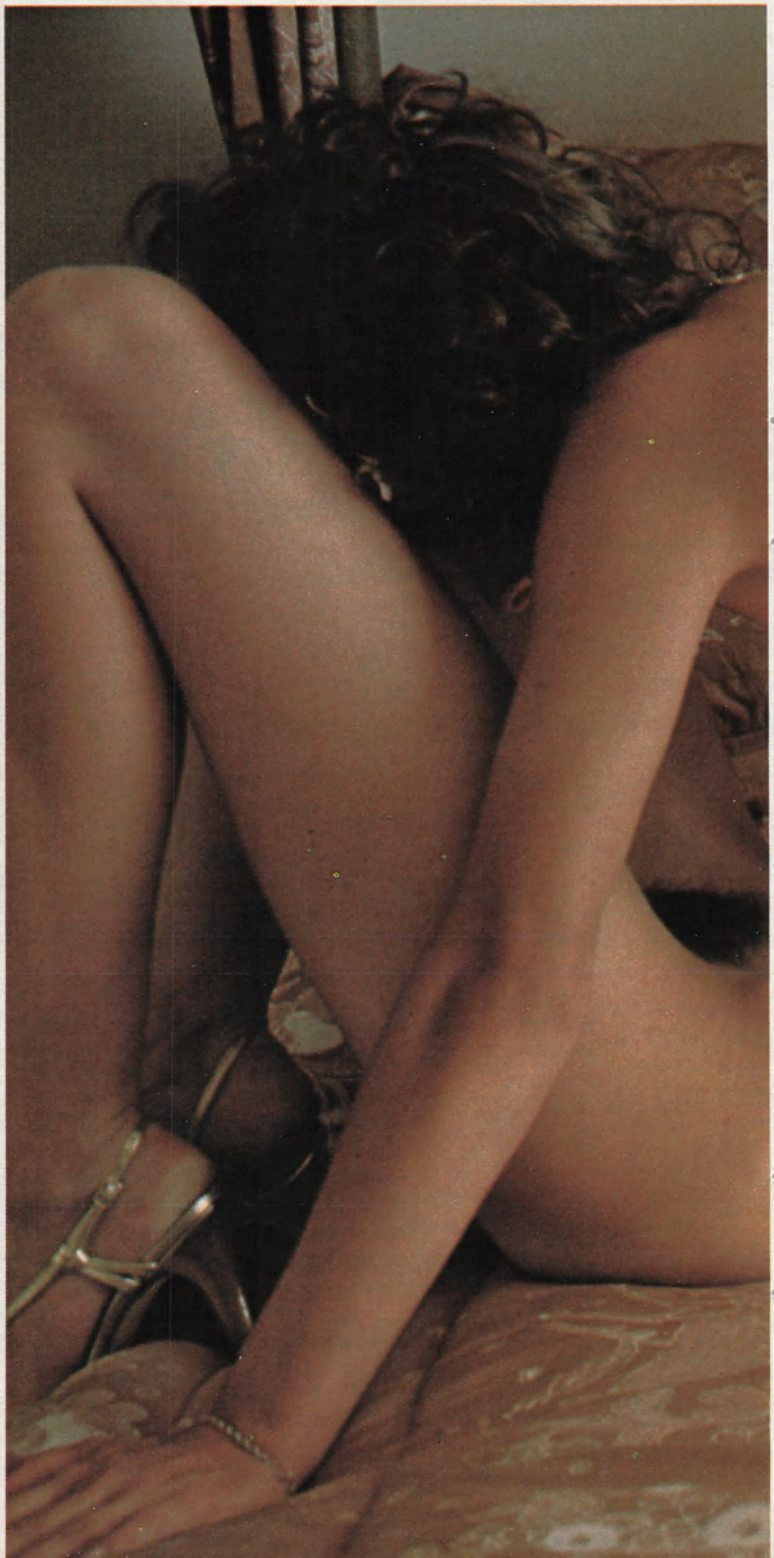
They were once considered unmentionables—frilly bits of lace and satin that guarded a lady's honor and preserved her modesty. But modern lingerie has achieved a higher purpose: to flatter and enhance, tantalize and tease. The perfect little underthings pictured here are just flimsy excuses for showing off God's best handiwork while at the same time trying to conceal its mysteries. They also provide their comely owners with a little support, and just enough silky hindrance to keep a man up for the challenge and inflame his filthy imagination. Apparently, the tempting twosome pictured here like to frolick a little while dressing up—thus affording us a glimpse of how such good friends express their mutual affection. Like us, you might want to thank heaven for little girls—and little girls' little underthings, too. Without them, what would dirty little boys do?

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MALINOWSKI

Left, below: The tempting trio. A sheer, lined black-nylon G-string, trimmed with beaded and rhinestone star and edged in lace (FAN1, one size, $11.00). *Center:* Lined aster tricot G-string with white embroidered appliqué (FAN2, one size, $5.00). *Right:* A red-ribbon floral design on red lace, lined in nylon and edged in val lace (FAN3, one size, $14.00). *Right page:* Taking the plunge! Our lady (also pictured upper left) wears a Swiss-embroidered bra of wreath-and-flowers on sheer black net (VSO9, 32-34-36, $10.00) and matching bikini in black, twenty-denier crepe (VS10, P-S-M, $7.50). Her friend wears a black nylon-net underwire bra for support in such trying times. In black camelia lace (VG05, 32-34-36, $14.00) ; her matching bikini (VG06, S-M-L, $6.50).

Below: Our fan lady, in her opening-page outfit, moves on to blonder pastures. The fair-haired temptress in question beckons in a black-ribbon baby-doll with a clipped, black-lace, very baring bodice and matching black bikini (LG63, S-M-L, $32.00). *Opposite, above:* Blonde and brunette, finding that opposites attract, are tasting forbidden fruit and looking like it, too. For a closer look at their silky chemises, see *bottom right*. Our blonde is all sultry innocence in a mauve Antron II chemise with matching bikini. It can also be worn as a naughty-but-nice baby-doll nightie, for nights when sleep is not the object (VS06, 32-34-36, $20.00). *Opposite, left:* A black-haired beauty exhibits fringe benefits in a sable polyester ribbon baby-doll, with embroidered net bodice to cradle baby-soft breasts; with matching bikini (LG60, S-M-L, $32.00).

Top left: There's more than one way to paint the town red, as our bosom buddies have discovered. They're spending a quiet evening at home, wearing silky nothings over silky skin. Our brunette breaks the ice in a red satin Antron II Harlow-look nightgown for a starry, starry night (VS02, P-S-M-L, $27.50). Her sublimely suggestive guest makes herself at home in her red satin Antron II embroidered net bra (VS03, 32-34-36, $10.00) and rustles when she walks in a supershiny red Antron II petticoat—with red sheer net for the look of eyelet embroidery—imported from Switzerland (VS01, P-S-M, $18.00). The sampling of succulent nipples and tender lips is a lovely way to spend an evening, but all good things must end. Kissing her hostess good-bye, the houseguest slips right back into her nipple-baring bra, and—not seen by us, of course—her matching red satin bikini, with a front insert of embroidered net to match (VS04, P-S-M, $7.50).



The South will rise again—especially when exposed to undisputed old-fashioned turn-ons like this southern-belle waist cincher, in black lace with red satin beading, that ties and hooks in the back (LG26, S-M-L, $21.00). It takes some effort to remove, but the ardent lip service paid when the cincher's off makes the effort worthwhile, it seems. The Old South feeling is evoked again, *bottom left,* in a sweetly seductive camisole of 100 percent polyester from Japan in a Jacquard pattern (VS16, 32-34-36, $20.00); matching tap pants (VS17, P-S-M, $18.00). Her tawny companion, in matching teddy (VS15, 32-34-36, $29.00). The camisole and teddy can be worn as an evening or suit blouse and then at bedtime. It may be that clothes make the woman. But even without them, these two ladies are doubtlessly made for each other.

They're keeping each other at arm's length—at least for the moment. Our blonde wears a cerise satin underwire bra with three-quarter cups of handmade pearl, beaded and sequin appliqué on white lace (FAN7, 32-34-36, $35.00). Her matching G-string delivers more than it promises (FAN6, one size, $15.00). Our seated lady sends signals in an ivory net underwire bra with black camellia lace (VG02, 32-34-36, $14.00); her matching string bikini is edged in black val lace (VG01, S-M-L, $6.50).

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BITTER HARVEST

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 126

price was too low, and Bill Rowe and his father decided to store their grain and wait for the price to rise. When Bill and his wife attended the Taylorville meeting, they had been waiting four months and the price had yet to respond. At that time, Bill had $136,000 in outstanding obligations on his crops above and beyond his land payments, and his stored grain was worth barely $90,000. Despite the losses staring him in the face, he wasn't worried about going out of business in 1978 or even 1979, but he did worry about what would happen if losses piled up.

Tom Kersey of Unadilla, Ga., gave a speech that hit Bill Rowe's vague worry right on the head. The next day Rowe threw in with the strike and began organizing a meeting for January 6 in nearby Sullivan, where his father lived.

Although Bill Rowe had never enrolled in USDA programs because of the mountains of paperwork involved, he understood that the government's policies were the major ingredient in the failing economics of agriculture and he had no doubts about the lameness of the 1977 farm bill. Under this act subsidy levels were set after a number of mathematical calculations. One of them was the USDA's estimate of farmer costs. Rowe knew from his own experience that these figures were so low as to be bogus.

The strike meeting that Bill organized in Sullivan attracted 130 farmers. Most were from the areas around Lovington, Bethany, and Dalton City; Bill's father was practically the only one from Sullivan itself. Sullivan was known as "Charles Schuman country," and farmers there were suspicious of talk about strikes. Charles Schuman, a Sullivan native, was a former national president of the American Farm Bureau, and the farm bureau leadership had from the beginning attacked the AAM and its parity demands.

Unlike the AAM, the farm bureau had an orderly organizational chart shaped roughly like a pyramid. The farm bureau's present membership size is largely a function of its Farm Services Division, which, among other things, sells cheap insurance. Out of the entire Illinois membership of 275,000, for example, only 145,000 were directly involved in agricultural production.

One of the strikers' favorite possessions was a wallet-sized card describing their attitude regarding the farm bureau. The short tract was entitled "I Have a Problem."

"I have two brothers," it read. "One is a farm bureau member. The other brother died in the electric chair for murder. My mother died from insanity when I was three. My two sisters and my father sell dope. Recently I met a girl who was just released from a reformatory. She served time for smothering her illegitimate child to death.

"My problem is," it concluded, "if I marry the girl, shall I tell her about the brother who is a member of the farm bureau?"

Strikers liked to pull the card out of their pockets and show it to anyone who cared to read it. The implications were obvious, and the farm bureau responded in kind. The bureau's national officers dismissed the strike as one comprising only a few young farmers who had made unsound investments and had managed their money badly. Bill Rowe resented the charge. He and his father farmed with the best in their neighborhood and still lost money. The market, Rowe was convinced, was the problem. He opened Moultrie County's strike office in the den of his house.

As with the rest of the nation, the Illinois strikers' attention shortly shifted to the District of Columbia. Farmers all across the country were preparing for their first pilgrimage there. Bill Rowe figured that things hadn't gone well enough in Moultrie County for him to leave yet; so he followed the demonstrations on the evening news.

All the commentators agreed that Washington had never seen such demonstrations before.

> The only sure long-term consequence of the farm strike is that the farmers will do everything in their power to defeat Carter in 1980.

The first people in the nation's capital to encounter the farm strike were those who work there but live in nearby Virginia. During the rush hour on Wednesday morning, January 18, commuters on Route I-66 had slowed to a crawl behind eight giant green and yellow John Deere tractors from Georgia and Virginia. Each tractor was twice as wide and three times as tall as a car, and they were all proceeding along the interstate at ten mph. After traveling twelve miles, Virginia Police intercepted the convoy.

State Trooper W. F. Eanes tried to flag down the tractor driven by Phillip D. Olinger from Bealton, Va., but Olinger drove right by, knocking Eanes down in the process. Eanes got back in his car and resumed the chase until Olinger's tractor sideswiped and eventually disabled his car. Trooper R. J. Shaw tried the same tactics with the giant machine driven by James Loveless of Remington, Va. Shaw's patrol car was eventually pushed into a ditch. The state troopers had by now been reinforced by units from the Fairfax County Police. When the tractors reached the weigh station just past the Centreville turnoff, Officer James Phillips blew the back tires of Loveless's John Deere out with a twelve-gauge shotgun and the farmers finally pulled over and submitted to arrest. Traffic had been delayed for an hour and thirty-five minutes. Later that day in Fairfax County Court, Loveless explained that he and the others were "not trying to break any laws."

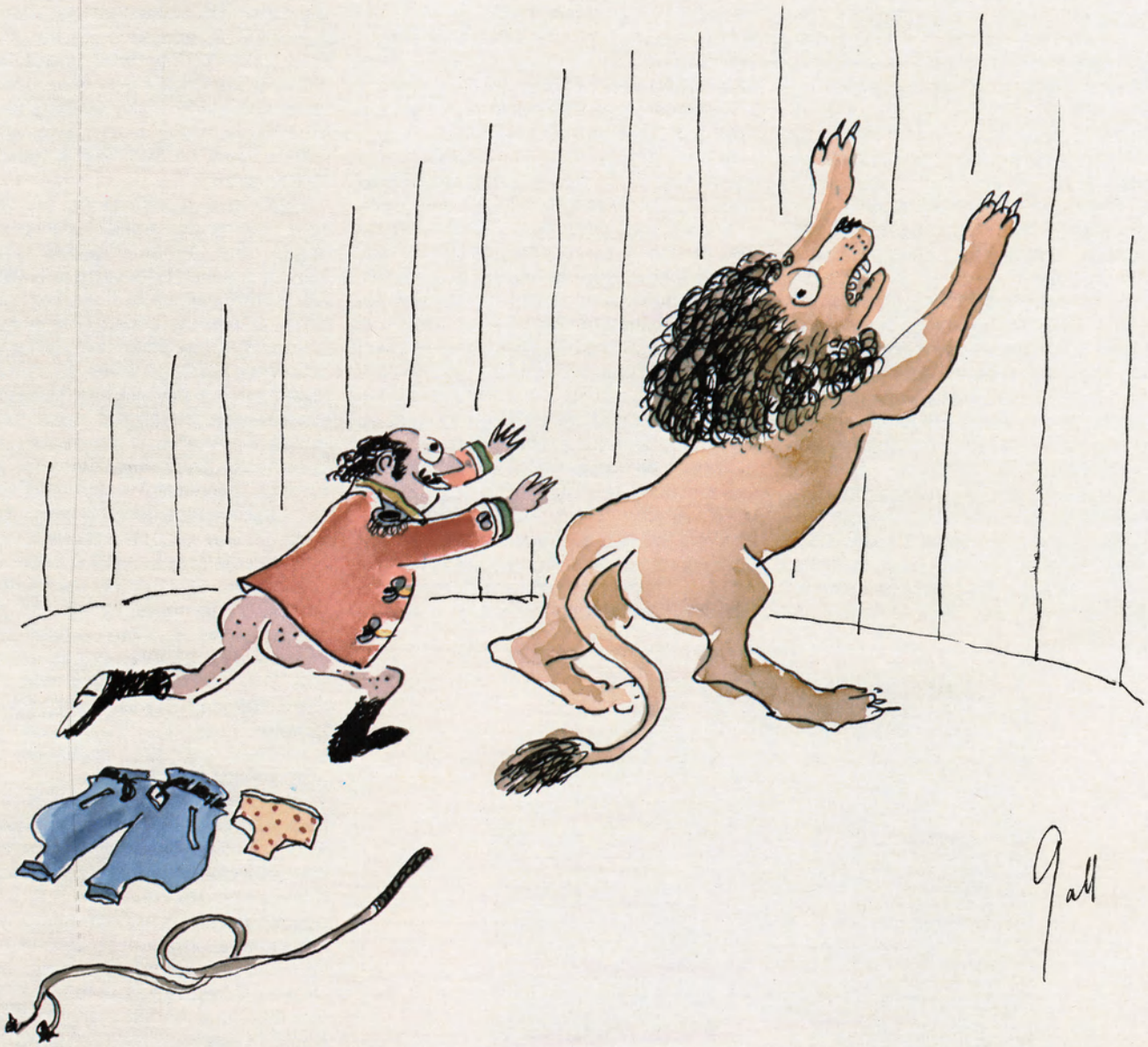
The rest of the estimated 10,000 farmers who had come to Washington heard of the battle on Route I-66 when they gathered across from the White House at 8:00 A.M. Some of the strikers shouted that they ought to go "get our people out of jail," but nothing much developed out of those comments. They were, however, a good indication of the mood of the crowd. The farmers were angry about having to be where they were. Most of them considered Washington a chairborne town full of pencil pushers and windbags, and they had little idea of the actual workings of the process from which they needed help. What they knew was that if wheat farmers' prices had gone up at the same rate as congressional salaries over the last sixty years, wheat would be selling at $6.90 a bushel instead of at $2.35. And they resented the equity.

The AAM had little detailed strategy for their legislative assault on Carter's farm policies and hit the halls of Congress with the precision and finesse of mud being slung at the door of a barn. Once again, the strikers were counting on their visibility to pull them through.

On Wednesday the farmers marched down two lanes of Pennsylvania Avenue from the White House to Capitol Hill, wearing red, blue, green, and gold baseball hats with "We Support Agricultural Strike" patches sewn on. Many farmers wore matching windbreakers. Traffic snarled all along their path, and at several points there were brief incidents of farmers shoving the police who were trying to keep them from spreading across the entire avenue. All along the route of march, enthusiastic strikers stuck "We Support Agricultural Strike" bumper stickers on light poles and parked cars. After arriving at the Hill, they visited congressional offices in flocks ranging from five to fifty, kept their hats on, and told whoever would listen that they were going broke and that they didn't intend to stand back and let it happen.

The next morning the strikers returned through the cold rain to the Hill by way of Pennsylvania Avenue and continued articulating their case. Up there the USDA was quick to respond to their assault. Citing Agricultural Department cost studies, a staff member of the Senate Agricultural Committee told the *Washington Post* on January 19 that 100 percent parity might cost as much as $40 billion. "What they [the farmers] don't understand," the staffer complained, "is the politics of the situation. One hundred percent parity is not in the cards. The cost would be staggering, and no one knows how to go about doing it."

The farmers disputed the figures. They didn't want any government money; they just wanted a law which said that no ag-



ricultural commodity could be sold at less than parity, just as the government had already said that no one could hire labor at less than $2.65 an hour. At parity prices, the cost of wheat in a one-pound loaf of bread would only rise from three to five cents, which was still less than the expense of the plastic wrapper. The potatoes used in a twenty-cent bag of potato chips cost the manufacturer one-seventh of one cent; parity potato prices added another one-fourth of one cent. Why, the farmers argued, were they supposed to go out of business producing cheap food while everyone else in the food chain filled his pockets? It wasn't fair.

The politicians to whom they addressed themselves either weren't in or adopted a sympathetic but noncommittal position. At the last minute, both the House and Senate agricultural committees scheduled hearings for the next day.

While the majority of strikers continued to lobby on Thursday morning, a group of 1,500 went down Independence Avenue toward the offices of the Department of Agriculture. Once there, they jammed the USDA's huge lobby and refused to leave. A smaller group of 200 went upstairs and occupied Bob Bergland's office. They demanded a meeting with the secretary of agriculture, but his staff said that he was out of town. When the farmers finally left, it was with what the *Washington Post* described as a flurry of "barnyard epithets" directed at Deputy Secretary of Agriculture John C. White. If Bergland didn't meet with them the next day, departing Alvin Jenkins of Campo, Colo., warned, "America might learn that farmers are not the God-fearing people they've always been."

On Friday, January 20, the AAM began the last day of its initial siege of Washington by walking up Pennsylvania Avenue, again behind a phalanx of farm equipment. While the farmers walked, Agriculture Secretary Bergland was addressing a hastily convened meeting of thirty-nine AAM representatives. He told them that the Carter administration would do everything it could to improve farm prices but that it would not raise subsidies or price supports.

Being political neophytes, more than a few of the strikers had expected to swamp their opposition in a forty-eight-hour rush, and by Friday they were disoriented by their considerable shortfall. While the AAM was in Washington, its only means of internal communication had been the CB radio system on the farmers' tractors and the demonstration had eventually broken down into a series of independent guerrilla farm bands, which ran back and forth at various levels of desperation between the places they thought made a difference.

At noon on Friday, 200 such farmers descended on the USDA once again. They were carrying "Parity Not Charity" signs and refused to leave until the secretary of agriculture met with representatives of the AAM. The farmers were informed that Bergland had already done so three hours earlier. They milled around the lobby for a while, figuring out what to do next, and eventually they drifted back to the Hill, where the respective agricultural committees were holding their hearings.

Bergland testified before the Senate and said what the senators had all heard before. The House's hearings, like the Senate's, were packed with farmers. When Alvin Jenkins testified before the congressmen, his fellow farmers broke out in their biggest applause of the day. After blasting the 1977 farm bill, Jenkins warned that farmers back home who ignored the strike and tried to take advantage of their fellow farmers' sacrifice in order to make a killing "might be shot out of the cabs of their tractors."

That threat proved to be the last note struck by the farm strike in Washington that month. The farmers headed home that weekend but left behind them Washington, D.C.'s first AAM office. If nothing else, after three days in the capital, the strikers had learned that they would have to come back.

Several weeks after the strikers had returned to the countryside, President Carter scheduled a meeting in Washington with representatives of all the nation's farm organizations. Three AAM members were included. The president repeated his statement that no new farm bill would pass his desk. "Those who can survive," he reportedly told the group, "will be better off."

Those words sounded particularly hard and cruel coming from the mouth of someone who was a farmer himself and had promised to "support prices equal to at least the cost of production" when he had come to the farmers as a candidate, asking for votes. The strikers' resentment of Carter smoldered while they continued to organize in the farm belt.

The president's point man in the countryside continued to be Bob Bergland. After the Washington demonstrations, his reception in the hinterlands became steadily less polite. On February 22 the secretary of agriculture was in Amarillo, Tex., delivering a speech in which he praised the 1977 farm bill and asked farmers to give it a chance. When Bergland left for the airport to catch a scheduled flight to Wichita, Kans., he was greeted outside by a crowd of strikers, who let loose with a barrage of snowballs and raw eggs. Bergland was rushed by police to a waiting squad car. Tom Sand, the secretary of agriculture's press aide, later told reporters that his boss had remained unruffled throughout the incident. "He wasn't too upset," Sand said. "Matter of fact, we were laughing all the way to Wichita."

The strikers weren't laughing at all. February was a hard month, with lots of waiting and little action. The strike's organizers began to worry about losing support, because they hadn't yet been able to deliver on their demands. Although the total number of strike offices had risen to 1,100, several of them had recently closed down. In late February a group of the movement's most active organizers met in Calera, Okla.,

to discuss the situation. They were all convinced that something dramatic was needed to keep up the momentum. The group decided that agricultural imports was the question to focus on. One farmer wanted to form a modern Boston tea party by boarding a beef ship in the Gulf and throwing meat over the side. That suggestion was dismissed in favor of having a demonstration in Texas. The Lone Star State was strong strike country, and Mexican imports was a burning question there.

The Mexican farms had a double advantage. The first was labor costing three dollars a day, instead of three dollars an hour. The second was Mexico's public-health standards. Pesticides, which are strictly controlled and in many cases banned for use inside the United States, are used in Mexico at will. At the same time, American growers, denied the stronger pesticides, must dust their crops five times as often as Mexican growers in order to maintain pest-killing efficiency, which increases production costs even more.

The spot the strikers picked to make their stand was the town of McAllen, Tex., which is connected by bridge to the Mexican state of Tamaulipas. March 1 was set by the AAM as the date when they would descend on McAllen and close the border. By the time the bulk of the farmers had shown up on Monday, February 28, several AAM representatives had negotiated a deal with McAllen's mayor. He had agreed to allow the farmers to stop trucks without police interference for five minutes, beginning at 11:00 A.M. the next day. The mayor assured them that there would be plenty of vegetable trucks for them to stop while a gaggle of reporters looked on. But when, at 11:00 A.M. on March 1, 200 striking farmers from ten states assembled on the McAllen Bridge, the only truck that appeared was loaded with bricks. The farmers told the mayor that they would come back later when there were more trucks.

When the farmers returned, the whole scene had changed. By 1:00 P.M. the American side of the bridge was lined with police and sheriff's deputies. More than 1,000 people gathered on both sides of the border to watch as 200 farmers walked onto the span. The first truck that approached was loaded with watermelons. The strikers stopped it and talked to the Mexican driver. He became frightened, abandoned his truck, and ran back to the Mexican side of the border with his keys.

The rest of the demonstration consisted of 200 farmers watching the police try to move the abandoned vehicle. The only wrecker that was available for unclogging the bridge weighed barely a ton and a half. It couldn't budge the farm truck and reared up on its back wheels amidst small clouds of burning rubber. The farmers laughed and shouted insults. The cops became angrier and angrier. Finally, the police gave the order to clear the bridge. The farmers protested that they had a deal with the mayor, but that didn't carry much weight. After a brief bullhorn warning, the police

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fired tear-gas canisters into the crowd and advanced with billies drawn.

A sixty-two-year-old man from Kansas was knocked down by a policeman, who ground his face into the asphalt with his foot. A forty-seven-year-old grandmother from Oklahoma was soundly beaten on the face and shoulders by a huge McAllen police officer in the skirmish line until the other cops restrained him. The farmers were quickly herded into a group and taken on buses to the Hidalgo County jail. Before the afternoon was over, the total population of the facility had been doubled.

Hidalgo County officials wanted each of the farmers to post a $500 bond before release, and most refused. While they waited in jail, word of the "McAllen Massacre" soon spread throughout the strike. Within two days a crowd of several thousand farmers—complete with tractors—was camped outside the county detention center. On Friday, March 3, the crowd drove a huge four-wheel-drive John Deere tractor up the steps of the jail and aimed the vehicle at the front door. They said that they would break the door in unless the 180 farmers inside were released. Later that afternoon, after agreeing to pay twenty-eight dollars in traffic citations, the arrested farmers were freed. This time the mayor agreed to let them close down the bridge again if they would only leave town soon afterward.

On Saturday, March 4, the AAM successfully closed the McAllen Bridge for an hour without any incident. The second truck that they stopped was loaded with bagged onions, fresh from Mexico. The bags were labeled "Produced and Packaged in Hereford, Tex." Despite the absence of USDA inspection stations south of the border, all of the bags were reportedly already stamped with USDA inspection seals saying that the onions were fit for American consumption.

Word of the farmers' stand at McAllen spread rapidly. AAM partisans called the demonstration "another Alamo," and news of it seemed to stiffen the strikers' resolve. By March 15, some 30,000 farmers were in Washington.

This time the AAM had come to Washington with a strategy. Two major emergency agriculture bills were circulating in the Senate Agricultural Committee. The first, authored by committee Chairman Herman Talmadge (Dem.-Ga.), would authorize payments to farmers for voluntarily holding land out of production. The other, sponsored by Robert Dole (Rep.-Kans.), set up a sliding scale of production reduction and parity guarantees. Neither bill was what the farm strikers really had in mind, but most of them had decided to back Dole's measure as a stopgap until a good parity bill could be written.

Washington, for its part, had been speculating for weeks about what the farmers were going to do to the city this time. Office-building windows along Pennsylvania Avenue were crowded with spectators as the sea of strike hats and waving signs flowed toward Congress. Two Missouri strikers had stopped at the Pauper's Bluff Auction Barn on their way north and had bought eighty-two goats, which they turned loose along the avenue. Some of the animals walked along with the crowd, and others bolted down side streets. The Capitol police tried to chase down the scattering animals on their Honda motorbikes. When the procession reached the Capitol steps for a rally, the remaining goats were joined by more than 100 chickens, several of which ended up wandering into congressional offices before the day was over. The farmers were obviously back in town.

Bill Rowe and most of the Illinois delegation went straight to a House hearing room for a meeting with several Illinois congressmen. The farmers filled all the seats and lined up against the back wall. The major speaker was Sen. Charles Percy (Rep.-Ill.), who arrived after an hour of congressional talking and made his way through the people who jammed the aisles. The farmers were especially conscious of giving Percy a polite reception. Two days before, a Vermillion County, Ill., farmer who had arrived in town early had stomped up to the senator's office and had thrown a raw egg in. The Illinois delegation wanted to make it clear that the farmers did respect the dignity of the Senate, whatever they thought of Percy personally.

The senator gracefully accepted their apologies and said that he was grateful that the egg had been fresh. A few farmers laughed. Percy was "concerned about the way agriculture is going" and went on to praise the American farmer profusely. He praised the strikers for their "great public-relations job," even though he didn't agree with them in every respect. After a few more words about the need to export, Percy closed his speech with an appeal that the nation return "to the days of Earl Butz, who had faith in the American farmer." The senator was late for another meeting and left without answering any questions.

One farmer sitting near Bill Rowe spoke up as Percy scuttled out the door. "Grease job," he drawled.

Similar scenes were enacted all over the Hill on Wednesday. Washington, D.C., is a slippery place, and, like anyone unfamiliar with the vagaries of government, the farmers had trouble getting a footing. By 6:00 P.M. the Illinois delegation had the feeling that it had learned much but accomplished relatively little. Back at their motel in Virginia, the farmers watched as the evening news spent two minutes describing their demonstration and four minutes telling the story of a dozen goats that had ended up at the district dog pound, where they were initially locked up with the dogs and fed kibble. The remainder of the eighty-two goats had apparently been absorbed into urban life.

As in the January demonstrations, the focus of Thursday's actions shifted to the USDA. While some farmers lobbied on the Hill, 2,000 others showed up in a very angry mood at the USDA on March 16. The department, well aware that it was a target,

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had adopted a policy of refusing entrance to anyone who didn't have an appointment. Several small groups of farmers had been turned away on Wednesday. Thursday's crowd planned to rectify that condition. After the crowd had stood in the rain for a few minutes on the steps of the building, pushing closer and closer to the entrance, someone broke the glass door and the leaders of the crowd scampered into the lobby. Once they were inside, most of them had no idea what to do, and the police seemed to have things well in hand until a farmer lost control and punched a cop.

The farmer was wrestled to the ground, and shoving matches broke out between the vanguard of the crowd and the security force. Farmers farther back started to surge forward to get in on the action, and for a moment it looked as if 2,000 farmers would sweep in the doorway and crush the assorted two dozen policemen. At this point, several of the most active strike organizers jumped to the front to restrain the crowd. Acting as intermediaries with the authorities, the organizers struck a bargain with Bergland's staff. They promised to get the crowd back outside if a group of representatives stayed inside.

As a result, thirty-seven farmers from seventeen states went upstairs and occupied conference room 5066. Bergland himself had been whisked out of the building to an undisclosed location. Early in the afternoon, word was sent to room 5066 that Bergland was unavailable. The farmers responded that they had promised the crowd that they would stay until they met with him, and they were serious about doing just that. Twenty-two farmers stayed in room 5066 until 9:00 A.M. Friday morning. When they finally left, their names had been added to the list of the AAM delegates that Bergland would meet with that day.

The Friday meetings were all very polite, and everyone sat down in private and said all the same things that the two sides had been saying to each other in public for six months. It was a sterile exercise, and the March demonstrations closed with scattered lobbying and newspaper interviews. Planting time was near, and the farmers had little to take home to show for their efforts and little more time to spend.

Bill Rowe and his father were back in Illinois by Saturday afternoon. On Sunday, Bill watched Bob Bergland's appearance on "Meet the Press." "Those who are most actively engaged in this current discussion," the secretary of agriculture said in response to a question about the strike, "are . . . young people . . . in trouble because they overextended themselves. . . . They don't represent all of agriculture."

Rowe wanted to throw his shoe through the television screen.

Carter and Bergland finally carried the field of legislative battle three weeks after the 20,000 strikers left town. On Monday, April 10, the Senate passed an emergency agricultural bill that combined various portions of the Dole and Talmadge offerings by a vote of forty-nine to forty-one. The bill reached the House floor on Wednesday, April 12. Two thousand farmers who had returned to the capital for the occasion were crowded into the congressional gallery. Some of the bill's Republican sponsors had complained beforehand of Carter and Bergland's "heavy-handed pressure" and "scare tactics" in mustering opposition. Whatever the reasons, it was obvious that the farmers didn't have anything close to the number of votes they needed. The strike, majority leader Jim Wright of Texas observed, was "a cruel charade." The final tally was 154 for and 268 against. The defeat of the emergency bill was hailed as a "major legislative victory" for the president.

Jimmy Carter appeared before the White House press corps shortly after the vote and was clearly pleased. "This is good for our farm policy," he said, grinning. "It is good for holding down inflation, and it is a very encouraging sign of cooperation between the Congress and the White House in dealing with the nation's very important problems."

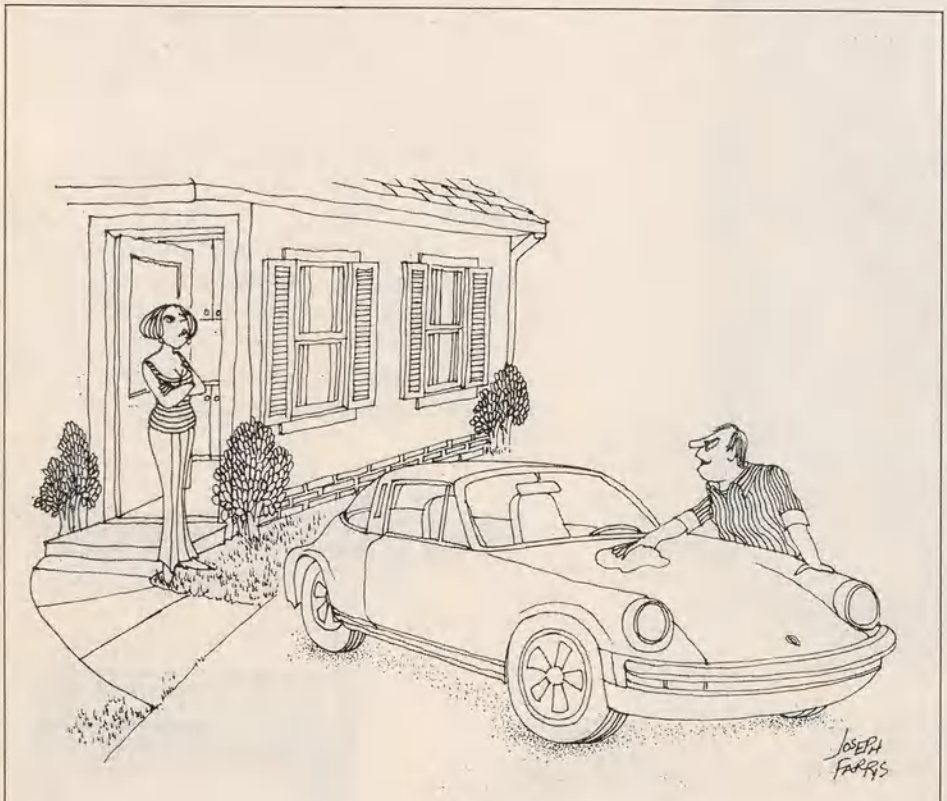
Meanwhile, the farmers leaving the House gallery spontaneously began to march down Pennsylvania Avenue toward the White House. Several farmers were openly in tears. When the crowd reached the White House, several farmers pressed against the iron fence and shouted in order to attract the president's attention. The Texan manning the bullhorn blared that Carter should "never call himself a farmer again."

The defeat not only denied the strikers legislation for immediate relief, but also was a message that they should put up or shut up, one issued with confidence that the strike would not dent actual farm production. If the government is right, the strike will disappear as another flash in the political pan. On the other hand, if significant numbers of producers withhold 50 percent of their produce, as they pledged they would, the Board of Trade will begin to feel the pinch in October and the November election may prove to be rough on farm-state Democrats.

In the meantime, farmers will continue to go out of business at the rate of more than 1,000 a month, whether they are on strike or not. The only certain long-term consequence of this winter's battles is that most of those who still own strike hats will do everything in their power to defeat Jimmy Carter when he runs again in 1980.

Carter will not run as a farmer in that election. He will run as the president who makes hard decisions with the weight of the world on his neck.

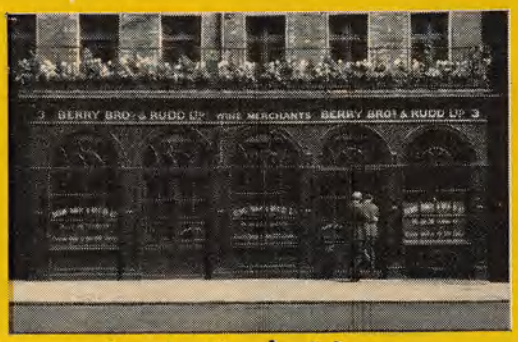
The change of image won't surprise many people in strike country. Folks down at the elevator and out in the "north forty" stopped calling Jimmy Carter a farmer a long time ago. Their hostility shows when they hunker down in small groups and the president's name comes up. Most of them just call him a son of a bitch and let it go at that.



"Sure, I'm having a love affair with my Porsche. Would you rather I have a love affair with Imogene Whipperly, or Sally Mason, or someone else?"

IT TOOK A WINE MERCHANT TO BLEND A SCOTCH THIS PLEASING TO THE PALATE.

Ever since the late 1600's, Berry Brothers & Rudd, Ltd. have affixed their personal label to some of the world's most expensive and pleasing potions. And their shop in London has attracted a parade of peers, poets and prime ministers to its door.



Lords tippled here.

Naturally, when Berry Brothers & Rudd created a Scotch Whisky, they blended it to meet the expectations of noble tastes. The result was Cutty Sark Scots Whisky. A Scotch of uncommon breeding and distinctive smoothness.

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CUTTY SARK

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COLD COMFORT

Beating winter in style,
with layered leathers, furs, and sweaters.

FASHION BY ED EMMERLING/PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER

It's true that winter is drab, but we don't have to dress the part. This season's warm-ups sport a bold new structure, an easy, layered way of piling it on in style. The significant new message for men this winter is the *sportif* approach to wearing fur: the quilted nylon jacket that reverses to raccoon, rabbit, or coyote. Amidst the spectacular wilderness and ski country of Lake Tahoe, wearing cold fighters like these is a way of life. Tahoe is one of California's fastest-growing areas, a phenomenon resulting from the excellent winter-skiing conditions at Heavenly Valley, America's largest ski area. At an elevation of 6,228 feet, Lake Tahoe is hemmed in by snowcapped peaks that tower almost a mile above the crystal waters of the lake. By night Tahoe becomes the Monte Carlo of the Sierra at stateline-Nevada, where the action and entertainment never stops in the glittering casinos. Today there are about 300 places to stay within an eight-mile stretch on the shores of this blue "Lake in the Sky." *Penthouse*'s choice for an elegant hostelry was The Waystation, close to the gaming and entertainment centers of the South Shore, only blocks from Heavenly Valley and Ski Run Road. With heated pool, sauna, private beach, and an excellent restaurant, The Waystation provides all the outstanding facilities necessary for an exciting holiday in Lake Tahoe.

(left) Inside the one-room stone Tea House built by an heiress atop Emerald Bay Isle, Lake Tahoe. His wrap sweater-jacket of wool and mohair with sheepskin lining ($175) by Paley Associates; boots by Dingo; corduroy pants ($45) by Daks. Her hand-crocheted, all-wool sweater ensemble by Joan Vass; belt by La Bagagerie; all her boots by Charles Jourdan.

(right) Horseback riding on the private beach of The Waystation hotel on the shores of South Lake Tahoe. The brown, quilted-leather jacket with satin lining ($155) is by William Barry. Suede vest ($50) and wool shawl-collared sweater ($90) by Adolfo; corduroy pants ($25) by Brittania. The white quilted, water-repellent goat-suede jacket ($180) by Nino Cerruti Sport, division of Jaymar-Ruby. White corduroy pants ($47.50) by TKG; beige corded shirt is Lobo by Pen West; wool V-neck sweater-vest ($32) by Adolfo. Both men's boots by Herman Survivors.

(left) The new outdoorsmen in rugged layerings of sweaters. The virgin-wool, bulky fisherman-knit sweater-cardigan jacket ($52.50) is by Pendleton. Brown big-stitch sweater-vest ($32) by Adolfo is layered over a wool crew-neck sweater by Jockey; corduroy pants ($45) by Daks; leather belts by La Bagagerie. The long, white-wool sweater-coat with corduroy trim ($130) by Jean-Paul Germain. Camel wool sweater-vest ($32) by Adolfo is layered over a crew-neck sweater by Jockey; khaki pants (about $20) by Brittania. Both men's boots by Herman Survivors. Her leather stiletto pants and cardigan sweater at Fiorucci, New York. All Vuarnet outdoor glasses courtesy of The Outdoorsman, So. Lake Tahoe; leg warmers by Hot Sox Co.; scarves by Hot Nitz Co.

The new 1979 Plymouth Trail Duster, the popular sports utility vehicle with four-wheel drive, gets you where you want to go . . . to faraway picturesque places like 10,000 feet atop Heavenly Valley Ski Resort, overlooking Lake Tahoe. His quilted silk and acetate hooded jacket, with multi-zippered pockets, reverses to Finnish raccoon for extra warmth (about $4,000), by Bill Liakos for Brothers II. Glove-leather pants ($210) by Beged-Or; quilted Orlon belted overvest ($60) by David Leong; insulated hiking boots by Dingo, raccoon hunter's hat with leather top ($125) by Leonore Marshall. Her American coyote overvest (about $1,200) by Brothers II is worn with suede-look outfit and nylon blouse by Kenneth Warren; silver raccoon hat by Leonore Marshall.

For information on where to buy merchandise featured here, see Fashion Finder on page 174.

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'I know why I smoke.'

"There's only one reason I ever smoked. Good taste.

"So when I switched to low tar, I wasn't about to give that up. If you don't smoke for taste what else is there?

"But there was all that talk about tar.

"Unfortunately, most low tar cigarettes tasted like nothing. Then I tried Vantage.

"Vantage gives me the taste I enjoy. And the low tar I've been looking for."

Vince Dougherty
Philadelphia, Pa.

Regular, Menthol, and Vantage 100's.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

FILTER 100's: 10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, FILTER, MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.

SATYRSFACTION

Can You Get Too Much of a Good Thing?

Harry is in trouble at home. His wife found out that he went to Plato's Retreat, a New York recreational club where sex is more or less the exclusive recreation. The reason his wife found out is that Harry brought back the clap.

Harry is in trouble at the office. He took his secretary to Plato's, and she was shocked. "He turned into an animal," she told Harry's boss's secretary, with one of her patent distress giggles. Now the story is all over the office, and Harry works for a conservative publishing house.

Harry is muddled in his head. When he is not around his wife or his secretary, he wears a crooked, embarrassed smile. "I didn't know I had it in me," he told his psychologist. Harry had not seen the psychologist for almost four years. He started going back because he wanted to cure the confusion about his "big night," as he and the psychologist call it. Harry is forty-two years old. He and his wife had made love about twice a week for almost fifteen years—seven to nine minutes of foreplay and then four minutes of intercourse. He had fooled around a few times with his secretary, a good-looking woman who formerly had fantasies of hooking Harry.

At Plato's, Harry achieved orgasm five times in four and one-half hours, with four different women. He doesn't know whether this makes him a superman or a monster. "I didn't know I had it in me," he keeps saying to the psychologist. But toward the end of his last session he was shaking his head piteously and crying, "What kind of man *am* I?"

Harry wants to go back to Plato's. He needs a woman to do that; unescorted men are not admitted. Besides that, Harry is telling himself that he needs time to set himself for another visit. He likes what happened a lot. But he does not know how to fit it into his life.

Dr. Marx, as I shall call the therapist, is not much help. "What do you suppose you were trying to prove?" he asks Harry, with that patient tone and quizzical smile that are among his trademarks.

When Harry is feeling cocky, he will say, "I don't know, but I sure proved it." When he is feeling down, he will shake his head and moan in whispers.

"Is it perhaps a phase in your life?" Dr. Marx asks. He suspects that Harry is not telling all his thoughts, and perhaps not even all his actions, since the big night. Dr. Marx is right about the thoughts. Harry has clammed up quite a bit. He suspects that Dr. Marx will try to whittle his experience into a square peg that will fit one of the diagnostic holes that seem to dominate Dr. Marx's forebrain. Harry is right about the suspicion. Dr. Marx has, in fact, already diagnosed Harry as "hypersexual." He is waiting for Harry to cough up confirmatory details.

In the old days, when Dr. Marx was in school, Harry's affliction would have been called satyriasis. But times have changed, and Marx's vocabulary has changed with

BY PATRICK OWENS

them. What has not changed is the doctor's value system. He remains persuaded that a lot of "casual" sex—and for Dr. Marx five orgasms in four and one-half hours is a little more than a lot—testifies to a serious psychological affliction.

Psychology, as a science, seems first to have been defined in 1693. Harry's affliction, if that's what it is, has been around much longer; it has been regarded as sinful or pathological since at least the Middle Ages. (Back then sickness and sinfulness were often different words for the same thing.) Unlike nymphomania, its counterpart in women, satyriasis was merely an individual affliction. Too much sex would kill a man and condemn him to hell forever, but it wouldn't necessarily contaminate his friends or his neighbors.

Women were more of a problem. Their insatiability was held to be the root of most evil. "All witchcraft comes from carnal lust, which is in women insatiable," the Revs. Heinrich Kramer and Jacob Sprenger wrote in *Malleus malifacarum*, which was the most important of all the medieval guidebooks for witch-hunters.

Fear of hypersexuality can be traced back to the New and Old Testaments, in which lust is often (though not invariably) equated with evil. Ironically, however, the names by which men and women afflicted with excessive sexuality have been known for centuries came from a different and more tolerant culture. In Greek mythology satyrs and nymphs were woodland creatures who followed in the train of Bacchus and devoted their lives to fun, most emphatically including sex. Satyrs were often represented as having the short horns, pointed ears, and cloven hoofs of goats. Nymphs were merely luscious. The Greeks, who were both broad-minded and sophisticated about sex, held such creatures in high esteem, while crediting them with a dangerous gift for deviltry.

Clergymen of the Middle Ages were the sole experts on everything, including sexuality, because they held a virtual monopoly on reading and writing. Celibate themselves, they took their values from their Judeo-Christian heritage and their terminology from the Greeks by way of the Romans. Satyriasis and nymphomania were the words used to define people who had a lot of sex and were therefore assumed to be unable to control their sexual appetites.

Here matters stood for centuries, right up to Alfred Kinsey. The giants of the study of sex—Richard von Krafft-Ebbing, Sigmund Freud, and even Havelock Ellis—all assumed that people who screwed a lot must have something wrong with them. It was Kinsey who started the current sexual revolution, and none of his statistical findings

"It's a routine," says one satyr. "I undress 'em and screw 'em when they get here. Then we talk."

was more important than his discovery that human sexual appetite varied immensely—almost beyond imagining. For Kinsey, a nymphomaniac or, by unavoidable inference, a satyriasist, was "someone who has more sex than you do." Kinsey is the father of the general proposition that sex is good for you, that it is even good for you in large quantities if that's the way you like it.

His first major report on sex (he had previously been a careful and respected student of the gall wasp) was *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male* (1948). Kinsey was primly self-confident in putting forth his findings on frequency of what he called outlet: ". . . No mean or median, nor any other sort of average, can be significant unless one keeps in mind the range of the individual variation and the distribution of these variants in the population as a whole. This is particularly true with regard to human sexual behavior. . . . There are a few males (among the 11,809 interviewed) who have gone for long periods of years without ejaculating; there is one male who, although apparently sound physically, had ejaculated only once in thirty years. There are others who have maintained average frequencies of ten or twenty or more per week for long periods of time; one male (a scholarly and skilled lawyer) has averaged over thirty per week for thirty years.

"Calculation will show that the difference between one ejaculation in thirty years and mean frequencies of, say, thirty ejaculations per week throughout the whole of thirty years, is a matter of 45,000 times. This is the order of the variation which may occur between two individuals who live in the same town and who are neighbors, meeting in the same place of business, and coming together in common social activities."

Most sexual researchers and technicians since Kinsey have followed his example. Masters and Johnson, Alex Comfort, and dozens of others have offered the same message: there is nothing wrong with having sex a little or a lot.

Bob Farnum, as I'll call him, might be thought of as a healthy satyr. "I can live without it, but I don't see why I should," he says of sex. "My life is pretty well organized around it." Bob is thirty-nine, dark-eyed, dimple-chinned, and slightly plump. He describes himself as "polymorphously perverse," explaining his randy nature as follows: "I'm way past those old categories. I'll go to bed with any woman or any man who turns me on. Mostly it's women, but that's probably because things are less complicated with women. Sometimes the guy from United Parcel gets horny. If he comes at 11:40, when I'm about to finish my morning's work, I know he's here for a head job, and of course I oblige."

Bob is a modestly prosperous writer who lives in the suburbs and works at home. He is married to Rebecca, an elementary-school teacher and a free spirit. The two have sex every night after the eleven-o'clock news. If one of them has gone out, he or she routinely wakes the other one up for sex on returning. In the morning they have sex again, often while the coffee is perking. On Wednesdays Bob screws Hilda, the cleaning lady, when she arrives at the house at 9:30. "I stop what I'm doing and get it on right then," he says. "Hilda is no fun after she's worked up a sweat."

Unless something promising has turned up, Bob has lunch with Gretchen, Mary, or Barbara. They are all wives of men who commute to the city. Bob cooks, usually an omelet or a chop, and the two eat and screw in the secluded rumpus room. Bob works from two to five. He cooks every other night. He and Rebecca often have sex when it is his night to cook. "Sometimes we burn the roast," he says, laughing. Bob's five-o'clock trysts on the nights he's free are his most exciting times. He sees one of a dozen women, most of them nurses, teachers, or other suburban workers. Sex usually takes place in his car, a Volvo with reclining seats. Each tryst is a search for a new place to hide during the busy suburban rush hour. Bob does not sound defensive when describing these encounters. "I've done everything, everywhere," he says. "Behind the football stadium, on the

hill behind the state hospital, in the junkyard with all those old car bodies rusting out around us, over at the beach in the middle of a snowstorm. You name it, I've been there." What's the payoff? "I guess," Bob says, "that there's always a chance we'll be caught. We never have been really, though people have walked right by the car. I guess I like a sense of adventure with my sex."

If his routine is interrupted or if he feels horny while working or waiting around, Bob masturbates. He masturbates on the expressway when he drives to the city, at the window of his study as he watches his maple and oak trees turn with the seasons, at movies—wherever there is minimal privacy. If he is riding with someone, he will masturbate her or him.

"This is a full-time hobby," Bob says of his multiple relationships. "I keep a card file of birthdays and other important occasions, and I'll remember them all with at least a phone call. I'm a good listener. I spend hours on the phone when someone in my life is having trouble."

"Sometimes they get possessive," he says when asked about the problems he encounters with the members of his entourage. "I try to be patient and philosophical. 'We have an agreement; let's live with it,' I'll tell them."

His wife, Rebecca, has an independent sex life of her own, but it is far less extensive than Bob's. "I wish I had his energy," she says. Sometimes the two have group sex or get involved in triangles. But Rebecca is selective about these things.

Bob says that he "found" himself sexually ten years ago, on a business trip, when he had too much to drink and stumbled into a steam bath in San Francisco to sober up. What he saw there sobered him, all right, but he stayed for a day and a half, telephoning to postpone a series of interviews.

"I saw sex I hadn't even imagined," he recalls. "I did things I hadn't done since I was a kid. What really impressed me was how much everyone could do and then how much I could do." Thousands—probably hundreds of thousands—of homosexuals and bisexuals have made similar discoveries in the past fifteen years or so, ever since steam baths were transformed from shabby places where sex was winked at to pleasure palaces where sex was openly encouraged. Like Harry at Plato's Retreat, Bob was astounded by his own capacities. He does not know how many times he came, but he remembers vividly the happy discovery that he was having multiple orgasms: he could reach a quivering ecstasy, relapse briefly, then quiver again, soaring to three or four peaks before he finally ejaculated. After an hour or so of rest or of fondling someone else, he could repeat the

> He could reach a quivering ecstasy, relapse briefly, then quiver again, soaring to four peaks in all.

many-peaked experience all over again.

No one really knows what the outer limits of male sexual capacity are. Medical scientists have learned an incredible amount about the human body and in the minutest detail. They have counted the chromosomes in our genes and graphed the electrical currents of our dreams. But not one of them has ever figured out what a true superstud in optimum physical condition and mental state can achieve sexually. Lack of curiosity about the subject is a considerable testimonial to the power of prudery.

Plato's Retreat and the places like it that came into existence even earlier on the West Coast represent the adaptation of the homosexual steam bath to a heterosexual clientele. Such places are, for the moment, the most prominent of many forces and arrangements that promise to require a complete revision of prevailing assumptions about sex. What Plato's has to teach is that given a permissive and enticing environment in which any number can play, a great many Americans are discovering sexual appetites and capacities that they never even suspected they had.

This discovery suggests, in turn, that the tastes and capacities we now know are the products of sexual repression, not of innate limitations on the human body or mind.

And yet, attractive as this proposition of untapped sexuality may sound and self-evident as it may seem, the experts are by no means agreed that it is happening.

"I think attitudes about sex have changed, but not behavior," says Dr. Wardell Pomeroy of San Francisco, number-two man at the Kinsey Institute when *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male* was published. And Dr. Robert Rowens, a Manhattan urologist, remarks: "I'm seeing a tremendous number of cases of impotence. The new climate has put tremendous pressures on men to perform, and lots of them have trouble hacking it."

They'd have a world of trouble proving it—except to their own satisfactions—but a huge segment of American medicine and psychology assumes that Bob, like anyone else who has a lot of sex with many different partners, is a sick man.

While Kinsey and his successors have made some headway, older assumptions, especially those of Freud, still dominate psychotherapy. When the Committee on Human Sexuality of the American Medical Association published a guidebook, *Human Sexuality*, in 1972, it put one foot in each camp, saying: "Satyriasis is an exaggerated sexual desire in a male, and he may or may not derive much pleasure from his compulsive sexual activities. In many cases, the satyr's mother was cold and narcissistic but seductive. The home environment was often unstable, with little loyalty among family members. The child comes to feel that emotional relationships are dangerous, but lacking love, he also seeks proof of his lovableness. Auerback has written that unconscious incestuous desires, memories of infantile eroticism, and hatred of women commonly appear in cases of satyriasis, but Masters believes that most satyrs simply enjoy coitus and do not harbor fears about their masculinity."

The Auerback referred to is Alfred Auerback, M.D., of San Francisco, a past vice-president of the American Psychiatric Association. His essay appeared ten years ago in *Medical Aspects of Human Sexuality*, a monthly journal that is indispensable to students of these matters. Auerback's is the last major defense of satyriasis and nymphomania as medical or psychiatric concepts. For this doctor, the two afflictions involve promiscuity: it's only if you're catting around that you're sick. He did not even consider Stakhanovite sexual performances with wives or live-in lovers.

I interviewed Dr. Auerback to find out if his thinking had changed over a decade. He sounded as though it had, to some extent. The key issue, according to this year's Auerback, is whether the sex is exploitative—whether or not it harms the people whom the superstud finds for partners. "I don't know that monogamy is crucial," he said. "But certainly there is a limit, quite a low limit, to the number of people with whom any one person can be having sex

without some form of exploitation."

The sole surviving highly vocal critic of sexual "excess" in what might be called its own right is Dr. Edwin Flatto, an osteopath who three years ago published *Warning: Sex May Be Hazardous to Your Health*. His is a book of horror stories. Dr. Flatto quotes from the Orach Chaim, a Jewish code of conduct: "Whoever overindulges in sex, old age jumps on him, his strength weakens, his eyes lose sight, he creates a bad odor from his mouth, his hair from his head falls out, but the hair under his arms and on his feet increases." The most tragic figure in the book is perhaps a forty-two-year-old attorney who has arranged to be fellated by a prostitute in his office every workday afternoon. Within three months this poor fellow dwindles "from a muscular, well-built, 200 pounds to an emaciated 150 pounds." The hooker, on the other hand, is a picture of radiant heath. "She is a vegetarian who gets all her protein from seminal fluid."

Prophets every bit as absurd as Dr. Flatto can be found preaching sexual zealotry. But Flatto does dramatize (1) the persistent conviction that a lot of sex is bad for people and (2) the bald inability of anyone making such claims to prove them.

But then there are men and women with jagged minds and twisted emotions who are very heavily into sex. Arthur Kretch, to use another pseudonym, is a twenty-eight-year-old radio announcer who has fathered three children he won't support by the two women who have divorced him. Arthur is a handsome, high-energy satyr with wide brown eyes, a seductive smile, a frame like a coat hanger, and a quick line of chatter. He keeps thirty or forty "active" phone numbers and has lunch at his apartment with a different young woman almost every day.

"It's a routine," he says. "I tell 'em to bring two sandwiches and two Cokes. I undress 'em and fuck 'em when they get here; then we talk."

I've spoken with three of Arthur's women. They tell me that "talk" is not the right word. After a swift, self-centered screw, Arthur abuses his date mercilessly with his scathing tongue. "The worst thing he ever said to me? I guess it was, 'You're nothing but a whore, and you can't even fuck right,'" Mary Jane, a young librarian, recalled. After he's eaten lunch, Arthur retreats to the bathroom and makes telephone calls for twenty minutes. Then he returns to the living room, and, more often then not, stands with his arms crossed while his date fellates him.

Arthur works afternoons and evenings. "There's a clerk at the station," he says. "No tits, no ass. A real nothing. But she gives good head. So two or three days a week she comes by at 4:30, when I have a half-hour tape I put on. We go into the john, and she licks my balls until I come."

"I can live without lots of sex," admits one hypersexual man, "but I don't see why I should."

At night Arthur prowls the discos. "I just kind of cull 'em out," he explains. "A lot of them know who I am. It's almost always something fresh I'm after. I usually get it." He is not a serious drinker and will nurse a single Rob Roy for an hour while talking to a prospective conquest. He never buys a woman a drink. "I'm too far into women's lib for that," he explains. Arthur has sex with the woman, then naps, and has sex again. Then he asks the woman to leave, usually at two in the morning. She always does leave; Arthur can become menacing if he has to.

If he hasn't scored at the disco, Arthur will call one of the women in his phone book. He is likely to call another one in the morning and ask her to come over and fix breakfast. It is not unusual for his morning date to pass his luncheon date in the hall outside his apartment or even for Arthur to tell the doorman that the newcomer will have to wait a few minutes.

"I'm very tightly scheduled," Arthur says. "All these phone calls, the answering service takes them. I won't see a woman more than once a week. I've got myself to look after. What I'm working on is a list long enough so that I won't have to see anyone more than once a month. I'm a busy man. I have no time for troubles." If a woman gets pregnant or encounters other difficulties, Arthur drops her cold.

It's obvious that there is something wrong with Arthur. He is not, as they say, "together," except in his job and as a manager of women he cannot permit himself to care about.

Yet it is not clear that too much sex is his problem or that traditional views of the oversexed have any relevance to "helping" him to rearrange his life. Arthur is never going to be monogamistic. Given his prodigious sex drive and his taste for diversity, he is most unlikely ever to settle down even with a small stable of women.

At bottom, it is neither the frequency of Arthur's orgasms nor the number of his partners that constitutes a problem: it is the way he treats the women in his life. Conventional psychology assumes that no one can have multifarious sex partners without exploiting them.

Dr. Wardell Pomeroy, however, is withering in his assessment of sexual moralism masquerading as psychology or medicine. "I don't think high rates of sexual outlet tell us anything," he said in an interview with *Penthouse*. "I don't think it's useful to draw a distinction between caring sex and recreational sex, either. Some people like one, some people like the other, and some people favor a combination of the two. I don't think it's helpful to be judgmental. Satyriasis is a judgment, in my opinion, and there is no clinical entity that it describes."

Traditionalists who believe such a clinical entity exists are uniformly unable to define it except in terms—like those in the AMA's guidebook—that are so general as to be worthless.

So where does this leave us? The following common-sense conclusions may be possible.

Very few men will reach the levels of sexual virtuosity of Arthur and Bob and Harry. Nor should most of us want to. Sexual freedom is the freedom to take sex or leave it, to find the style and frequency of sexual outlet that suits each of us, and to live comfortably in that framework. Every sexual formula that does not harm others is valid if it works for the individual.

Some hypersexuals are something less than perfectly adjusted emotionally. Unless it can be demonstrated that they are harming others, they have as much right to live their own lives as anyone else has. Defining them as sick may make them feel bad and may fill important emotional needs in the people doing the defining. But that won't "cure" hypersexuals or make them better people.

There's nothing inherently crazy about having sex a lot. Few human pursuits give more pleasure, cost less in calories, or do so much to promote (a) human togetherness and (b) a nice warm glow.

PSYCHOGRAPHIC
SELF-EXAMINATION SERIES

SEXUAL SURFEIT

ARE YOU GETTING MORE BUT ENJOYING IT LESS?

BY FRANK DONEGAN

Forty questions that tell if your lust is a bust.

PSYCHOGRAPH

The range of normal male sexual behavior is enormous. Kinsey proved that decades ago. Some men screw a lot; others screw very little. Some are content with whatever they get; others feel that they never get enough.

This quiz does not specifically measure your sex drive. Most men have high sex drives, but not all men are equally successful about the outlets they find for that drive, nor are they equally happy about what they get. The following checklist is primarily designed to identify men who not only have a higher level of sexual activity than do other men but also are *content* with that level of activity (thus some of the achievers described in the preceding article might score no higher here than men who screw very little). In other words, how sexually liberated are you? And how satisfied are you with what you're getting?

YES NO

1. ___ ___ When I'm on a date, I feel that I come across as being extremely intelligent.
2. ___ ___ I feel that I have the ability to satisfy most women sexually.
3. ___ ___ It doesn't take much to get me sexually excited.
4. ___ ___ I have many women friends.
5. ___ ___ If there was competition between me and another man for a woman, I would win.
6. ___ ___ All things considered, I'm satisfied with my sex life.
7. ___ ___ I think that I have a pretty decent body.
8. ___ ___ I never worry about whether my penis is the "right" size. I figure that it gets the job done.
9. ___ ___ In my day-to-day life I tend to be impulsive, uninhibited, and nonconformist.
10. ___ ___ I feel at ease with women. They don't make me nervous.
11. ___ ___ I kind of believe in mystical or supernatural things. I mean, I can understand that things like miracles or UFOs might really exist.
12. ___ ___ The thought of having sex with a woman of another race excites me.
13. ___ ___ I get restless if I have to stay around my house or apartment for any length of time.
14. ___ ___ I feel that I'm sexually attractive.
15. ___ ___ Sometimes it can be tough controlling my strong sex feelings.
16. ___ ___ It would be all right if the woman I married was not a virgin.
17. ___ ___ It's quite easy for me to talk with women.
18. ___ ___ I detest seeing a movie I've already seen.
19. ___ ___ Here's my partying philosophy: keeping the drinks full (and the dope handy) is the key to a good party.
20. ___ ___ It's normal to get bored with the same sexual partner after a while.
21. ___ ___ I never have any worries or thoughts about being homosexual.
22. ___ ___ I like sex jokes.
23. ___ ___ I feel perfectly at ease talking about sex.
24. ___ ___ I enjoy having new sensations and experiences even if they may be a bit frightening.
25. ___ ___ I think that my sex life is all that it should be.
26. ___ ___ I've always had as many dates as I've wanted.
27. ___ ___ When I go swimming, I sometimes like to swim far from shore.
28. ___ ___ I rarely worry about sex.
29. ___ ___ I can get sexually excited any time of the day or night.
30. ___ ___ I like to do things that are a little dangerous, such as parachute jumping, motorcycle racing, etc.
31. ___ ___ I'd say that my politics are more liberal than conservative.
32. ___ ___ It seems to me that I first had sex earlier than the other guys I went to school with.
33. ___ ___ My hands are quite large for the size of my body.
34. ___ ___ I never feel sexually deprived.
35. ___ ___ I like taking my time during sex. I like foreplay. I'm in no rush to get off.
36. ___ ___ I've had (and enjoyed) sex with more than one other partner at the same time.

37. ___ ___ I'd say that I'm basically a lighthearted, jocular type of person—an extrovert.

38. ___ ___ I'd say that other people consider me to be lighthearted, jocular, and extroverted.

39. ___ ___ I like to be touched.

40. ___ ___ I have sex on the average of once a day, at least.

WHAT IT ALL MEANS

Men with a more liberated view of life are significantly more likely to answer yes to the statements on this inventory than other men are. This doesn't mean that men with other personalities *never* give positive responses to these items; it does mean that men who consistently answer yes to these statements are likely to pursue a libertine, hedonistic life.

You may have noticed that some statements resemble others. These are internal checks for consistency. Look back over the checklist and see if similar questions drew similar responses from you. Statements 6, 25, and 34, for example, should have been answered the same way. If inconsistency shows up, you may want to ask yourself some questions. Did you respond to the items on the list honestly? Are you more nervous or unhappy with your sex life than you're willing to admit? Are you trying to fit into a mold, a life-style, that's not really meant for you?

There is no absolute "libertine scoring scale" for this checklist, but the following guidelines may be helpful.

If you answered yes to thirty or more items on the inventory, you are probably a happy philanderer. There's a good chance that you engage in a higher level of sexual activity than do most men. That's the good news. The bad news is that you may be so given over to hedonism that you're not accomplishing anything else. But if you're a dyed-in-the-wool libertine, that won't bother you anyway. One other point: if your few "no" answers showed up on statements 4, 6, 21, 25, or 34, there's a good chance that you aren't really sexually liberated but a sexual overachiever driven to perform by something other than pleasure.

If you answered yes to between fifteen and thirty items, you are likely to take a generally permissive view of life similar to that of many American males. You may feel slightly dissatisfied with your sex life, but you're probably more comfortable with it than you're willing to admit. (A more varied sex life would take work and might divert you from other things that mean a lot to you, such as your career.)

Having selected fewer than fifteen positive responses doesn't necessarily qualify you for entrance to a monastery. It may mean that you are a stark, raving puritan, but it might also simply indicate that you view sex as just one component in your varied life. You may be an introvert who's highly creative in other fields. While some men are busily impregnating half the female population of the United States, you may be conquering the art world or moving up fast in academia. And that's not bad.

Most men admire the sexually liberated male. We wouldn't mind getting a little of his action. But when it comes to dealing with women, many of us are impeded by inhibitions and sexual stereotypes left over from adolescence. It's probably impossible to change one's personality completely; but if you'd like to edge toward a more liberated existence, you can take some steps to increase your chances of scoring sexually. Here are some strategies sex therapists consistently recommend.

• If you find you get nervous around women, force yourself to talk with them whenever the chance arises. Talk to every woman who crosses your path. The more you talk to women in nonsexual situations, the more relaxed you are likely to be when the opportunities arise for proceeding further. Behaviorists have found that simple repeated social interaction with women can work wonders for the man who becomes nervous in the presence of the opposite sex.

• Try to really "like" the woman you are with. If she is made to feel like more than a sexual object, she's more likely to respond.

• Don't worry about whether or not you'll end up in bed with a woman at the end of the evening. A true libertine characteristically enjoys what's available. Sometimes he scores, sometimes he doesn't, but he doesn't get depressed about it. A pleasant evening spent dining, drinking, and talking with an intelligent woman may not be the equal of a good lay, but it's not all that bad.

• Remember that many women often end up wanting you sexually because you have charmed them nonsexually. So be charming. The old "treat 'em rough, and they'll love it" philosophy is more of a male fantasy than a female reality.

• Be persistent. Most women have been socialized to let the man take the lead in sexual matters. A woman may be ready to go to bed with you, but she will probably wait for you to make the overture.

• Finally, the best advice for liberating oneself sexually was probably given by the famed sex therapist Dr. Albert Ellis in his book, *Sex and the Liberated Man*. Ellis stresses the importance "of believing, as wholeheartedly as you can, that voluntarily entered sex relations are good, right, and proper. Let me reemphasize the importance of your really believing in the goodness of sex and of holding this belief thoroughly and unconsciously as well as in the top layer of your consciousness. If you merely pretend to yourself and your female companion that you think sex is great, you will sooner or later communicate your feelings to your companion and she will usually tend to feel guilty about what she does with you and to withdraw from you sexually."

So start believing!

"You can tread on me, Abigail."

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Pet of the Year Gifts

A girl's dream come true—$95,000 in cash and prizes.

Since Dominique Mauré has put so much excitement in our lives, we decided to add a little to hers—which is one way to describe $95,000 worth of Pet-of-the-Year Gifts.

An AUDIOVOX Car Stereo will entertain Dominique in her Grand Prize, a $28,225 EXCALIBUR sports car, custom-made to her award-winning specifications by EXCALIBUR AUTOMOBILE CORP. What to wear in a car like that? A BROTHERS II Finnish raccoon coat, of course. She'll also look sweet on the seat of a KAWASAKI KE100 motorcycle, a YAMAHA Chappy motorbike, and a ROSS Gran Tour ten-speed bicycle. With a KAWASAKI "Pet Ski"—a jet ski named for her—and an AMF Alcort Sunfish sailboat, Dominique will stay afloat in PIERRE CARDIN sunglasses and a VIVA bikini.

After Dominique has packed her VENTURA Visa Collection luggage with a CIRA wardrobe by JOHN KLOSS, lingerie by LILY OF FRANCE and the PENTHOUSE/VIVA COLLECTION, CLUB MED will treat her to a one-week vacation for two in Mooréa, Tahiti. She'll have KAWASAKI skiwear for cold nights and OFF-BROADWAY sportswear and a LOVE 'N' STUFF jeans collection for sunny days.

Her overnight bag by WALTER KATTEN ACCESSORIES will carry TRETORN shoes, a BANCROFT tennis racket, and KONICA's C35 AF camera. Watches by LONGINES WITTNAUER and UNIVERSAL-GENÈVE will tell Dominique when it's time to wear her BARRIE SPORTS LTD. evening dress, designed by SCOTT BARRIE.

At home Dominique can play MAXELL and TDK tapes with her SHARP cassette deck, an OLYMPUS tape recorder, and her H.H. SCOTT amplifier/cassette deck. An ONKYO receiver, KOSS stereo speakers, an ADC ACCUTRAC turntable, and a BIC radio antenna round out her system.

Dominique can switch from sound to sight with her JVC portable B/W television - AM/FM cassette or her PANASONIC

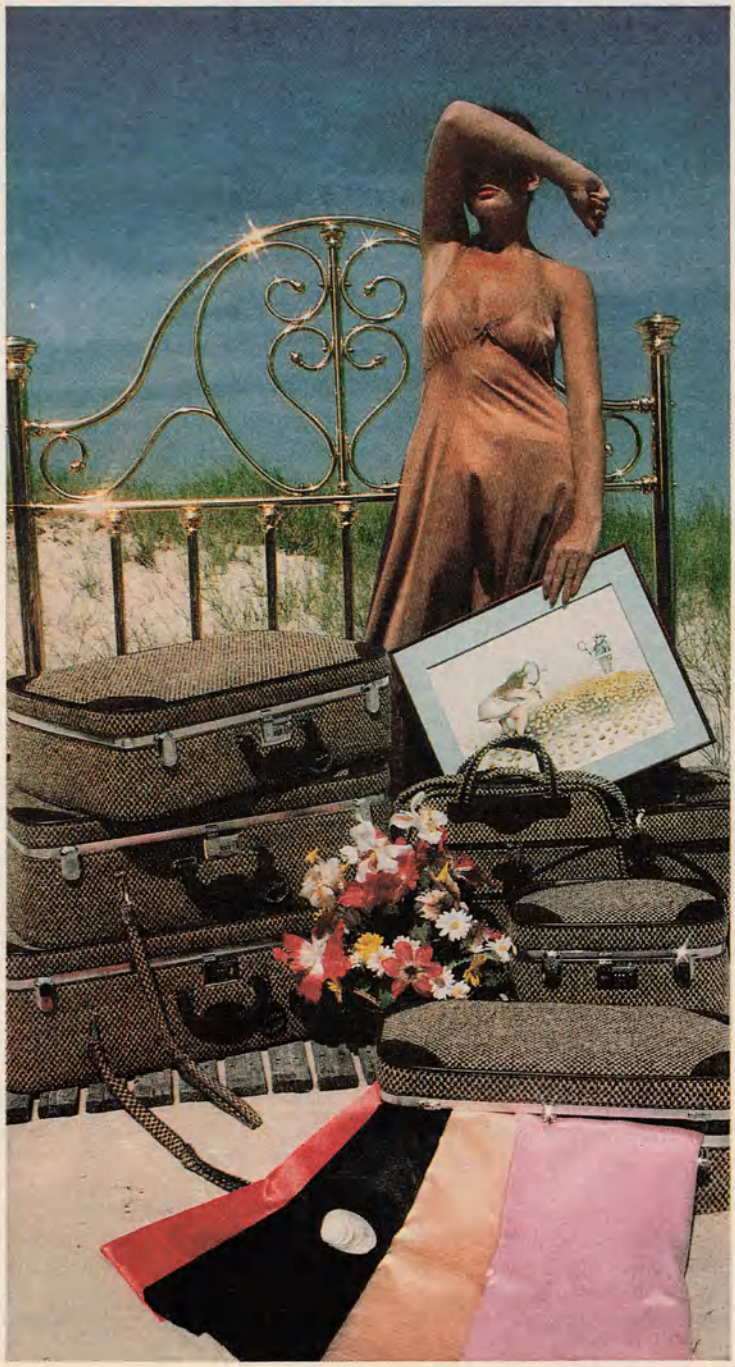
CLOCKWISE KAWASAKI KE100 motorcycle and 'Pet Ski,' a Jet Ski named especially for the Pet; VIKING SAUNA, evening gown by SCOTT BARRIE for BARRIE SPORTS LTD; AMF Alcort Sunfish sailboat and VIVA bikini; YAMAHA Chappy motorbike.

Photographs by Stan Malinowski

CLOCKWISE: ROSS Gran Tour bicycle; LOVE 'N' STUFF jeans; KOSS CM 1020 speakers; BANCROFT Scorpion racket; WALTER KATTEN ACCESSORIES overnight bag; PANASONIC Quintrix II color television with BALLY Video Arcade system (console at bottom right); TDK and MAXELL tapes; PHONE-MATE Remote 9000 answering service; JVC 3060 portable B/W television-AM/FM cassette; SHARP RT 3388 cassette deck; wine from SHERRY-LEHMANN INC.; TOURNAMENT SOCCER TABLE.

CLOCKWISE: AUDIOVOX car stereo system; BIC FM-10 Beam Box radio antenna; H.H. SCOTT A457 amplifier/cassette deck; TELGUARD debugging unit; remote control unit for ADC turntable; ONKYO TX 2500 receiver; ADC Accutrac +6 turntable; loungewear by JOHN KLOSS for CIRA.

(far left) VIVA lingerie with Theatervision giant-screen television by ALLAN MARKOFF INC., (middle left) Penthouse key designed by Mike Hayden of FEUER & WOLF INT'L. and pearls from the CULTURED PEARL ASSOCIATION; (left) CLUB MED's Tahitian vacation; (below) OFF-BROADWAY sportswear; (bottom right) CONAIR Super Lamp dryer, PIERRE CARDIN sunglasses, KAWASAKI skiwear, KONICA C35 · AF camera with LONGINES WITTNAUER Riviera watch and OLYMPUS Pearlcorder SD tape recorder with UNIVERSAL-GENÈVE Vermeil watch; (bottom left) brass bed by TOUCH OF BRASS, INC., LILY OF FRANCE lingerie, graphic by GARY PATTERSON, VENTURA luggage, flowers by J.D. FLESSAS, KENTEX satin sheets.



Quintrix II color television. Theatervision television by ALLAN MARKOFF INC. and a BALLY Video Arcade system with cassettes will also catch her eye.

After a TOURNAMENT SOCCER game, Dominique can sip SHERRY-LEHMANN INC.'s Gouriet Vin de Table Blanc wine. PHONE-MATE's Remote 9000 answering device and a TELGUARD debugging unit will take care of the telephone.

A GARY PATTERSON graphic and J.D. FLESSAS's silk flowers will complement TOUCH OF BRASS INC.'s Roma brass bed with KENTEX satin sheets. Dominique will be adorned not only with pearls from the CULTURED PEARL ASSOCIATION but also with a jeweled Pet Key with four full-cut diamonds and a Burmese ruby, designed by Mike Hayden of FEUER & WOLF INT'L. After workouts at the TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY FITNESS CENTER, Dominique can enjoy her VIKING sauna and relax in her VIKING whirlpool tub. The SANZIO Total Hair & Skin Salon and a CONAIR Super Lamp hair dryer will get the rest of her in shape. NAN MABON's cooking lessons and the CHARLES KEBBE COMMERCIAL ACTING SCHOOL are for the inner woman. And, last but not least, PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL LTD. is giving Dominique $5,000 cash to spend as she pleases. At the end of *this* rainbow, at least, glows a pot of gold.

THE HUMAN CAMERA

Picture taking is a snap with new electronic, automated camera equipment.

BY BENNETT BERGER

When 35mm cameras first became available to the general public, they required four separate operations before they could be aimed and shot: set the shutter speed, adjust the f-stop, wind the film, and focus. Today, nearly every 35mm camera on the market eliminates one or more of those operations—and a few even eliminate all four.

Automated camera equipment, once considered suitable only for the ultraamateur, box-Brownie graduate, is now not only popular but respectable as well.

And it's not surprising: of these four tasks required on the early 35's, one (winding) is just housekeeping; and though the other three (focus, f-stop, and shutter speed) all affect the creative results, a camera that can take your mind off them in cut-and-dried situations leaves you freer to concentrate on an aesthetic approach to each shot.

ENTER ELECTRONICS

Virtually all the advances in camera automation use electronics, for several reasons. Electronic parts needn't wear out, as mechanical parts someday must. They're also a lot smaller and lighter than mechanical parts that perform similar duties—a major reason why today's more complex cameras are smaller and lighter than yesterday's less helpful ones. And function for function, electronic components are cheaper than their mechanical equivalents.

This page, left to right: *Elmo 3000AF Super-8 Sound Macro ($949.95); Sankyo ES-44XL VAF ($515); Minolta XD-11 with 50mm f/1.4 lens ($700), 200X Flash ($75) and Auto Winder D ($125).* Facing page, top to bottom: *Polaroid SX-70 Sonar ($249.95); Chinon CE-3 Memotron with 55mm f/1.7 lens ($508) and Macro Power Winder ($139.50); Olympus OM-2 ($468) with 50mm f/1.8 lens ($85), Quick 310 Flash ($140), and Winder 1 ($190).*

But electronic parts no longer simply handle the old, familiar functions—they are changing those functions in quite obvious ways. Take shutter speeds. Cameras with mechanically timed shutters varied their speeds only in discrete steps—you could shoot at 1/30 second or 1/60, for example, but never at 1/45. Today's electronically timed shutters, under automatic control from electronic exposure sensors capable of ultrafine discriminations, can operate at 1/49, if that's what's required. The electronics times the long intervals more precisely and easily, too, which is one reason why some cameras can shoot automatic time exposures of up to a minute, while many older cameras have no speeds slower than one second.

ELECTRONIC FUZZ REMOVAL

But the latest and most remarkable advance in camera automation is automatic focusing. Engineers have been trying to accomplish this for many years, and now two automatic focusing systems are on the market: Polaroid's "Sonar" system; and the Honeywell "Visitronic" system, used by Konica, Elmo, Sankyo, Fujica, Minolta, and Chinon in various current or forthcoming models (and adopted by at least seven other companies whose models will be available soon).

Polaroid's Sonar is the easier system to understand. Press the shutter button, and a black box above the lens emits an inaudible, ultrasonic beep, while a circuit in the box starts counting till this pulse reflects back from the subject. If it comes back "soon," the camera focuses itself for a nearby object; if it comes back later, or not at all, the camera focuses on the far distance. On the Sonar SX-70's reflex focusing screen, you can see the fuzzily blurred image turn tack-sharp as you press the button. Sonar can even work in darkness.

Honeywell's Visitronic system works rather like an ordinary range finder: images from two mirrors are compared, with one mirror swiveled till both mirrors converge on the same spot and their images match. Link the lens's focusing mechanism to the swiveling mirror, and the lens will focus at the distance where the mirror's beams converge. Where Visitronic differs, then, is in the

Photographs by Roberto Rocco/Swimsuits by Kamali, N.Y.C.

OLYMPUS
OLYMPUS
CANON
CANON POWER WINDER

images being compared by an electronic circuit, not by the human eye. This leaves the brain behind that eye freer to concentrate on other aspects of the picture.

In the only Visitronic still camera so far, the Konica C35AF, the swiveling mirror and focusing mechanism are powered by a spring that you wind when you wind the film and shutter. Both the mirror and the focusing mechanism are electronically controlled. Other cameras incorporating the Visitronic system will be available soon. These include a Chinon pocket 35mm camera and a new version of Minolta's 110-size pocket reflex.

But if automatic focus is desirable in a still camera, it's even more desirable in a movie model. A still camera's focus need stay valid only long enough for a short click. A movie camera must stay focused for the duration of a shot—several seconds or more. That's hard when the subject is moving toward or away from the camera.

For that reason, the Visitronic movie cameras (so far announced by Chinon, Elmo, Fujica, and Sankyo) all have electronically driven autofocusers that work throughout the shot.

ELECTRONICS AND THE LAZY THUMB

Cameras that wind themselves are perhaps the next-newest popular idea in automation. Virtually every single-lens reflex camera made today now offers some form of automatic film-advance accessory. And motor drive was integral to the concept of Polaroid's and Kodak's newest instant-picture systems, in which films develop themselves after the motor extrudes them from the camera.

Motor drives that advance the film as fast as you can push the button can be a powerful advantage when you're shooting fast action—not only because you get more shots off in less time but also because you needn't take your eyes off the finder while you're winding. Most motor-driven cameras can shoot steady bursts at three to five shots per second if you hold their buttons down.

But there are uses for automatic advance that don't require the high speed and high expense of a sports photographer's motor drive. Hence the popularity of smaller, lighter, one-shot-per-button-push drives called "auto-winders." They're great for remote control. And that can include any distance and situation, from a tree-mounted wildlife camera halfway up a canyon wall to the camera you have to trigger by foot-pedal (because both your hands are in the shot). Auto-winders are also handy when the camera's on a light copy stand, where you might shake it if you wound it manually. With intervalometers, you can shoot preprogrammed series of shots several seconds or minutes apart. Intervalometers are available as accessories for most drives, and the Chinon model has one built in.

BEYOND THE ELECTRIC EYE

Building light meters into cameras began almost as soon as light meters themselves were developed, and Kodak even had one back in 1938 whose meter controlled its exposure. But it took new light-sensing cells (electronics again) to bring us compact, sensitive, built-in meters in the sixties.

Those small cells can be placed on the rim of the lens housing in compact 35's, like the Chinon, Konica, and Vivitar (shown here), or even be made to read the light inside the camera, as they do in today's reflex and zoom movie models. With both placements, the cell automatically reads the light reduction caused by filters on the lens. In nonreflex cameras, light-sensing cells also help the meter tell you when you've left the lens cap on. In reflex or zoom models, the cell ensures that the area being metered changes to correspond to the various areas seen by the camera with different lenses or zoom settings.

These virtues of the built-in meter are no novelty. What is news is that, increasingly, auto-exposure is being built into even the most sophisticated, professional cameras, like Rollei's motorized 2¼-by-2¼-inch SLX.

One reason for the pros' acceptance of exposure automation was that they found they needn't leave their craft behind when they went automatic. While automation will ensure that you always get *a* picture, getting *the* pic-

Top left: *Nikon FE ($487) with 50mm f/2 lens ($140.50) and MD-11 motor drive ($271).* Top right: *Vivitar 35EF with 38mm f/2.8 lens ($131.95); Yashica FR-1 ($400) with 50mm f/1.9 lens ($90) and winder ($165).* Bottom: *Fujica AZ-1 ($340) with Fujinon 43/75mm f/3.5-4.5 zoom lens ($210), Autostrobo-AZ flash ($80), and auto-winder ($125); Rolleiflex SLX automatic slr system ($2,500).*

ture still requires as much understanding of photographic basics as it always did. Only now it takes less fussing with controls to implement that knowledge.

Consider, for example, the three types of exposure automation: "shutter preferred," "aperture preferred," and "programmed." In the first system, used by Konica and by Canon's AE-1, you set the shutter speed according to the action-stopping (or action-blurring) potential you want, and the camera sets the aperture, or f/stop, to give the right exposure for your film and shutter speed.

In "aperture preferred" exposure, you set the f-stop for maximum sharpness (usually just below the middle of the lens's f-stop range) or to control the depth of field (the size of the in-focus region), and the camera sets the shutter speed. Most automatic reflex cameras, such as the Chinon CE-3, Contax RTS, Fujica AZ-1, Minolta XG-7, Nikon FE, Olympus OM-2, Pentax ME, and Yashica FR-1, use this system.

With "programmed" automation, the camera sets both lens and shutter for you, usually selecting a shutter speed that's fast enough to prevent camera-shake blur and an f-stop narrow enough to keep the focusing from getting tricky. Operationally, the programmed mode is the simplest—it is used mainly on sophisticated snapshot cameras of the 35mm compact type.

Two new cameras—the Minolta XD-11 and Canon's A-1—offer the best of both worlds: if you set the shutter, the camera sets the lens; if you set the lens, the camera sets the shutter. Both offer full manual operation, too. But the A-1 offers a bonus: you can also operate it in programmed mode, making it as easy to operate as a snapshot camera—but with ground-glass focusing and interchangeable lenses.

For sophisticated photographers, mere "good exposure" isn't enough. Sometimes you want a slow shutter speed in order to turn action into a graceful blur; other times, you want a fast one, to fix an instant of action as permanently as a butterfly on a collector's pin. You may want a large aperture, like f/2, to narrow the depth of field and turn a cluttered background into a dreamy blur. Or you may want a small aperture, like f/16, for enough depth of field to keep both near and faraway objects sharp.

Automatic exposure doesn't keep you from doing any of these things—as long as you know what the camera will "try" to do at any time and how to make it do what you want instead. If your camera controls its own shutter speed, you can get the shutter speed you want by varying the f-stop till you find the stop that makes the camera pick your desired speed. If the camera controls its aperture, you can control that by adjusting the shutter-speed till the camera gives you the f-stop you want.

BLABBERMOUTH CAMERAS

All this requires knowledge, not only of the settings that you need for the results you want but also of the settings that the camera is giving you. That's why you'll find dials or digital readouts surrounding the viewfinder areas of most sophisticated auto-exposure cameras.

You'll find such indicators in some non-auto cameras, too, both as reminders and to let you set controls without taking your eye from the finder window. But in auto-exposure cameras, readouts are vital: if the camera, not you, sets the shutter speed, you have no way of knowing what that speed setting is unless the camera tells you. The use of digital readouts to convey that information, as on the new Canon A-1, is perhaps the most explicit, visible sign of the way electronics has revolutionized camera design. A more important sign, though, is the sudden shrinking of reflex cameras, as startling as the similar (but slower) reverse growth of American cars. Electronics not only does more but also it does it more compactly.

FLASHES OF GENIUS

Electronics has twice revolutionized flash photography. First, there was the substitution of electronic flash, or "strobe," for the flashbulbs of yore. A bulb that lasts for thousands of flashes eliminates the problem of where to stick the hot, dead bulbs (at weddings the ashtrays would overflow with them) and saves you enough money per shot to eventually pay

CONTINUED ON PAGE 210

Top: Bauer A512 movie camera comes in fully equipped Profi-Kit ($1,490). Bottom: Canon A-1 ($480) with FD 50mm f/1.8 lens ($131), 199A flash ($160), and MA motor drive using alkaline batteries ($345); Konica C35AF compact with 38mm f/2.8 lens ($273). (All prices are suggested retail prices.)

PENTHOUSE Fashion Finder

For "where to buy" information on fashions shown on pages 164–167, contact these manufacturers.

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JOCKEY INTERNATIONAL
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New York, N.Y. 10001 (212) 760-1444

JEAN-PAUL GERMAIN
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New York, N.Y. 10022 (212) 751-4949

BILL LIAKOS for BROTHERS II
333 Seventh Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10001 (212) 695-8469

BEGED-OR
526 Seventh Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10018 (212) 221-6922

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(800) 225-4686

LAST DAYS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 106

vice with Rosalyn." He gave them all a kindly wave and strolled from the room as Bert launched into a robust description of his latest adventures in the New Hebrides.

The sun rose that warm August morning over Puget Sound, over Seattle, over that most glorious of all political enterprises: the Democratic convention. It was a time for politics, a time for drinking, a time for screwing, a time of hope, and a time for hangovers.

In the smoke-filled breakfast room of the Statler Hilton, two delegates from Maine were picking up useful information from a voluble Georgia state senator.

"What we Georgians like is to go turtle hunting in the swamps and get us one of those snapping turtles, the size of an Eisenhower dollar. Then you get yourself one of them little turtles and you hang 'em on your cock."

"What do you do then?"

"You run around the halls of the state legislature."

"With the turtle on your cock?"

"Yessirree."

In the Holiday Inn Sen. Henry Jackson rehearsed his keynote speech in front of the mirror and the admiring eyes of Richard Perle, his trusted adviser on the Cold War.

"In twenty-four hours the Soviet Union could be on the outskirts of Paris." Jackson's arm shot forward in an awkward rendition of the Nazi salute. "In forty-eight hours Britain would be overwhelmed." His arm dropped. "So I say we can strike first. We should strike first. We must strike first."

Perle, his mind actually on the patent problems for the mass-production soufflé-making machines he had invented, applauded.

In the Hyatt Inn, Fritz Mondale whimpered softly in his sleep. He was addressing the delegates. His mouth was full of sand. He looked up, and there was the president looking down at him, weeping. The tears rose above the sand, above his waist, above his eyes. Mondale screamed and abruptly awoke from the nightmare.

In the Statler, Richard Goodwin was on his fifth draft of a speech for Teddy Kennedy. "My fellow Americans, this is a time of fear, but a time for greatness. A time for leadership. We must not hope to fail, nor must we fail to hope." Goodwin tore the paper from the typewriter and threw it into the wastepaper basket.

In the Best Chance Motel, two Texan delegates were bargaining with a guest, who had flown in from Minneapolis.

"Let me get this straight," said Lulubelle. "You boys want me to tie you up and read you the Bible?"

"Three sheet bends, a clove hitch, a bowline, and the Sermon on the Mount."

"That'll be a hundred dollars apiece, and for another hundred I'll hang you by your feet."

"Good deal."

Yes, it was the convention. All across town people braced themselves for the awesome responsibilities of nominating the next president (God willing) of the United States.

Out in the Sound a tug and barge lay at anchor, rolling slightly in the gentle swell. The barge was low in the water, with its cargo of nuclear-fuel assemblies carefully stowed beneath lead shields. Until 5:30 that morning the tug and barge had been bound for a military facility at the eastern end of the Sound. At about that time Capt. Mark Stephens had observed two fifteen-foot fishing boats heading out past him. He had paid them little heed and had retired to the head in order to shave.

At 6:05 A.M., as he later reported to a Board of Inquiry, he was ready to leave the head and tried to open the door. It wouldn't budge. He gave it a kick and realized that it was locked from the outside. He shouted. No answer came.

Captain Stephens then realized that the tug was losing way, and seconds later came the unmistakable sound of the anchor chain rattling overboard.

Herb Partridge was having his cup of coffee on the barge and reading a back issue of *Voyeur*. He looked up as a shadow flitted across the porthole and found himself staring into the twin barrels of a twelve-gauge shotgun. Behind the shotgun he could observe a rounded bosom and above it a ski mask.

"Take off your clothes," croaked the ski mask.

Modestly embarrassed by *Voyeur*-induced tumidity, Partridge obliged.

"Lie on the deck, you sexist pig."

Partridge did as he was told.

By 6:20 that morning all crew members of the tug and barge were naked, lying face down.

Ten minutes later the boarding party lowered the tug's lifeboat, ordered the naked mariners onto it, thoughtfully equipped them with two oars, and cast them adrift.

Up the mast of the tug, to the cheers of the assembled invaders, went something resembling the Japanese flag: a red sun on a white background—the banner of the Solar Alliance. The first stage of the operation had been successfully completed.

In the dingy Railway Inn, Jerry Brown was reading the newspapers. He noted with some satisfaction that his impromptu airport-arrival speech with its digs at Carter had received ample coverage from national correspondents, eager to brew up an epic convention drama.

The phone in the small suite rang, and his chief aide, Gray Davis, picked it up.

"Yes, yes... What? They want to talk to

Brown? Why?"

Davis listened some more. "Hold on."

Covering the receiver, he looked at Brown. "Jerry, it's the Coast Guard. There're some no-nuke people who've taken over a barge in the harbor. They want to talk to you, the Coast Guard says."

Brown thought for a moment and then shrugged his shoulders. "What will be will be." He took the phone.

Out in the harbor Teresa O'Rourke took off her ski mask and began to shout into the radio telephone, in declamatory fashion.

"Jerry, here's what's going down. The Solar Alliance has temporarily seized a barge carrying fuel rods. We want to symbolize the nation's opposition to nuclear power. We regard you as the only halfway sane person at this convention. You're the only person who can persuade the Democratic party that no nukes is the only policy."

Brown began cautiously. "What exactly is the Solar Alliance again?"

"The Solar Alliance is an organization that has pledged itself to action, both direct and indirect, to delay, and then to cancel, nuclear power in the United States. We are opposed to the proliferation of nuclear power in all forms, civil and military. Today we intend to compel the Democratic convention to confront this issue. We want to force all the major politicians to make a commitment."

Brown thought ahead. "Well, you know, in my governorship California led the way in developing alternative sources of energy. Have you spoken to anyone else this morning?"

"Jerry, come on, you're the first. We're with you. Are you prepared to make a statement supporting the occupation?"

Brown thought some more. "What are you going to do with that barge?"

"If the Democratic party supports a no-nukes policy, the barge will be returned to its owners. If not——"

At this point a voice brusquely broke in on the line. "Governor, this is Commander O'Brien of the U.S. Coast Guard. You should know that this seizure of the barge is a violation of the law, and we have duly notified the proper authorities. All conversations between the hijackers and persons on shore are being monitored by the U.S. Coast Guard, the Federal Bureau of Investigation, and the Defense Department."

"Thank you for the information, Commander." Brown handed the telephone nervously back to Davis and started to calculate.

In Washington it was mid-morning when the telephone rang in the home study of the secretary of energy. After listening to the report of the Coast Guard, Schlesinger immediately placed a call to the governor of the state of Washington and then one to the Pentagon.

All parties were in full agreement. The occupation had to be terminated at once, by force if necessary.

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Plans moved swiftly. By 11:00 A.M. Pacific Time, a special Ranger force was launching a mini-submarine, equipped with torpedoes and automatic weapons. Placed aboard were ten specially trained commandoes assigned to the maritime interdiction detail. A Coast Guard launch was ordered to monitor the assault from the surface. As the sub sank from view into the murky waters of Puget sound, Gov. Dixie Lee Ray was ordering the first of ten contingents of national guardsmen to patrol the shores of the Sound.

Hamilton Jordan first became aware of the occupation when he picked the story up from a local all-news radio station. He placed a call to the Coast Guard, only to be informed that efforts to recover the vessel were underway but that plans to this end could not be discussed on an insecure line. Minutes passed before he made contact with the secretary of energy, who briskly outlined the strategy.

Jordan exploded in rage. "Mr. Secretary, do you realize that in this recovery mission people are bound to be seriously hurt? The president himself is about to land in Seattle. If you have your way, he'll have to face convention delegates, not to mention the world's press, aware that this administration has probably provoked the greatest loss of life in an internal incident since Kent State!"

Schlesinger's voice returned pompously. "The operation is now underway. It cannot be stopped."

Jordan, sweating heavily, placed a call to Air Force One, at that point in a holding pattern over Seattle: "We've got trouble, Jimmy. Some antinuclear demonstrators have seized a barge in the harbor here. It's loaded with some kind of nuclear junk, and that goddam nut Schlesinger has sent in the commandoes. They're due to board any time now. someone may very well be killed!"

"Oh, shit. What do we do now?"

"Well, Jimmy, you could fire Schlesinger, but it probably would not make much difference."

"But can't we stop this?" Carter asked plaintively, trying to peer down to the Sound 15,000 feet below. "I'm the commander in chief, after all. Can't I be placed in communication with the demonstrators?"

Three minutes later the president was talking with Teresa O'Rourke.

"Miss O'Rourke, this is your commander in chief. If you and your colleagues immediately put down your weapons, lower your flag, and lie face down on the barge, severe measures presently being contemplated will be ah . . . deferred."

(Three fathoms below the barge, Ranger Lieutenant Hodgetts trained his torpedo tube at the target and lightly stroked the firing button anxiously. On the surface the Coast Guard launch was racing at full speed across the Sound, with a cargo of commandoes ready to board.)

Teresa began hectoring the president. Would he make a speech opposing nuclear power? Would he announce an immediate moratorium on all nuclear projects? Would he——

"Anything. I'll say anything you want me to!" shrieked the president. Their voices rose in a crescendo of threats and pleadings as Lieutenant Hodgetts suddenly received an order to surface and monitor the surrender of the barge. Trained to obey, Hodgetts excitedly shot the mini-sub upward. As he broke surface, he looked out the starboard porthole, just in time to see the magnificent bow of the Coast Guard launch bearing down on him at full speed.

There was a grinding crash as the launch's bow sheared the stern off the mini-sub before it slammed sideways into the barge.

All three craft began to sink as the president continued to scream into the phone. On the shore Jerry Brown, with an eye cocked over his shoulder at the barge now clearly sinking with its Solar Flag still aloft,

"That goddam nut Schlesinger has sent in commandoes," Hamilton Jordan screamed at Carter. "Someone may very well be killed!"

began a cautious press conference.

Teresa O'Rourke looked beautiful and at peace as she lay resplendent in her $5,000 titanium casket in the Savage Funeral Home. Teresa's grieving parents, fresh in from Cleveland, received her friends with stunned and mournful aspect. Every so often they stole a glance through the porthole of the casket at their daughter's face, tranquil—it seemed to them—for the first time in her life of anger: at the invasion of Cambodia, the treatment of the poor, the outrages against minorities, saccharin, abortion deaths, the invasion of southern Lebanon, paraquat, injustice to the handicapped, and, of course, nuclear power.

Her body had been washed up three miles down the Sound the day after the unfortunate collision. Now, at the graveyard, Mr. O'Rourke, reasonably distraught, struggled under the weight of the coffin with five other pallbearers.

The graveyard was packed, filled with television, newspaper, and magazine reporters, who were glad to take an hour off from the monotony of an Adoption of Platform debate at the Convention Hall.

"My God, this is heavy," Mr. O'Rourke heard Tom Hayden grunt from the rear. Slowly, they tottered forward until finally Mr. O'Rourke could see the maw of the open grave, alongside of which was a pile of moist soil well trodden by photographers. His heart gave a sudden lurch. For from the grave itself a head seemed slowly to be emerging. And a head indeed it was, on the shoulders of a photographer who was from the *New York Post* and had been ensconced there waiting for a dramatic shot.

The coffin was finally lowered, and O'Rourke prepared to address a glorious host of mourners, including Ramsay Clark, George McGovern, and Gene McCarthy.

O'Rourke cleared his throat, only to find that he was losing his audience before he had even begun.

Heads were turning toward the back of the crowd, whence came a murmur. There was jostling followed by cries of recognition. A space opened, and a slim, lone figure with dark hair and a formal suit strode in a businesslike manner toward the grave site. O'Rourke found himself shoved aside by a swarm of photographers; he lost his footing and tumbled into the grave itself. Holding a sprained ankle, he could hear a disembodied voice raised up and recognized the profile of Jerry Brown.

"*Ad altaria Dei introibamus*."

A look of bewilderment spread across O'Rourke's countenance. Brown, raising his hand to quell the crowd, continued.

"*Filia coeli beatissima est. Ex ossibus oriatultor*. Let us pray for this dear child."

Mr. O'Rourke struggled to get out of the grave. The governor cleared his throat. "Teresa's outwardness is now inward. Things must pass, but they must also return. Things come and go. Amen."

There was a surge of reporters.

"Governor, what are your plans now that you've failed to gain the nomination?"

"I will swim among the people like a fish in the sea."

"Will you support the president?"

"Does the president need my support?"

"Will you work for the party?"

"I will work for a party that I can work with."

"Does that mean you are bolting the Democratic party?"

"I shall move among the people."

Brown turned and made his way out of the crowd, perched himself on the back of Jacques Barzhagi's motorcycle, and with a friendly wave, roared off down the road.

Back in Cleveland Mr. and Mrs. O'Rourke often used to peer at the front pages of the national press that they kept as mementos of their exciting trip. Down in the left-hand corners of the newspapers there were brief reports of Teresa's death and interment. The main headlines roared out the simple message, "*BROWN BOLTS PARTY*."

Jody Powell, Griffin Bell, Charles Kirbo, and Pat Caddell gathered in Hamilton Jordan's spacious second-floor corner office in the White House.

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Bell came straight to the point.

"Judge Webster has just sent me this memorandum, based on a most reliable source. Let me quickly tell you what it says. An extreme antinuclear group is on the verge of plotting and carrying out a takeover of a big power plant. Webster's men suspect that this power plant will be somewhere in New Jersey—maybe around Salem."

"Salem?" Jordan butted in. "Where's that?"

"I had to look it up myself. Salem is a nuclear complex, just below the Delaware Memorial Bridge, which itself is down from Wilmington and Philadelphia. It's off by itself. There's a little town, a lot of farmland."

"Okay, Judge. Tell us what is planned," said Powell.

"The source that has penetrated this group says that the demonstrators are thinking of striking right before the election and shutting down the plant. This shutdown could mean blackouts from Washington to Boston."

There was a silence.

"Well now, Griffin," Charles Kirbo, Carter's most trusted outside adviser, broke in. "You know these FBI reports. How do we know this isn't a group of kooks feeding the bureau a line or talking big after drinking too much?"

"That's exactly what I asked Webster. Let me tell you what he said. Webster takes this seriously because the source inside the group is not an informant but a working agent of the bureau. This agent has been in place for more than a year."

"So what we have here," Cadell said thoughtfully, "is the probability of a piece of nuclear sabotage days before the election. The president would have to spend the last moments of the campaign attempting to negotiate an open-ended test of his leadership."

"Exactly," said Bell excitedly. "We can't afford this. Here's what I recommend: that we move expeditiously to make preemptive arrests on the grounds of conspiracy to sabotage a power plant essential to national security. We have a Pentagon report in the works that will show that the Salem plant is essential to national security. That'll strengthen our case."

Jordan looked unhappy. "The trouble is, Judge, that that'd look like a last-minute stunt on our part. Can't you see what would happen? These weedy guys, talking about solar energy and organic shithouses, being accused of putting together a conspiracy against the United States, on the basis of illegally gathered information. Some informant you probably can't produce or even identify. The liberals would kill us. Brown will slaughter us, and the Republicans will just make hay."

There was another long silence.

Pat Caddell straightened up in his chair. "There is," he said softly, "a way this could really help us. Here's what I think: we should let the occupation plan proceed. We should try to make sure through the informant that this occupation occurs exactly four days before the election and that it initially succeeds."

"In the name of God!" burst in Bell. "This is madness! Jimmy will never stand for it."

"Let me finish. You can be sure that the extremists will make demands. They will want to talk to the president himself. Think of this in terms of media. The first day there will be a tremendous crisis. The saboteurs will have the headlines. The ball will be in their court. Then our response. First, we'll announce negotiations and tell them that the vice-president will be sent to talk to them. That will show we're reasonable. But before the Republicans accuse us of appeasement, we'll move."

"How?" Bell stuttered, blowing his nose loudly.

"Jimmy will go on national television on the evening of the second day of the occupation—two days before the election. He will make the greatest speech of his life. He will say that the nation's security is deeply jeopardized, that the country cannot be held by blackmail. He can even say that foreign terrorists are part of the occupation. He'll speak from the War Room in the White House basement. He will announce that even while he is speaking, groups of Rangers have landed and are regaining control of the plant. We will hold the networks for at least an hour and a half in prime time. At the end of it Jimmy will announce that the plant has been secured, that the terrorists are in custody. Remember that the *Mayaguez* was a peak for Ford in the polls. At one stroke Jimmy will have regained the initiative, and there will be no time for Brown or the Republicans to try to take it away."

"My God," said Kirbo softly. Bell blew his nose again. Jordan and Powell looked at each other for a moment and then nodded.

"Pat is thinking along very interesting lines," said Jordan. "Well, gentlemen, are there any immediate objections to his plan?"

Kirbo looked at his fingernails. "Speaking just as a country lawyer, Pat, I guess that's a pretty effective last-minute appeal to the jury."

Suddenly, the door flew open to reveal the vice-president of the United States. He was finely attired in a Boy Scout uniform.

"Why in the name of God are you wearing that?" Powell asked Mondale.

Mondale gazed down sheepishly at his attire. "I've just come from the keynote speech at the jamboree, and I haven't had time to change. I thought I'd look in, because I heard in the mess that you were having a meeting and I didn't want to be left out. Jimmy did say, you know, that I could go to any meeting I wanted. You remember that, don't you, Jody?"

Powell nodded.

"And anyway," Mondale pressed on, "I wonder if any of you would like to play tennis with me? Jimmy said I could use his court for half an hour this afternoon, just as soon as his uncle's stepsister's boyfriend's gardener gets off."

He looked around the room hopefully. Finally, Kirbo rose, sighing, and said, "Okay, Fritz, I'll play tennis with you. Let's go."

"Oh goody." Mondale frisked out the door with a merry whistle.

As they watched Mondale go out, Caddell said slowly, "Dangerous though it might be, Jimmy does need someone to negotiate at the plant before the Rangers go in. It's a tough thing to order any man into an assignment like that."

Then they all laughed. "Fritz will do it," Powell said. "Especially if we don't tell him about the Rangers."

"Yes, he will," said Caddell. "Fritz will do anything."

> "This is the life!" bellowed Bert Lance. "I had dinner last night in Zurich and breakfast this morning in Grand Cayman. Just call me Mr. Offshore."

It was just before dawn on a Saturday, November 1, 1980, four days before the election, when thirty-two people gathered outside the Salem nuclear complex, pushed aside the score of guards, and entered the inner-security area. Within fifteen minutes they had ejected the company officials and technicians and taken over the plant.

They were almost impregnable behind the thick doors of the nuclear station. Among the participants were nuclear scientists and energy experts. Every man and woman had been trained for weeks in the operations of a nuclear-power plant. What made the Salem takeover different from all other efforts was that it involved some of the plant's own employees, themselves recruited into the antinuclear direct action ranks.

At 7:00 A.M. Julie Lindner placed a call to the White House and was quickly put through to Hamilton Jordan. She outlined their demands: the occupation would continue and the station gradually rendered inoperable unless certain conditions were fulfilled. The president must declare a moratorium on nuclear-power construction. All government data on health and safety hazards in the nuclear industry must be made public at once. A special prosecutor must be appointed and given a free hand to investigate the activities of all government security agencies against the antinuclear movement.

Hamilton Jordan, she noticed, did not sound unduly concerned and assured her

that he would get back to her right away. Half an hour later he was back on the phone, saying, "The president has instructed the vice-president to proceed as soon as is feasibly possible to discuss your demands with you. Our only request is that you not shut down the power until he arrives to make known the president's position."

It was not until early evening that Mondale, who had been campaigning in Illinois, was retrieved and briefed on his mission. Unknown to Mondale, at Bowling Air Force Base red alert signals flashed in the Ranger ready room, and 300 elite commandoes, heavily armed, prepared to board the helicopters warming up on the tarmac.

As Mondale's chopper touched down on the Salem tarmac, the vice-president braced himself for the long ordeal ahead. He looked curiously about him. He had never seen a nuclear-power plant before, despite Schlesinger's constant invitations to spend a picnic weekend with him and his family in the Clinch River breeder plant, which was now, fortunately, completed.

Inside, with only two aides permitted to accompany him, everything seemed normal enough, and Mondale shook hands with the occupiers. He was mildly surprised at their trim appearance and quiet mien. Many were young, and some were beautiful, and he found himself eyeing with some interest the curvaceous young woman at the plant controls. He tried to concentrate on the lectures he was now being given.

". . . So you see, Mr. Mondale," said a young, bearded electrical engineering professor from MIT, "the soft energy path versus the hard energy path will produce quite enough quads for U.S. consumption in the early 1980s. Not to mention total amortization of investment in solar, biomass, and ocean systems by the year 2025. And you'll be glad to know, sir, that none of this—absolutely none of this—depends upon the space colony ideas of Jerry Brown."

Mondale winced at the mention of Brown.

"Did you know, sir," the professor continued, "that as long ago as 1977 the government itself had hard evidence that a competitive solar photovoltaic industry could begin at once? And that if twenty percent of the DOD's fuel-operated electric generator sets had been converted to photovoltaic systems, nearly half a billion dollars would have been saved by now?"

Mondale nodded feebly, thinking that the voice of the young man was slightly reminiscent of the manic drone of energy czar Schlesinger himself. Those endless lectures in the White House . . . Mondale found himself eyeing the trim ankles of the girl at the controls . . .

A day later Mondale never wanted to hear the words solar energy again. The zealous occupiers had crammed him with the history and perspectives of alternate energy. He knew about biomass, wave

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IN THE NOVEMBER VIVA

STEREOS Along with the more pleasant aspects of having discretionary income, such as being able to afford a really good music system, are the unpleasant aspects, such as having to choose from a slew of amplifiers, speakers, record changers, and receivers. Len Feldman gives readers a guide through the stereo swamp.

DIANA NYAD Marathon swimmer and all-around superjock Diana Nyad has endured some of the most grueling challenges in sports. Jane Shapiro seeks the answers to what makes a woman devote her life to pushing back the boundaries of bodily endurance.

FABULOUS FURS Slam the door on the cold wind and sit down with a cup of cocoa and the November *Viva*. Our selection of fashionable for-real furs will warm you up quicker than a lover's embrace and may break you of your new-cloth-coat-every-winter habit.

LITHIUM Millions of Americans suffer from depression at some time. But those whose lives were crippled by "mood swings" can now resume a normal life by taking lithium, a drug that levels out the peaks and valleys of disturbed emotions. In a personal account, our writer addresses the morality of treating mental illness with chemotherapy.

PROSTITUTION UPDATE Despite the staggering changes in our society's mores stemming from both the sexual revolution and the women's movement, there still exists the shadowy network of women who sell their bodies for sex. Emily Prager compiled almost a year's research on this neglected area of women's lives to write an exclusive investigative report.

PLUS Fresh new fiction by Mary Robison; stylish skiwear for the slopes; and cures for sexual boredom.

power, wind power, tidal power, energy conservation, heat pumps, sail power. Above all, he knew about solar power. And he knew very clearly what the occupiers wanted.

"It's like this, Mr. President," he reported wearily into the phone. "They want publication of all secret reports. They want the announcement of a moratorium. And they want you to cut the crap, as they put it, and do something serious about solar power. They want Schlesinger out now. I've tried to negotiate with them along the lines you suggested, but they're not willing to settle for a Camp David seminar. These people think you're a liar. They want action now."

"They sound like a determined body of young men and women," said the president quietly. "I want to thank you, Fritz, for doing a great job. Tell them for me that we're working on the problem."

"But, Mr. President," Mondale faltered, "what do I do now?"

"Just hang in there, Fritz. Ham or Jody will be in touch."

While the vice president was on the phone, the occupiers held their own huddled meeting in another room. As Mondale put down the phone and came back to the table, Julie Lindner told him solemnly, "I'm sorry, Mr. Mondale, but since you obviously are not going to do anything, we have begun to shut down power in the state of New Jersey. We are stopping the turbines, which means that electricity won't go out. And we fully expect that other utilities in this gird can't make up the difference and will have to begin load-shedding. I'm talking about New York City and Boston. Do you want a black-out on election day, Mr. Vice-President?"

In the White House operations room, they were running over the plans for the fourth time.

"Tell me, Jim," said the president, "is there the slightest danger that a nuclear accident can occur when the Rangers go in?"

Schlesinger puffed powerfully on his pipe and then shook his head. "No chance at all," he replied.

Fritz Mondale's throat was dry as he watched Walter Cronkite announce that the president would start speaking in five minutes. What was going on? In his last conversation with the White House, Jody Powell had just told him to take it easy and to "keep talking." Then, just as the cameras focused on Carter in the War Room at the White House, he could hear the sound of distant firing and the heavy thud of explosions against the safety doors.

The president was speaking now.

"Our great nation cannot be held at ransom."

"You lied to us!" Julie shouted at Mondale.

". . . New Jersey under martial law. Strike teams of specially trained Rangers are now entering the plant . . ."

Mondale rose in panic.

". . . Order is now being restored . . ."

As he dashed toward the safety doors, they burst open and a platoon of Rangers crashed into the room.

"Not me, not me," screeched Mondale, "Them, over there!" He pointed at two kids clutching each other in a corner.

His words were drowned in the thrum of machine-gun fire. All fell quiet.

Two hours after the Salem plant was recaptured, government technicians discovered that in the course of the attack the switchyard containing all the circuit breakers for the plant's electrical systems had been put out of action.

Champagne celebrations in the White House were interrupted by a phone call. It was for Schlesinger.

"What does this mean?" asked Schlesinger, as he heard the technician in Salem report the damage.

"It means that the fuel rods in the reactor core have overheated beyond a point we can contain. It looks like it's too late to scram the system."

"Scram?" muttered Schlesinger. "What the hell does that mean?"

"Well, sir," said the technician with a tone of surprise, "it means an emergency shutdown. But it's too late for that. The readings show that the temperature in the reactor core is now high enough for the fuel rods to melt. And that means, sir, that we have almost certainly got a meltdown on our hands."

"Does that mean the reactor is going to be out of action?" snapped Schlesinger.

"Well, in a way, sir, I suppose you could say that."

"That's okay, then," said Schlesinger with a sigh of relief.

"Not exactly, sir. It means that we have a puddle of molten fuel collecting at the bottom of the reactor core. If we're not very lucky, this could form a critical mass, with consequent release of energy and high radioactivity."

"You mean an atom bomb?" Schlesinger's throat was dry, as Jody Powell tugged at his jacket to get him to rejoin the merriment.

"A sizable explosion would be a more accurate way of putting it. At the least, we could have a disastrous release of radioactivity. I suggest you implement total evacuation right away, for at least forty miles downwind. And if the fuel is in the correct geometrical configuration, we could have something much worse. We could have——"

"Hello, hello!" Schlesinger shouted. He listened to the silence for a minute before slowly replacing the receiver. He made other calls. Five minutes later he walked across the room to where Carter was himself putting down a phone.

"Mr. President," said Schlesinger stiffly, "we've just lost New Jersey."

"That's nothing," said Carter. "You want to know what the secretary of defense just told me?"

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CHARLES HORMAN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98

each of his contacts. The Chilean embassy in Washington has formally advised the Department of State that your son is not in detention. Our conclusion, Mr. Horman, is that your son is most likely in hiding."

"That's not plausible," Ed answered.

"Why do you say that?"

"Because everything I've heard points to a contrary conclusion. Charles had no reason to go into hiding, and even if he did, he would have sent word to Joyce that he was safe. Your entire investigation rests on self-serving statements by the government of Chile. You've done nothing to follow up reports by witnesses to my son's seizure, and you've ignored the most important piece of evidence that shows Charles to be in military hands."

"And what might that be?"

"The calls by Chilean military intelligence to several of Charles's friends [Warwick Armstrong and Mario and Isabella Carvajal] the day after his seizure. Both friends were told that Charles was in military custody, and both calls were reported immediately to the American consulate."

Without changing his expression, Davis turned to Purdy. "What's this about telephone calls?" he asked.

"I know of none," Purdy told him.

"That's a lie," Joyce interrupted.

Purdy looked toward Davis as if seeking help, and the ambassador averted his eyes. "Oh yes," the consul said at last. "I remember them."

The ambassador leaned back in his chair and looked dignified. *He's a real professional,* Ed thought. *There's no trace of surprise or emotion about him.*

"I wonder, Mr. Horman," the ambassador began, "do you think that these so-called inquiries from military intelligence were really as you've described them?"

"You've had over two weeks to investigate," Ed answered. "I suggest you find out."

"The consul will do that immediately, won't you, Mr. Purdy?"

"Yes, sir," came the reply.

"Is there anything more you would like done, Mr. Horman?"

"I would like the most thorough investigation possible and will do anything I can to assist in it."

"We all understand your sentiments," Davis answered. "Our primary concern is finding your son."

I wish I were more certain of that, Ed thought.

The next morning, October 6, Ed went to the embassy and spoke by telephone with Fred Purdy. "We've interviewed Warwick Armstrong and the Carvajals," the consul told him. "Their accounts match what your daughter-in-law reported."

"I know," Ed answered. "I called them myself last night."

"Well, we're going to look into it thoroughly. Colonel Hon will ask military intelligence for a full report."

For reasons Ed did not fully understand, the embassy and consulate still appeared to accept the word of the Chilean military at face value. "There are several other things I'd like done," he told Purdy. "I've heard that a number of foreign embassies have been more active than our own in pursuing the matter of political prisoners. Could you find out whether any of them has knowledge of Charles?"

"That's a pretty broad request," Purdy answered.

"This is a very broad problem. However, if it will help, I'm particularly interested in the Swedish embassy and its ambassador, Harald Edelstam."

"That will be difficult, Mr. Horman. There's some bad blood right now between the American and Swedish embassies. But I'll follow up with the other embassies as soon as possible. Are there any other requests?"

"Yes," Ed answered with some hesitation. "I would like you to make a definitive check of all bodies in the morgue that might possibly be Charles. I will go with you if you'd like."

"That's another problem. We've had difficulties in dealing with people at the morgue. There's a doctor down there we don't get along with at all. Maybe you should go alone."

Two days later, Ed borrowed a typewriter and prepared a request that the consulate take six specific steps on Charles's behalf. He had just returned to the hotel when Purdy and Hon knocked on his door. Greeting them both, he handed the freshly typed letter to Purdy, who glanced at it and then stuffed it in an inside jacket pocket.

"We've rechecked all our leads with the Chilean military," Hon said, "and they still deny knowledge of your son's arrest. Maybe some more information would be helpful. What kind of work was he doing in Santiago?"

Ed described several of Charle's projects. When he mentioned a film script that touched on the War of the Pacific between Chile and Bolivia, Hon broke in with a detailed description of several battles fought in 1879. This continued for several minutes. Then Ed changed the subject. "Look," he said. "I'll be as frank with both of you as I know how. I've read quite a bit lately about Latin America, and one of the names I've come across is Dan Mitrione."

His visitors shifted awkwardly.

"There's no need to play games with each other," Ed continued. "I know full well that Dan Mitrione was an agent for the CIA. He was assigned to the American embassy in Uruguay and assassinated by Tupamaros guerrillas because of his role in repressing the Uruguayan Left. I assume that there is a Mitrione-type operation in Chile. I

"Would you mind closing your legs? You may be upsetting the balance of nature!"

don't know what it is, I don't care who runs it, and I don't even want an affirmation that it exists. All I ask is that you use this organization to find my son."

"I hear what you're saying," Purdy answered. Then he and Hon left.

Minutes before noon Ed's telephone rang. "This is Fred Purdy," the consul said. "Ambassador Davis would like to see you this afternoon."

"What for?"

"He wants to discuss the six points raised by your letter."

Ed proceeded to the embassy and went directly to Davis's office, where the ambassador and Purdy sat waiting. "I understand there are some political questions you wish to discuss with me," Davis said.

"That wasn't my understanding," Ed answered. "The consul told me that you wanted to discuss the requests for assistance raised by my letter."

Reaching for the document, Davis read through it in a manner suggesting that he was studying it for the first time. "Well," he said, going down the first page, "you'd like us to check detention centers other than the National Stadium, contact other embassies, and report more fully on the results of Colonel Hon's investigation. That should be no problem. You also want a check of fingerprints at the morgue, a reward offered for information concerning your son's seizure, and further interviews of all possible witnesses. All of that can be arranged."

"Thank you," Ed said. "I would appreciate it."

"Well, then," the ambassador asked, "is there anything more you wish to discuss?"

"No, sir."

"I believe you raised a question earlier today with Mr. Purdy. As I understand it, you suggested that there might be some sort of police-assistance program run by American operatives in Chile. Is that correct?"

"We had a discussion along those lines."

Davis's voice hardened. "I would like you to know that nothing of that sort exists in this country. Does that satisfy you?"

Choosing his words with care, Ed responded. "I understand what you're telling me, Mr. Ambassador. I brought the matter up because I assume that such an operation does exist. I won't contest what you've said, but I want you to know that if there are resources available to find my son which remain unused, I hope you will utilize them."

"Mr. Horman, no such operation exists."

"Mr. Ambassador," Ed continued, "there's something that I would like to make very clear to you. Over the past few days, it has become apparent that my son's disappearance is not being pursued by this embassy in a proper manner. Telephone calls from military intelligence to Warwick Armstrong and the Carvajals were ignored for over two weeks. Witnesses to Charles's seizure aren't being properly interrogated. You seem to accept the word of the Chilean military as gospel. I don't know whether this is the result of ineptitude or something far more serious, and, quite frankly, I don't care. My sole concern is for the welfare of my son. I'm in Chile for one purpose and one purpose only. Nothing else matters to me. I want you to find my son."

"We're doing everything we can, Mr. Horman. You'll simply have to be more patient."

"My patience has been exhausted."

"I'm sorry to hear that."

Driving back to the hotel, Purdy appeared anxious to soothe ruffled feathers. "You have to remember," he explained, "this is only one of several cases we're working on. We have to consider the welfare of all the American citizens in Santiago."

"I understand that," Ed told him, "but this is the case I'm concerned with."

"You and a lot of other people. We've gotten an extraordinary number of cables from Washington about your son. What kind of in do you have there, anyway?"

"I'm an American citizen," Ed answered.

The following morning, Tuesday, October 9, Ed and Joyce went separate ways. Rising early, Joyce visited the office of *El Mercurio* in the hope of placing a reward offer for information concerning Charles's seizure. Meanwhile Ed prepared for a tour of Santiago's hospitals.

Shortly after 10.00 A.M., Donald McNally arrived at the Crillon in an embassy car. Ed liked McNally. Most of the personnel of the embassy and consulate projected an image of cold, pasty-faced bureaucrats. McNally had bright red cheeks and an open smile. More important, he seemed to care about Charles and gave the impression that he genuinely wanted to help.

"I have a list of nine hospitals I'd like to visit," Ed told him.

"Where do you want to start?" McNally asked.

Ed took a map of Santiago from his pocket and listed the hospitals in geographic order. Then the search began. At each stop the procedure was the same. McNally would inquire whether or not a patient named Charles Horman was registered, after which he and Ed viewed the "no names" and, finally, visited all male patients in the hospital ward. One of Ed's hopes was that Charles was in a state of amnesia or had sought treatment under an assumed name. At each stop he showed a picture of Charles to hospital personnel. Always the results were negative.

Midway through the day it began to rain. Buttoning his coat against the storm, Ed offered his umbrella to McNally.

"You keep it," the young man said.

"I insist," Ed told him. "The coat will keep me dry."

As the rain grew in intensity, they came to a psychiatric hospital on the outskirts of Santiago. The main building looked very much like a converted farmhouse sur-

"It's more fun without the cup!"

rounded by a collection of outhouses. The rooms were virtually without furniture; many of them had only dirt floors. The patients reeked of urine. Moving from bed to bed, Ed viewed the inmates; some of the men drooling, laughing, babbling, others lying in a semiconscious state. There was no sign of Charles.

Late in the afternoon Ed and McNally reached the ninth and final hospital. McNally went to the reception desk to explain their mission, and Ed leaned against a far wall. Suddenly, a rifle barrel jammed against his ribs. Looking up, he saw a soldier standing over him, gun in hand.

For five days, Ed had watched soldiers with guns. At night gunfire had punctured his sleep. Now, after a futile search through nine hospitals, his breaking point was at hand. Reaching out, he grabbed the rifle from the soldier's hands and pointed the muzzle downward. Before his adversary could react, McNally rushed between them. Then the search resumed.

Fred Purdy telephoned the following morning to report on the consulate's fingerprint check at the morgue. "It turned up negative. There's no trace of your son."

"Would dental records help?" Ed inquired.

"I don't know why. If the fingerprints don't match, teeth won't either."

Purdy's answer made sense, but for lack of anything better to do, late in the day Ed and Joyce visited Dr. Abud Tapia, Charles's dentist in Santiago. "I'm terribly sorry," Tapia said when informed of their purpose in coming. "Charles's file was destroyed two days ago."

"Is that normal procedure?"

"Of course," Tapia answered. "Let me tell you, though, I work sometimes for the military. I will ask my friends there if they have knowledge of him."

The remainder of the day passed without incident. Late in the evening Purdy telephoned. "I've made arrangements for you to visit the National Stadium," the consul said. "Be ready at one o'clock tomorrow."

Ed expressed his gratitude. "I'll be on time," he promised.

"Fine, but let me warn you now: I don't think anything will come of it."

On the afternoon of October 12, Ed, Purdy, and Vice-Consul Dale Shaffer drove to the stadium. When they reached the chain-link fence surrounding the edifice, the consul stepped from the car and handled all necessary detail work with the soldiers on duty. Then, motioning for Ed and Shaffer to follow, he walked past a Sherman tank toward an entrance at the rear of the stadium.

"This is the command post," he explained. "We'll need Colonel Espinoza's approval before we can go inside."

"Will we have trouble getting it?" Ed asked.

"I don't think so, but you can never tell."

Despite his tough looks and fierce, black mustache, Espinoza seemed anxious to please. After he welcomed his guests, he produced a series of release forms signed by a dozen Americans previously held at the stadium. Leafing through them, Ed saw no reference to Charles. Handing the forms back, he eyed the octagonal barreled pistol at Espinoza's side and awaited further instructions.

"Come with me," the colonel said. With Purdy and Shaffer at his side, Ed followed through a wide gate into a long passageway beneath the stadium stands. Forty yards down the runway, they emerged.

(Built in 1935, the National Stadium suited the junta's needs to perfection. Virtually escape-proof because of surrounding fences and impregnable walls, equipped with locker rooms for prisoner interrogation and torture, it soon became a symbol of repression for the nation. More than half of the 7,000 prisoners held there in the weeks following the coup were maltreated. Water was forced up the noses of prisoners. Beatings and the application of electric shocks were common.)

Adjusting his eyes to the sun, Ed looked around. Some 2,000 prisoners were seated in the seats, a hundred soldiers sprinkled among them. The playing field was empty. Climbing to a platform ten rows into the stands, Espinoza took hold of a microphone and announced that an American had come to the stadium in search of his son and would be permitted to speak.

Shaking with anticipation, Ed stepped to the microphone and began: "Charles Horman, this is your father. I'm here in the hope that you can hear me, and in order that you may know who I am, I'm going to mention the names of several friends from your past."

Pausing after each surname, Ed spoke the names of three of Charles's school friends. Then he continued: "If you are here, I would like you to take my word that it is safe and come to me now."

"I really didn't have much hope," Ed later recalled, "but right then a young man came out of the stands and started running toward me. He was quite a distance away, and I couldn't see him well, but he ran in the same disjointed manner as Charles, arms and legs flapping all over. For one glorious moment, I thought I had found him. Then the fellow got closer, and I realized that it wasn't my son—just someone who looked like him, with a question to ask Espinoza. Right then I knew I'd never see Charles again."

Painfully, the search dragged on. On Saturday, October 13, Ed toured a Chilean refugee village. The following morning he attended church and lunched with the Armstrongs at noon. On the morning of October 15, he revisited Nathaniel Davis. "We were on a treadmill," he later recalled. "Nothing constructive was being done, and I had begun to feel that I was being out-and-out lied to. A confrontation with the

"I've been fortunate over the past twenty-three years. My wife still doesn't understand me!"

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ambassador, however distasteful, seemed the only solution."

Ushered into Davis's office, Ed was seated opposite the large desk from which the ambassador reigned.

"What can I do for you, Mr. Horman?"

Choosing his words carefully, Ed began: "Mr. Ambassador, I have been in Chile for ten days. I now know enough about the country to have a feel for its size and government. There is no doubt in my mind that the Chilean military knows exactly where Charles is, and I see no reason why you can't force them to reveal his whereabouts. I know something about your past and why you were sent to Santiago. None of that matters to me. What does matter is that as the primary representative of the U.S. government, you are probably the most powerful man in Chile. All the power is on your side. One telephone call from you can end this entire matter.

"My assumption," Ed continued, his voice quavering, "is that my son is dead. But I cannot go home and face my wife without the truth. I'm asking you, on grounds of simple common humanity, to help."

"I understand your feelings, Mr. Horman," Davis answered. "And I assure you that we are doing everything we possibly can."

The next morning two agents from Chilean military intelligence appeared at the Crillon Hotel. Proceeding to Ed's room, they identified themselves as Raúl Manesas and Jaime Ortiz and began to ask questions about Charles. Manesas was the taller of the two, with a sallow complexion, shining black hair, and a bushy mustache. Ortiz, who was ruddy-faced, short, and stocky, was the more vocal. Ed and Joyce spent the next ninety minutes answering questions about Charles's disappearance.

Later in the day Purdy telephoned. "I'd like you to come down to the consulate if you could." When Ed arrived at 5:15, he was introduced to Vice-Consul James Anderson and a man named Timothy Ross.

"Mr. Ross is a journalist from Great Britain," Purdy explained. "He has good access to left-wing circles in Chile and has come up with some interesting information about your son. Nothing has been confirmed, of course, but Ambassador Davis thought a meeting between the two of you might prove fruitful."

"I'm interested in pursuing every lead possible," Ed said, turning to Ross. "What is it that you've learned?"

"That your son is alive and well," the journalist answered. "Let me explain. Four days ago Mr. Anderson asked if I would inquire of my associates whether they had any knowledge of Charles's whereabouts. At his request I spoke with someone currently involved in helping political refugees escape from Chile. He told me that his organization had secured credentials for three Americans seeking to leave Santiago by clandestine means. One of them was your son."

"Where is he now?" Ed asked.

"In northern Chile."

"When will he be out of the country?"

"Sometime next week."

"Is there any way I can contact him to confirm your story?"

"No."

Weighing what he had just heard, Ed addressed the British journalist: "Mr. Ross, I would like very much to believe what you've just told me, but I cannot. My son had no reason to flee Chile. Also, I don't think that a serious leftist organization would run the risk of transporting a political neophyte like Charles in its escape pipeline. I hope with all my heart that you're right and I'm wrong, but I doubt it."

"I guess only time will tell," Anderson said.

"I guess that's right," Ed answered.

A week earlier Ross's story would have been received with hope. However, by mid-October, Ed sensed that his odyssey was nearing an end. The hour and the place of resolution were still unknown, but their coming seemed inevitable.

On the morning of October 17, Ed visited the Ford Foundation office in Santiago. McGeorge Bundy, the president of the foundation, was one of the people he had spoken with in New York while he was soliciting aid on Charles's behalf. Bundy had been extremely supportive and suggested that the Hormans enlist Peter Bell, head of the foundation's Chile office, if they needed local assistance. Then, after Ed had flown to Santiago, Bundy had telephoned Elizabeth Horman, Charles's mother, weekly to inquire about Charles's welfare.

With no leads left to follow, Ed felt that a courtesty call on Bell was in order. As he arrived at the foundation office, an aide named Peter Hakim greeted him.

"Mr. Bell is out of the country," Hakim explained. "Can I be of any help?"

"Not really," Ed told him. "I just wanted to thank you people for the foundation's efforts on my son's behalf. My family and I are extremely grateful."

"Why don't you come inside?" Hakim suggested. "We can talk for a while."

Following his host to his office, Ed was introduced to an economic-program adviser named Lovell Jarvis. They shook hands, and Ed was seated.

"What do you think of the American embassy's performance in your son's case?" Hakim asked.

"Speaking confidentially, it has not been good."

"In what respects?"

As fairly as possible, Ed recounted some of the problems that he and Joyce had encountered. "I realize you people are very busy," he concluded, "but any assistance you can offer would be appreciated."

At the end of the meeting, Jarvis escorted Ed from the room. "Will you come with me, please?" he said. Not knowing what lay ahead, Ed followed him down a short hall to a large conference room with dark, paneled walls. A huge oval table surrounded by ten chairs dominated the floor.

"Have a seat," Jarvis instructed.

Ed obeyed.

"I have a friend who I play tennis with regularly," Jarvis began. "I won't identify him other than to say that he works for an English-speaking embassy in Santiago and is close to someone with good contacts in the Chilean military. *Your son was executed in the National Stadium on September 20.*"

Ed sat silent. "Is there anything more you care to tell me?" he said at last.

"I'm sorry. I'd like to, but I can't."

"Would it be possible for me to meet your friend or his Chilean contact?"

"I doubt it. I understand your feelings, but these are very dangerous times."

"I'll go anywhere. You can take me blindfolded, with my hands tied behind my back."

"I'll see what can be arranged," Jarvis said. "But it's doubtful. I feel awful. I'm sure you understand that. This is a terrible tragedy."

Suppressing his emotions as best he could, Ed left the office and telephoned Fred Purdy at the consulate. "I have just received a credible report," he began, ". . .a report that my son was executed in the National Stadium on September 20. I would like your fullest attention given to the matter."

"Who told you that?"

Ed didn't answer.

"Who was the report from?" Purdy pressed.

Ed deliberated with the receiver to his ear. "From a source I do not wish to reveal," he finally answered.

Then he returned to the hotel and told Joyce about his meeting with Jarvis. "Don't give up hope," he urged. "It's not conclusive."

"Maybe not," she said, her eyes brimming with tears. "But it's probably true."

The reappearance of Manesas and Ortiz interrupted Ed and Joyce's conversation. "We are investigating a body that was brought to the morgue several weeks ago and later buried," Ortiz explained. "It was the same height and weight as your son and dressed in a white shirt, brown trousers, and print underwear. What was he wearing at the time of his disappearance?"

Ed turned to Joyce. "Those aren't his clothes," she answered. "Maybe the underwear, but not the rest."

"We will check the fingerprints again," Ortiz told them.

Events were moving toward their inevitable climax. The following morning Ed went to Joyce's room after breakfast and found her in tears, two men standing over her.

"I am Inspector Mario Rojas of *Investigaciones*," the taller man said. "I have instructions to bring Mrs. Horman to headquarters for full interrogation."

Ed picked up the telephone and asked the hotel switchboard to connect him to Purdy's number. "I don't want Joyce taken anyplace against her will," he told the consul after he had explained the situation.

"Let me speak with Rojas," Purdy or-

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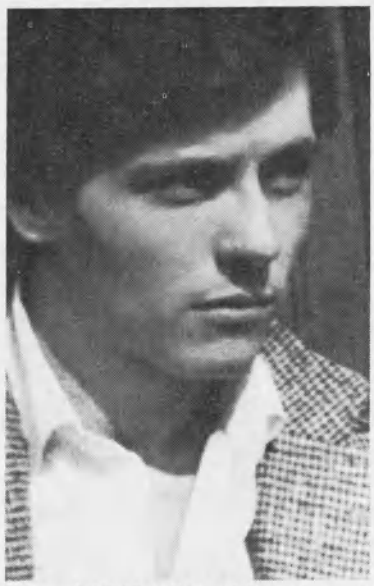

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dered. Handing the receiver to the inspector, Ed listened to one end of the conversation: "Yes, Consul Purdy . . . I understand . . . certainly . . . I will do as you say." Then the receiver was returned. "Rojas and his friend will leave now," Purdy told Ed. "Don't go anywhere until I get to the hotel."

Half an hour later the consul arrived. "*Investigaciones* is the Chilean equivalent of our FBI," he explained. "Why don't you and I visit Rojas alone?" Leaving Joyce behind, they drove to agency headquarters, where Purdy engineered their quick admission. Walking down a long corridor and up a stairwell, they came to a small, starkly furnished office with a floor-to-ceiling beam jutting from a side wall. Inside, Mario Rojas sat hunched over a large, battered desk.

"Forgive me for the earlier disruption," he apologized. "I have been ordered by the foreign ministry to exert every effort in solving the unfortunate problem of your son's disappearance, and I am expected to do so quickly. I only wanted to question Mrs. Horman. Perhaps you could bring her here later this morning."

Ed agreed and returned with Joyce at noon. Rojas was unavailable. "Come back in several hours," they were told. When they reappeared at 4:00 P.M., they proceeded upstairs, where the inspector inserted a questionnaire into an old-fashioned typewriter and began clumsily pecking away at the keys.

"Your husband's name?"

"Charles Edmund Horman."

"Date of disappearance?"

"September 17, 1973."

"Your address in Chile?"

"4126 Vicuna Mackenna."

Twenty minutes into the interrogation, a second agent appeared. "There is a telephone call for Mr. Horman," he announced.

Excusing himself, Ed followed down the hall to a small spare office with empty beer bottles littering the floor. "This is Ed Horman," he said, picking the receiver up off the desk.

"Hello, Mr. Horman. This is Fred Purdy at the consultate. How are things going?"

"About the same. What about at your end?"

"Not so good, I'm afraid. We've just been told that a body has been identified through a morgue-fingerprint check as that of your son. I'd like to talk with you about it. Is it all right if I come over to *Investigaciones*?"

"I'll be here," Ed told him.

The second-floor corridors formed a long "L," with the stairwell at their point of intersection. Rojas's office was at the far end of the longer hall. Ed waited at the top of the stairs until Purdy arrived and then led him twenty feet down the right angle so that Joyce, who was still in the inspector's office, would be unable to see them talking.

"I'm terribly sorry, Mr. Horman," the consul began, speaking in a low voice.

"When was he killed?" Ed asked.

"September 18."

"In the National Stadium?"

"Yes . . . he was buried on October 3."

"Where?"

"The municipal cemetery."

"In a grave?"

"No . . . in a wall. They do that sometimes."

"Are you certain it's Charles?"

"I'm afraid so. The morgue ran a positive fingerprint check this afternoon."

Experiencing a swell of emotion, Ed again forced his feelings down. Then, very deliberately, he walked back to Rojas's office, where the inspector was continuing his questioning.

"I'd like you to leave," Ed told him, "so I can talk with my daughter-in-law alone."

Rojas stepped outside.

"Charles is dead," Ed said.

The journey home took fifteen hours. The plane landed at Kennedy Airport in New York at 9:00 A.M. Elizabeth was there to meet Ed and Joyce. In some ways the past two weeks had been even more difficult for her than for them. They, at least, had been afforded the opportunity to act. She had been left at home, able only to wait for her husband's nightly telephone calls from Santiago and to fantasize, in romantic moments, about Charles escaping.

"The purpose of this dinner is to raise money for a public address system!"

Standing with her brother, Elizabeth sorted out disembarking passengers in the sterile airport lounge. Then she saw Ed. "I almost didn't recognize him," she remembers. "He looked like a different person. The color in his face was gone . . . his eyes distended to the point that I was afraid they'd pop out of his head."

Rushing forward, she clung to him, oblivious of everyone and everything around them. Then she remembered Joyce.

"I wasn't sure I wanted to face her," Elizabeth later admitted. "My son was dead. Nothing in the world is harder for a mother to accept, and Joyce had been a part of his passing. Then I realized that she was the one who had come back from Chile with no husband, no job, and no home. I thought about how much Charles had loved her and how she had loved him. I turned toward her, and in that moment I knew she belonged to Ed and me as much as Charles ever had."

Elizabeth held out her arms. Joyce rushed forward and began to cry.

Four days after returning to New York, Ed requested that the Department of State transport his son's remains back to the United States. On October 27 Charles Anderson of the Bureau of Special Consular Services responded by telephone.

"We have a problem, Mr. Horman," he said. "Your son's body was exhumed for positive identification on October 18. It's been under refrigeration since then, but before that, it was unpreserved for a period of thirty days. It's too decomposed for embalming, and the Chilean government won't permit shipment in its present state."

"I want my son's body home."

"I understand that, Mr. Horman, but the Chilean government has a strict policy about this sort of thing. Their Department of Sanitation will not authorize shipment. Your alternatives are cremation or reduction of the skeleton to bones. Then we can ship the remains."

One month later, when nothing more had been forthcoming from Washington, Joyce wrote directly to Anderson: "It seems an unnecessarily long time since either Edmund Horman or I have heard any word regarding the return of my husband's remains. . . . Perhaps you could keep us better informed about the development of this situation." There was no reply.

Finally, on March 21, 1974, D. S. Candey of the Department of State telephoned Elizabeth in New York. "Your son's body has been removed to a local mortuary," he said. "Prior to shipment, we'll need a destination address and nine hundred dollars."

"I'll call you back," she told him. "I have to talk with my husband and daughter-in-law."

The following morning Candey telephoned again, speaking this time with Ed. "Shipment is scheduled for tomorrow," he said, "but we need the instructions and nine hundred dollars first."

"I'll notify you as soon as our decision is made," Ed replied. "This is our daughter-in-law's decision, and some very deep

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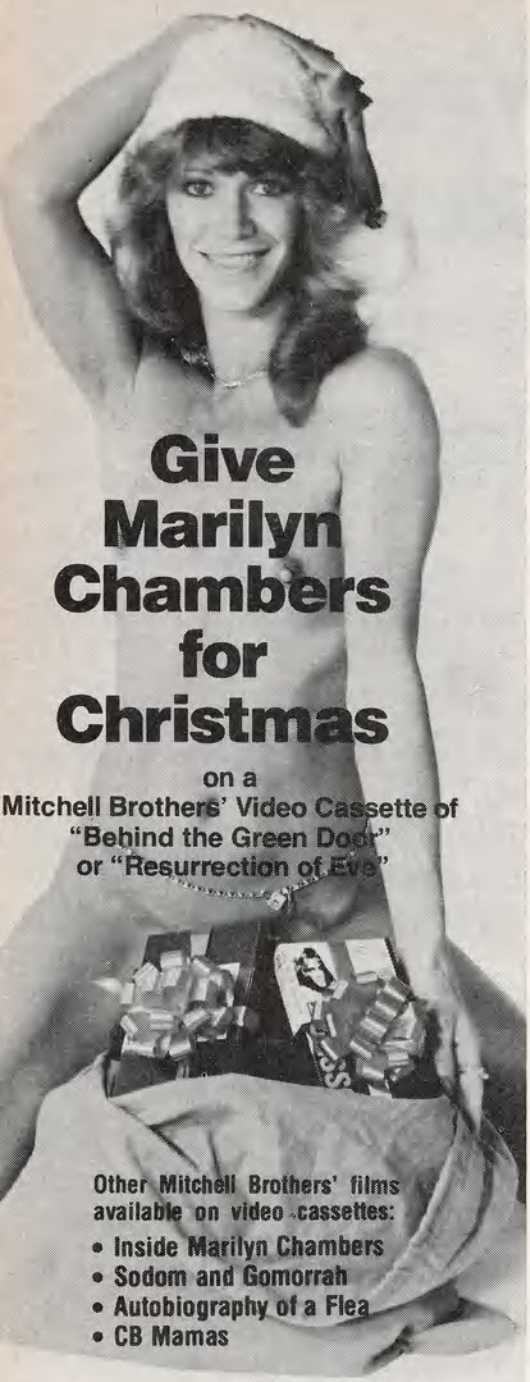
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wounds are being reopened."

"Maybe I should call her myself," Candey suggested.

"To the contrary," Ed answered, his voice rising, "I forbid it. She's had enough of your bureaucratic tripe."

One day later the following telegram addressed to Elizabeth and Ed was delivered to their home:

"Subject—Disposition of Horman Remains. This is to confirm the government of Chile's decision to approve your request for the release of the remains of Charles Horman for return to the U.S. In order for the American embassy at Santiago to arrange shipment, you will recall that a deposit of nine hundred dollars is required to cover the estimated cost for preparation of the remains and transportation to New York City. Funds and instructions should be sent to the office of Special Consular Services. Please accept our deepest condolences in this tragic affair.—Kissinger."

Later that week Joyce telephoned Candey. "The body should be sent to the chief medical examiner of the city of New York," she told him:

"All right," he answered. "It will be shipped from Santiago at 6:30 P.M. on Saturday, March 30. You have until nine o'clock that morning to get the money to us."

Five years have now passed since Charles Horman's death; yet the case remains in public view. What has kept it there is rumors of the most disturbing nature. Specifically, it has been alleged with increasing credibility that Charles Horman was executed with the foreknowledge of American embassy officials in Santiago because he stumbled upon evidence of U.S. involvement in the Chilean coup.

For the record, the government of Chile now says that Horman's body was found on a street in Santiago by a passing military patrol and delivered to the morgue at 1:35 P.M. on September 18, 1973—the day following his disappearance. The body was fingerprinted and held for sixteen days before burial in the municipal cemetery in Santiago. Through an "error in classification," the fingerprint card was misplaced, only to be rediscovered the day after Ed Horman was told by Lovell Jarvis that Charles was dead. Fred Purdy now denies telling Ed that Charles was executed in the National Stadium, and the State Department has steadfastly maintained, "We are unable to establish a legal basis for attributing an international wrong to the Chilean government for the death of Mr. Horman."

However, certain dissenting voices have been heard. Late last year Judd Kessler (acting director of the U.S. AID mission to Chile at the time of the coup) conceded to Thomas Hauser that in late September 1973 he had been informed by an official of the Chilean government that Horman was dead—executed in the National Stadium. Kessler further stated that he immediately passed the information on to Fred Purdy. In short, before Ed Horman ever left New York,

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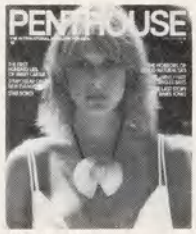
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the U.S. consul in Santiago was told that Charles Horman had been executed by the Chilean military. Yet he chose not to share this information with the Horman family. Instead, he sat silent while Ed Horman flew to Santiago and searched through hospital wards, refugee centers, and the National Stadium for his son. For almost three weeks Fred Purdy maintained a stony silence despite what he had learned. Why?

It is quite possible that the answer lies with a former Chilean intelligence officer named Rafael Gonzalez. From September 1975 until at least May of this year, Gonzalez lived as a refugee in the Italian embassy in Santiago. The embassy has a policy against refugees receiving visitors, and telephone calls are strictly forbidden. However, earlier this year it became known that U.S. consulate officials had met with Gonzalez on five separate occasions and that Gonzalez had told them he was present when the execution of Charles Horman was ordered. The Department of State refuses to divulge what was discussed at four of these meetings, but a transcript of the fifth has been obtained by Thomas Hauser. Gonzalez's testimony is chilling: "I knew that Charles Horman was killed because he knew too much. And this was done between the CIA and the local authorities."

Gonzalez's present whereabouts are unknown. The Italian embassy will say only that he was promised safe passage out of Santiago by the Chilean government earlier this year. The Department of State has refused to comment on the matter. However, the department does concede that sixty-seven documents relating to the death of Charles Horman are being withheld in their entirety from the Horman family and that forty-six more are being partially suppressed despite a request by the Hormans under the Freedom of Information Act. The Department of State further concedes that at least twenty-seven are cables and memoranda that relate to Rafael Gonzalez. The documents are being withheld for reasons of "national security." However, Ed Horman has little doubt as to the type of information they contain. "On September 24, 1973," he recalls, "Joyce and Terry met with Dale Shaffer at the U.S. Consulate in Santiago. At that time they asked for and saw a file card that related to Charles and contained the phrase 'Journalist—working (illegible) extremist.' That card was never produced. I'm sure that this is one of the documents the department is withholding, and I suspect that other items of a far more incriminating nature exist.

"It's all very frustrating," Ed continues. "If the Department of State wants to lie about what's in its files, there's not too much I can do about it. One of the saddest things about our efforts to find out what happened to Charles has been the realization that public officials, who are supposed to serve the American people, very often do no such thing. My family and I have lost trust in the statements, motives, and decency of our government. As an American, I truly regret that loss."

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BY HARRY LEWIS

"What'll you have?" Scotch on the rocks? With soda? Straight up? Neat is pure and manly, but before you pour, consider: there are Scotches and there is *Scotch*. That is to say, although all Scotch is good, some is *better*.

There are times when something extraordinary is called for: when you're entertaining close friends, when you're out with an important business associate, when you're celebrating something big, or when you simply decide you deserve to be treated like a king. These are the times to haul out the *good* stuff. And if it's Scotch you drink, that means twelve-year-olds, or the "original" Scotch—single malt whiskey.

The territory of fine Scotches is not an area to explore without some sense of what you're looking for. To fully appreciate top-shelf Scotch, you should know something about its proud history and how it is made.

If a whiskey is defined as "any spiritous liquor made from a grain," then what is the difference between Scotch, bourbon, rye, and Irish? Why does each have a distinct taste? With bourbon and rye, it is clearly the type of grain that is the distinguishing factor: bourbon is made primarily from corn and rye mainly from the grain that gives it its name. Both Irish whiskey and Scotch are brewed from varying percentages of barley malt. Yet there is a noticeable difference between the sharp, clear taste of Irish whiskey and the deep, rich, taste of Scotch.

The Scotch/Irish taste difference is due to a slight variation in the brewing method. The Irish taste is derived from the use of barley and unpeated barley malt. The Scotch taste comes from the barley malt being dried over a peat fire.

Scotch whisky was originally made from 100 percent barley malt, brewed in a pot still over an open peat fire. To this day, the Scots believe this is the only true and honorable way to make Scotch whiskey. But in the early nineteenth century, some whiskey makers realized they could make Scotch more economically by blending malted and unmalted whiskey. In 1826 the "continuous still" was developed, which allowed for a condensation and continual tapping from the brewing vats. The Scots resisted the idea of blends as long as they could. They saw it all as an English plot to undermine one of their most cherished institutions, and the continuous still was considered an abomination and a personal attack. But the blended product gained great success in the English and, later, the international market, and it was this blended version that became known as Scotch the world over.

Scotch as we know it today is usually a blend of one or more of the single-grain malt whiskeys made in a pot still and other pure-grain spirits made in a continuous still. Some higher-quality Scotches are blended from several pure-malt whiskeys, which are taken from different pot stills around Scotland. (Incidentally, in order to be called Scotch, a whiskey must be distilled in Scotland and aged for a minimum of three years.)

Each separate whiskey that goes into a blend is aged for several years before it is mixed. Moreover, when all the whiskeys are joined, the blend itself is sometimes "married" in the casks for another year. In any case, most blended Scotch whiskey is at least seven or eight years old.

Now we get to the finer points. The key is in the aging, that mysterious process that allows the whiskey to grow fuller and mellower with the years. The brew is stored in used sherry casks or charred oak barrels, where, while it ages, it "shrinks" at a rate of 2 percent a year. It is easy to see why a twenty-five-year-old Scotch is rare and expensive.

If you compare an eight-year-old Scotch with a twelve-year-old—or, better yet, a fifteen- or twenty-five-year-old—you will notice the difference with little effort. A well-aged Scotch is smooth as velvet, with a full, taste, and should be taken straight in order to get the full effect of the drink.

There are several fine twelve-year-old Scotches to choose from. Many Scotch distillers make twelve-year-olds in addition to their better-known eight-year-olds. Some of the top "twelves" are Am-

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CONTINUED ON PAGE 234

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INTERVIEW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 143

was skimming off Klan money for my own use. It put out rumors that I was working with George Lincoln Rockwell and the American Nazi party. It went into my background, trying to come up with some name that showed that there was a possibility that there was nigra blood in my family. It organized other Klan organizations, financed them. It started one up in North Carolina. It used all types of Klansmen. It had one department in the bureau design various postcard-type cartoons and mail them out to members all over the country. Some went to the employers of Klansmen to expose them as members of the Klan. And it caused no telling how many divorces.

Penthouse: How did it do that?

Shelton: By calling a man's wife and claiming that when he was at a meeting, he was really having an affair with another woman. We've brought a suit against the FBI in Birmingham for trying to bring about a divorce in a member's family.

I think our organization and its members have been attacked more vigorously by the FBI than any of the left-wing organizations have. The attack on us was on a much broader scale than the one against Martin Luther King.

Penthouse: What surveillance techniques did the FBI use on you?

Shelton: We know our phones were tapped. I was informed years ago by a U.S. senator—I won't say which one—that my phone was one of the forty-eight that the FBI at that time had a constant monitor on. We know that the offices of the organization and the homes of certain Klansmen were broken into.

Penthouse: What were they looking for?

Shelton: Membership listings, for one thing. The whole purpose of the Un-American Activities Committee hearings was to get the membership listings of the Klan so that the lists could be used for continued harassment and intimidation of the members. Rather than turn this information over to them, I invoked my constitutional privilege during the hearings. I gave them my name and address and then invoked my privilege about 386 times. And as a result of that, I was held in contempt of Congress, sentenced to one year in jail, and given a $1,000 fine. I served over nine months in the federal penitentiary in Texas.

Penthouse: How did you feel when you went in?

Shelton: Bitter, to a certain extent, for the simple reason that the Communist party and the NAACP and other organizations had refused to testify and the Supreme Court had ruled in their favor—and they didn't have to give up their membership lists. I filed my writ of certiorari with the U.S. Supreme Court, and it refused even to hear the writ.

Penthouse: You've said that you think the FBI had something to do with a plane crash

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you were in back in 1965. What happened?
Shelton: I'd like to know! These questions might be answered as we go into this lawsuit more. Very certainly, the crash was caused by a faulty altimeter. Somebody tampered with the altimeter. I was told by the owner of the plane that the FBI had gotten all the information on our flight plan, that they were at the airport the morning we left, taking pictures, and that the plane's radio was being monitored.

We were going to Washington, D.C., to observe Martin Luther King's march. After the crash, the owner told me, his insurance company was approached by the government and told to make a settlement out of court.

Penthouse: How badly were you hurt?
Shelton: I broke my wrist and arm and had plastic and glass stuck all underneath my chest and shoulders and arms. I had a badly lacerated ear and fractured my legs and my arm. From my waist down, I was solid black. The other passenger was banged up pretty badly, too. The pilot died.
Penthouse: Why would the federal government put so much energy into defeating the Klan?
Shelton: I think because we were getting to a sizable number, and we were exposing weaknesses of the government, of which the FBI was a part. The beginning of this was the so-called investigation and hearings of the Committee on Un-American Activities, which was done at the insistence of LBJ. Johnson considered the Klan a stumbling block in his path to success as a politician. And it's true that we did work against Johnson very vigorously in Alabama as well as in other states. His name was not even on the ballot in Alabama; all the delegates were pledged to George Wallace. So Johnson insisted that this investigation be carried out, supposedly to bring about remedial-type legislation to control violence.
Penthouse: President Johnson said back then that he was calling for an investigation of the Klan after four Klansmen were charged with the murder of Mrs. Viola Liuzzo, a white civil-rights worker from Detroit, during the Selma march.
Shelton: No, that wasn't what triggered the investigation. It was triggered by Johnson long before that. Besides, the Klan did not have anybody to shoot people. We have been opposed to any acts of violence. We have never advocated violence.
Penthouse: The four men accused of killing Mrs. Liuzzo were members of the United Klans at that point.
Shelton: I think it was established by testimony that they were members. But the Klan didn't send anybody to kill Mrs. Liuzzo. In fact, everybody had orders to stay away from Selma.
Penthouse: If the Klan has never advocated violence, how did the image of a violent Klan come about?
Shelton: Sensationalism. How can the news sell if it doesn't have something sensational on the pages? When crimes can't be solved, there's got to be a scapegoat, and it's very easy for the Klan to be used as that scapegoat. I would imagine that every member of the Methodist church has gotten involved in a brawl at some time or other. But do you see it on the front page of the newspaper, that John Jones, Methodist, was involved in something?
Penthouse: Do you consider yourself a Christian and feel that you lead a Christian life?
Shelton: Absolutely.
Penthouse: How do you square your actions with the church's teachings of tolerance toward one's fellow man?
Shelton: I don't find any place in the Bible where it says I've got to associate with black men or accept them. People these days are trying to say that all our granddaddies and great-granddaddies who were segregationists are all dead in hell because they believed in segregation.
Penthouse: In the sixties you had a plan to set up Caucasian communities: your organization would buy tracts of land and resettle white people so that they could avoid integration. What happened to that plan?
Shelton: The FBI moved in and broke it up completely by exerting pressure on the companies that were going to finance the plan. We have documents proving this.
Penthouse: What did you have in mind

"Hmmm...you say you've been successful in breeding hens with larger breasts?"

when you conceived this plan?

Shelton: We wanted to be on our own, to be out in a secluded area of our own choice and not be interfered with. We were not going to force ourselves on anybody. We'd get off on our own and build our own community.

Penthouse: Where did you intend to establish these communities?

Shelton: The first one was going to be established in Alabama, sixty miles northeast of Birmingham, on about 200 acres in Jefferson County. We wanted to establish one in each state in the country.

Penthouse: Do you think you might try to revive this plan?

Shelton: I think it's a viable plan, because with the minorities gaining strength with the aid of the government, we're seeing a deterioration of many communities where blacks have moved in. White people are moving out, and I think there are many people, who, offered the opportunity to move into a community of this nature, would do so.

Penthouse: Is it legal to establish a community that is avowedly restricted?

Shelton: Well, that would be an interesting thing to find out. Maybe it could be established like a co-op. There are many co-ops where you're required to be a member of that co-op.

Penthouse: Throughout this conversation, you've generally referred to Afro-Americans as "blacks." In the past you used the word *nigger*. What caused the change?

Shelton: There is a word *nigger*. If you go back to the 1912 edition of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, you'll find about eleven pages devoted to the nigra, showing he was inferior to the white man. Your word *negro* means trash; you can have a white Negro or a black Negro.

Negroes are just never satisfied. They didn't want to be referred to as "boy," and they didn't want to be referred to as "niggers." Now they want you to get off the words *Negro* and *Afro-American*; now it's "black." It makes no difference to me—they're still black.They're a different race, and it makes no difference whether we refer to them as Negro, black man, Afro-American; it's still the black race.

When I'm speaking, if I can get my point over better or be more persuasive by using different words, I'll use them. I'll use the word *black* in a liberal group. There might be a time I have to use the word *nigger* to build up enthusiasm in a group that's sympathetic with me. I'll use "Negro" with a neutral group or individual. I hope I'm intelligent enough to know when to choose my words with care and what words to use.

Penthouse: Has there been any basic change in the philosophy or objectives of the Klan in the last twenty years?

Shelton: No. But we're not going to use the same strategy today that we used twenty years ago. Times have changed, and you've got to change with them. That doesn't mean, though, that you're softening or that you're becoming any more moderate or liberal in your thinking. ○+⊞

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CAMERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 185

for the strobe unit with your camera.

The second revolution eliminated the peculiar exposure problem posed by flash photography: the light reaching the subject from the flash varies in intensity with the subject's distance from the flashgun. In the old days, you figured the distance and then calculated the correct exposure and set your camera's f-stop accordingly. Enter the automatic flash, with its own electric eye to measure the light bouncing back from the subject. When enough light registered, the flash winked off. That meant automatically correct exposures. It also meant more flashes from a set of batteries: the power cut off from the flash tube is saved for the next flash (which means a shorter wait to charge up for the next flash, too). One Hanimex model has another battery-saving trick: it shuts itself off entirely if you don't use it for forty-five seconds.

Modern flash units can do still more tricks than that. Vivitar's new 285, for instance, has a built-in zoom lens, so that its coverage will match that of almost any lens it's used with. Zooming the lens automatically adjusts the aperture-calculation dial (still handy for determining what range an auto-flash will cover as well as for using manual flash outside that range) to compensate for the new light pattern. You can tilt it up to bounce it off the ceiling for a softer, more diffused light (a fairly common feature, now—but bounce flash took a lot of inspired guesswork before auto-flash), or you can add a bounce reflector when there is no ceiling. In fact, many of the new flashguns have as many accessories as some cameras do.

But cameras can get into the act, too. Compact 35's often have linkages that open and close the lens's aperture as you focus on farther or nearer objects in the flash mode. On Nikon's FE, Fujica's AZ-1, Minolta's XD-11 and XG-7, and Canon's three "A-" models, plugging in the matching flashgun and turning it on will automatically set the camera to its best flash shutter speed—and usually return control to the camera while the flash is recharging between shots. The Fujica AZ-1 also tells its flash which of two permissible f-stops it's using, while Canon's A-1 and AE-1 do the opposite—the flash sets their f-stops according to *its* needs. The Contax RTS flash has a different bag of tricks: it can fire quickly enough to synchronize with a Contax or Yashica motor drive; it can also fire several times per shot, for multiple stroboscopic images of fast-moving subjects.

Perhaps the most elaborate flash/camera interaction is that between the Olympus OM-2 and its matching Quick 310 flash, which actually measures the light reaching the film in order to gauge when to "quench" itself. If there's enough light to shoot at a shutter speed above 1/60, the OM-2 will shoot by that available light and the flash won't fire. If there's less light than that, the

flash will fire till enough light has reached the film. If the flash fires its utmost and there's still not exposure enough, the shutter will stay open just long enough to make up the difference from the scene's existing light.

EVERYTHING'S MORE IMPORTANT IN THE MOVIES

The perfect picture happens when you get everything just right. And a moviemaker must keep it right throughout his shot, not just for an instant. That makes automation even more important to him: even if he sets everything right to start with, he'd find it difficult to correct for changes in lighting, subject distance, etc., which are bound to occur during the shot.

So moviemakers instantly adopted auto exposure as well as electric motor drives that didn't require frequent spring rewinding. Automatic focus, as we've seen, is the obvious next step, especially to anyone who's ever had to track a moving target.

Sound isn't exactly automation, but it's an electronic contribution, too. And so are such niceties as radio or infrared remote control (also available for motor-driven still cameras).

But it's possible for a movie camera to sport neither sound nor auto-focus and still pack a stunning complement of automatic features. Take Bauer's A512, for instance. You can shoot at the standard speeds of 18 to 24 frames per second—but just press a button and you have instant slow motion at 54 frames per second. (If you shoot your movies faster than your 18- or 24-frame projection speed, the motion you see on screen slows down; if you shoot slower than you project, action speeds up.)

Or you can shoot at 12 frames per second to speed things up a bit. You can also speed them up dramatically by setting an interval timer to click off one shot every 1/6 second (action at three times normal speed), or even one per minute (1,080 times normal, at which rate a day of action will zip across your screen in less than a minute and half). Should it grow dark while you're filming in fast motion (as it tends to if you film for twenty-four hours or more), you can swing out a booster cell that controls the shutter speed of each frame up to a one-minute time exposure. Or you can synchronize each frame with flash.

Other provisions let you do fade-ins, fade-outs, lap dissolves, and even film brief bursts of reverse action. With the bellows hood that comes with the camera in Bauer's Pro-fi set, you can do further tricks, such as wipes, binocular and keyhole masks, split screens, titling, smoke effects, and whatever else your fiendish visual imagination can come up with.

Those latter effects, of course, must be achieved manually. But without automation elsewhere, you'd be far too busy to attempt them without a crew of Hollywood-trained assistants. And if automation catches on in pro cinematography, as it has in advanced still photography, such trained assistants will become harder to find. OH

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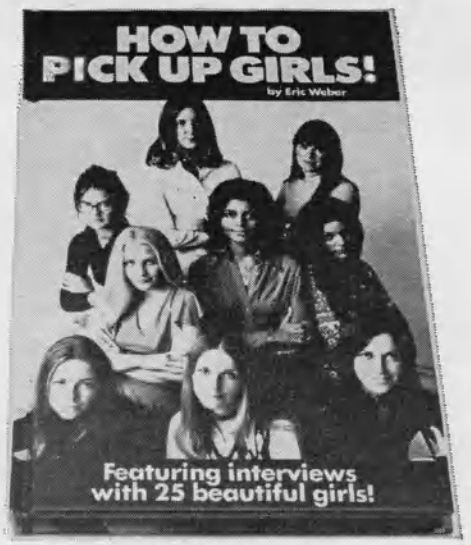

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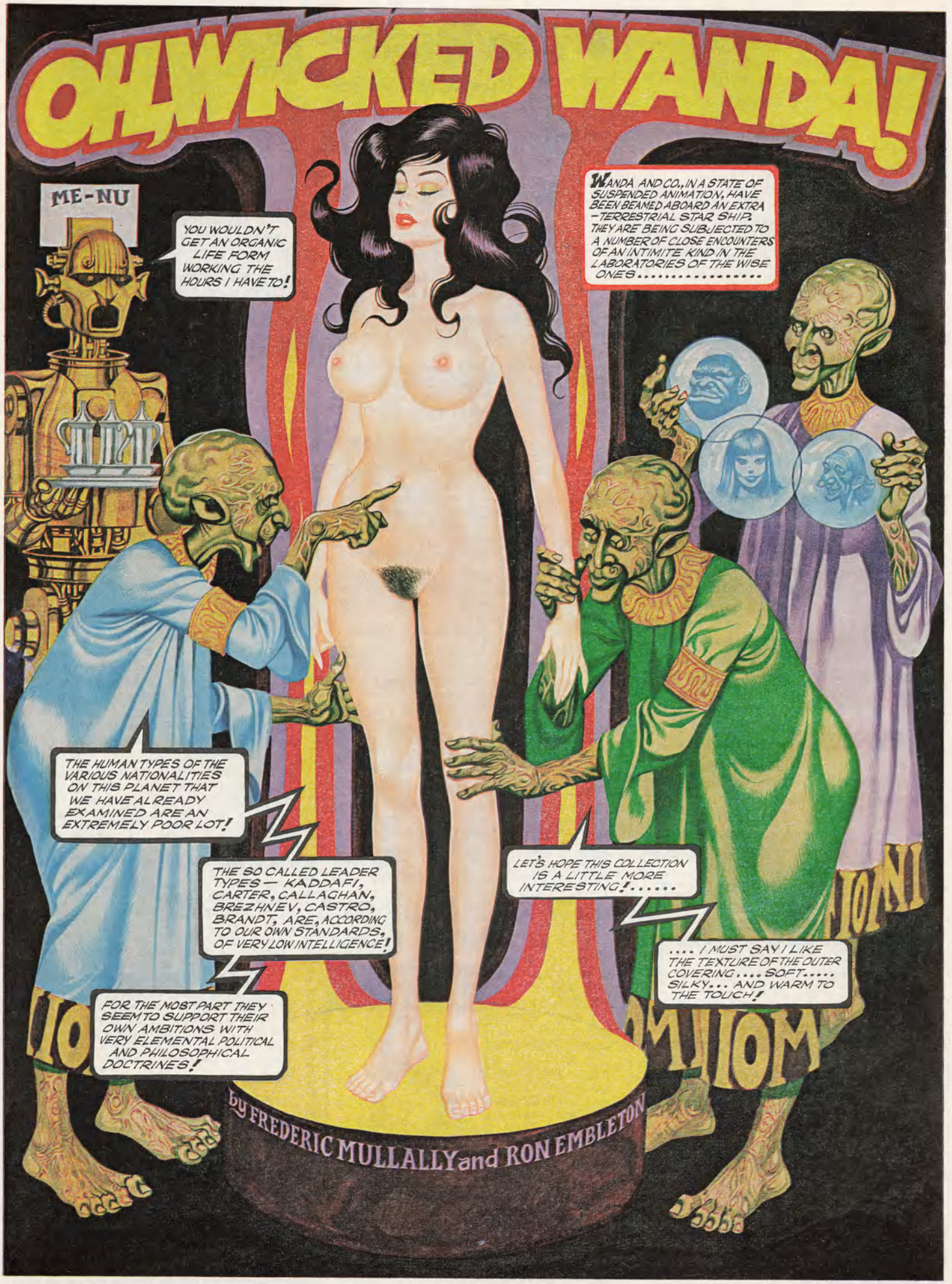
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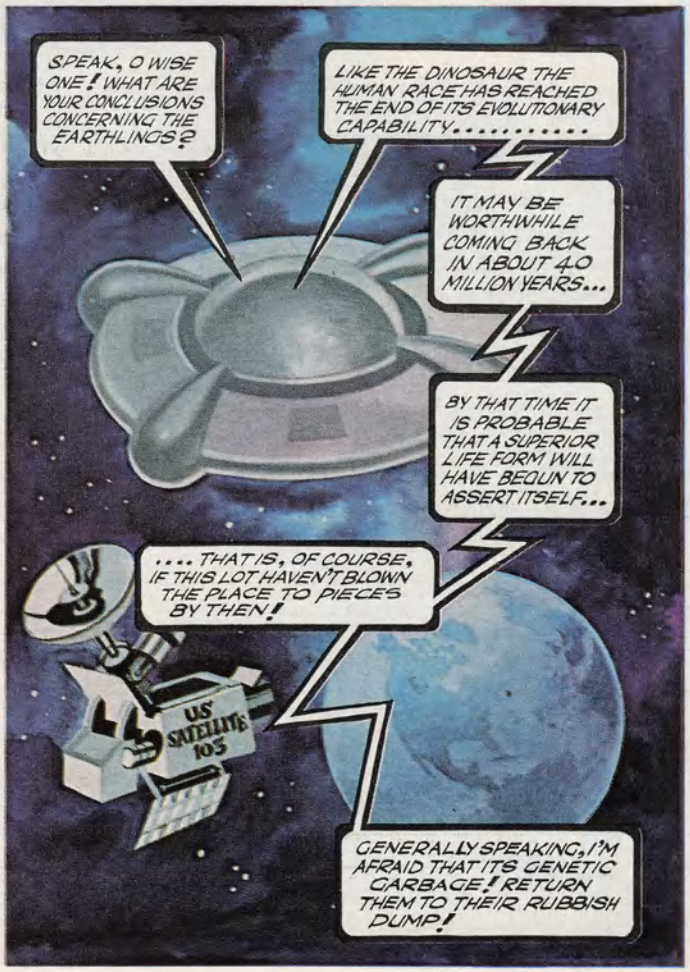
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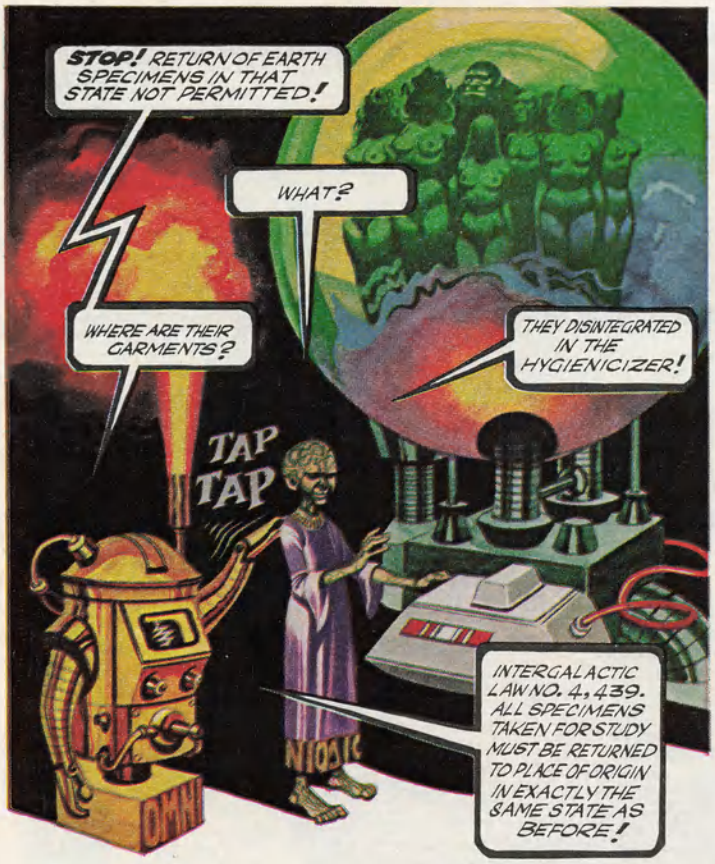
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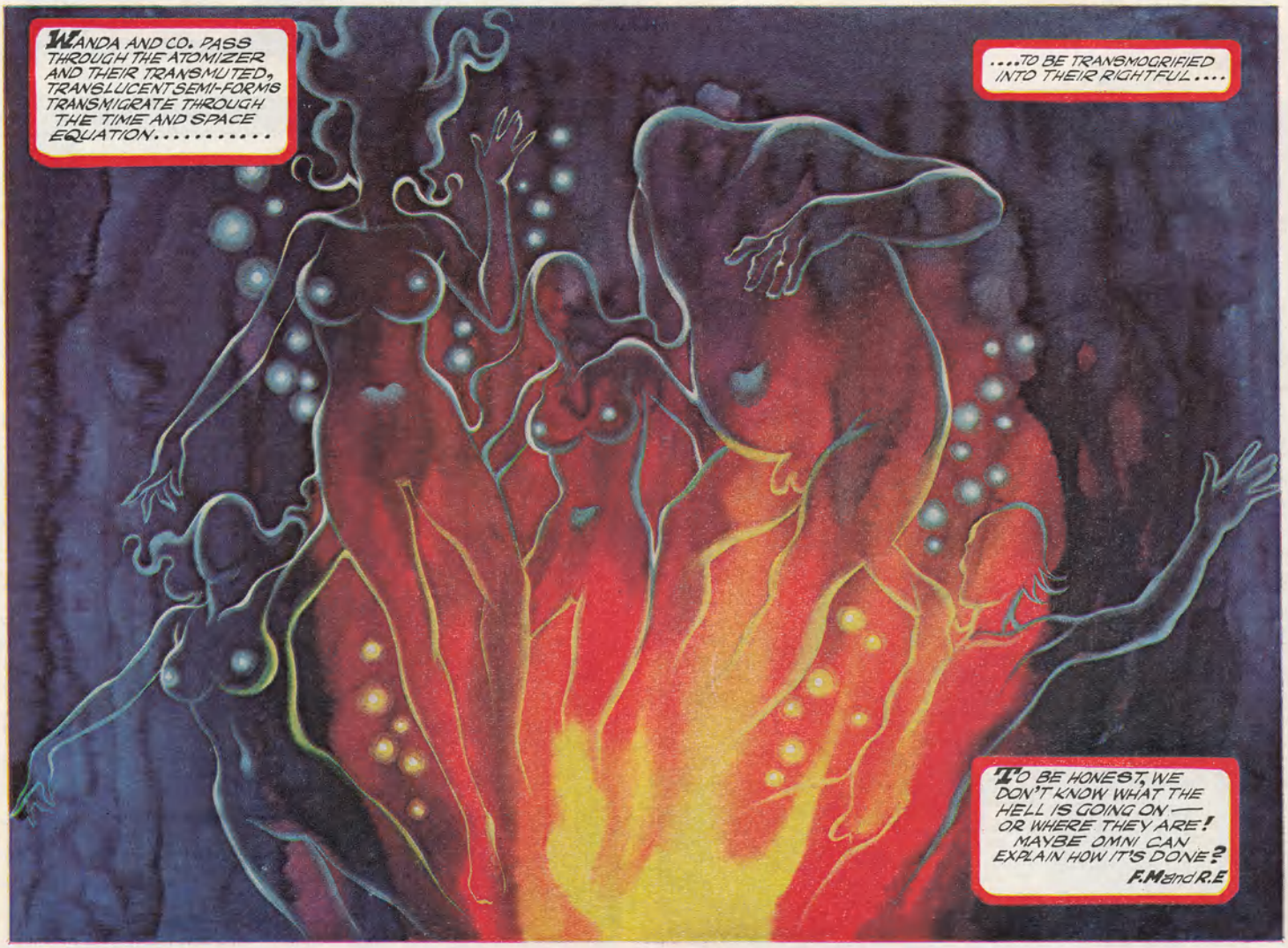
OMNI
I'D LIKE TO PULL OUT HIS REPRODUCTION PLUGS!


WANDA AND CO. PASS THROUGH THE ATOMIZER AND THEIR TRANSMUTED, TRANSLUCENT SEMI-FORMS TRANSMIGRATE THROUGH THE TIME AND SPACE EQUATION.....
....TO BE TRANSMOGRIFIED INTO THEIR RIGHTFUL....
TO BE HONEST, WE DON'T KNOW WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON — OR WHERE THEY ARE! MAYBE OMNI CAN EXPLAIN HOW IT'S DONE?
F.M and R.E

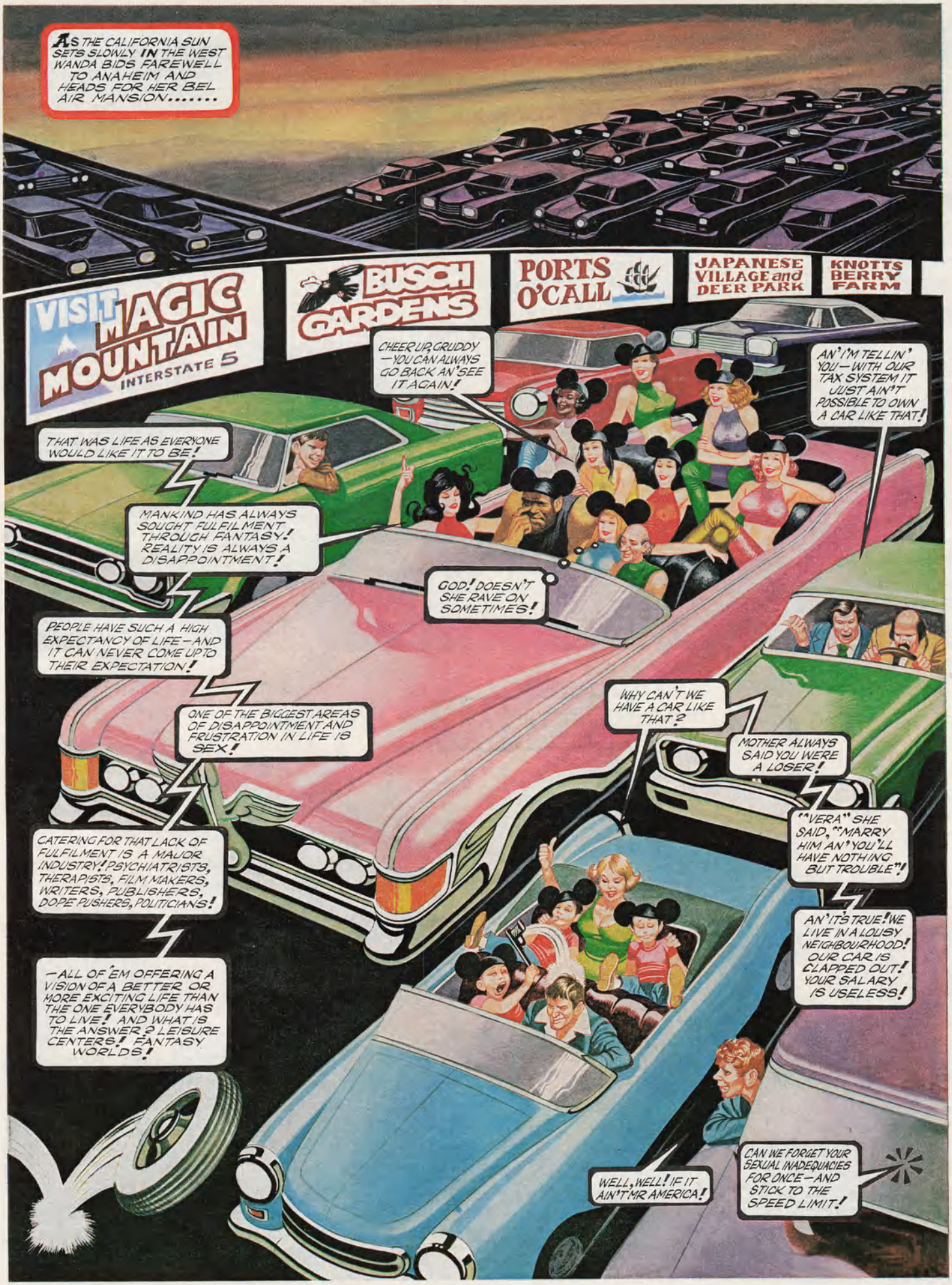
MY GOD! WHAT HAPPENED?
WHERE ARE WE?
WHAT IS THIS PLACE?
AND WHO ARE THESE PEOPLE!
YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE TAKIN' PICTURES FOR THE FOLKS BACK HOME!
NUTS TO THE FOLKS BACK HOME!
WHO'S THAT, BOO'FUL? CHRISTOPHER LEE? PETER CUSHING?
HE LOOKS LIKE ANOTHER UNEMPLOYED ALBANIAN JAILER TO ME — AFTER MY JOB IN PENTHOUSE!
EEEYAAH!
LOOK, MARMY — BATMAN AND WOBIN!
THE KID JUST AIN'T VERY BRIGHT!
WHADYA WANNA SEE NEXT, KID!
I DON'T EAT AS A SUBSTITUTE FOR SEX — I JUST LIKE IT BETTER!
I'M SURE I WASN'T WEARING THIS WHEN I GOT UP THIS MORNING!
CASA DE FRITOS! CARNATION ICE CREAM PARLOUR! PEPSI-COLA GOLDEN HORSE-SHOE! BLUE BAYOU RESTAURANT! THE PLAZA INN! RIVER BELLE TERRACE!

THIS PLACE IS SUPER, BOO'FUL — WHY DON'T YOU BUY IT FOR ME?

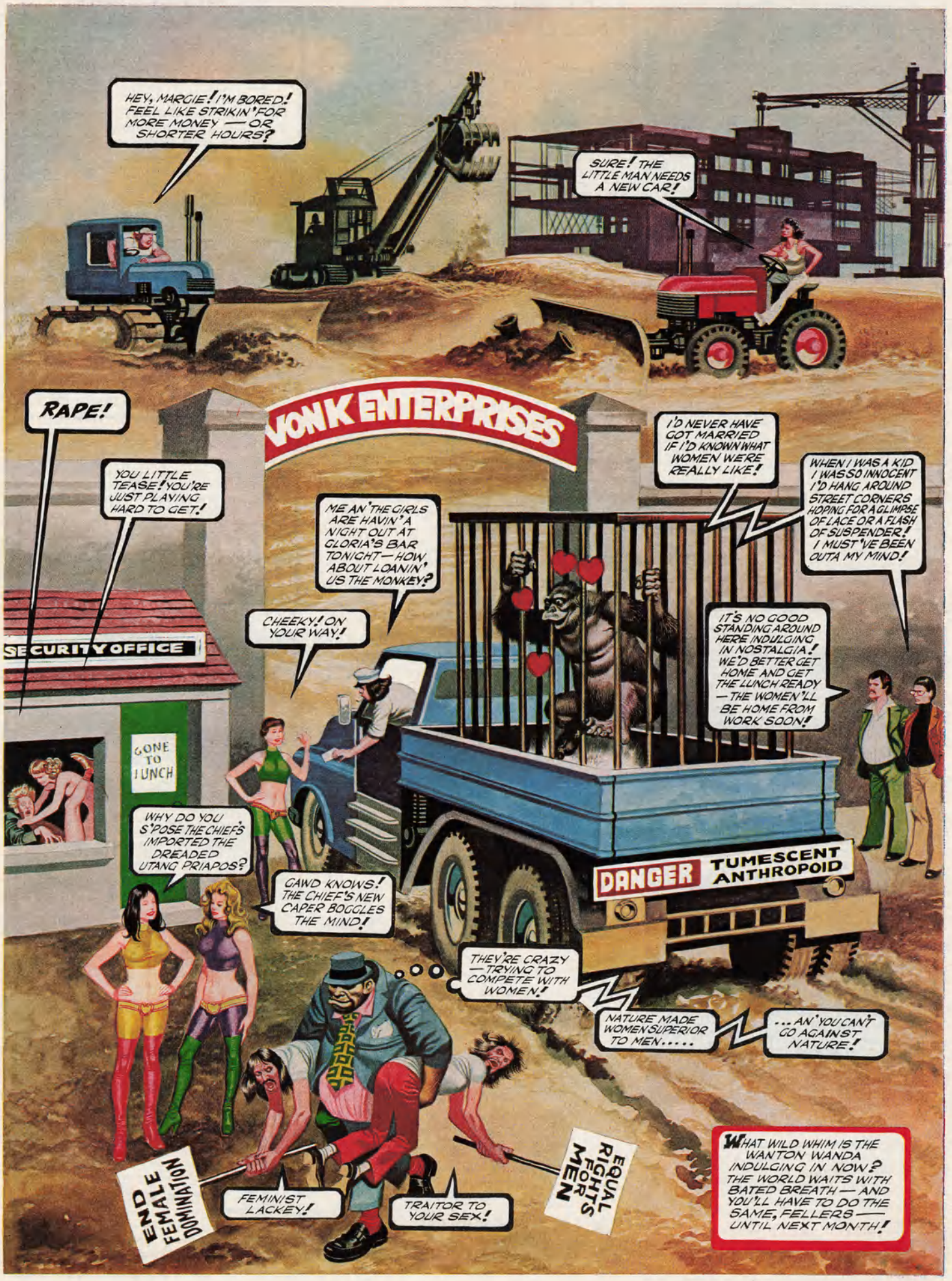
THINK WHAT IT'D DO FOR THE HUMAN RIGHTS ISSUE IF THEY PUT THIS PLACE IN THE KREMLIN!
I VOTE ALL FURTHER SUMMIT MEETINGS BE HELD HERE!
OH BOY! IF ONLY LIFE COULD BE THAT SIMPLE!

AUCTION
take a W inch for a B D
I'M GLAD THAT KID ISN'T MINE!
GOSH, BOO'FUL! WILL THOSE LADIES SUFFER A FATE WORSE THAN DEATH AT THE HANDS OF THOSE FEARSOME PIRATES?
SUCH A THOUGHT, UTTERED IN THIS MOST HALLOWED OF AMERICAN INSTITUTIONS, PUSSCAKE — IS BORDERING ON BLASPHEMY!

the HAUNTED MANSION
WHAT'S UP WITH GRUD, HOMER?
COME ON, BOO'FUL!
I'M AFRAID GRUD COMES FROM A VERY POOR STRAIN OF ALBANIAN PEASANT STOCK, MOSTRESS — GIVEN TO DISPLAYS OF MAWKISH SENTIMENTALITY!
"IT'S A SMALL WORLD" IS SO BEAUTIFUL!


AS THE CALIFORNIA SUN SETS SLOWLY IN THE WEST WANDA BIDS FAREWELL TO ANAHEIM AND HEADS FOR HER BEL AIR MANSION.....
VISIT MAGIC MOUNTAIN INTERSTATE 5
BUSCH GARDENS
PORTS O'CALL
JAPANESE VILLAGE and DEER PARK
KNOTTS BERRY FARM
CHEER UP, GRUDDY —YOU CAN ALWAYS GO BACK AN' SEE IT AGAIN!
AN' I'M TELLIN' YOU—WITH OUR TAX SYSTEM IT JUST AIN'T POSSIBLE TO OWN A CAR LIKE THAT!
THAT WAS LIFE AS EVERYONE WOULD LIKE IT TO BE!
MANKIND HAS ALWAYS SOUGHT FULFILMENT THROUGH FANTASY! REALITY IS ALWAYS A DISAPPOINTMENT!
GOD! DOESN'T SHE RAVE ON SOMETIMES!
PEOPLE HAVE SUCH A HIGH EXPECTANCY OF LIFE—AND IT CAN NEVER COME UP TO THEIR EXPECTATION!
ONE OF THE BIGGEST AREAS OF DISAPPOINTMENT AND FRUSTRATION IN LIFE IS SEX!
WHY CAN'T WE HAVE A CAR LIKE THAT?
MOTHER ALWAYS SAID YOU WERE A LOSER!
"VERA" SHE SAID, "MARRY HIM AN' YOU'LL HAVE NOTHING BUT TROUBLE"!
CATERING FOR THAT LACK OF FULFILMENT IS A MAJOR INDUSTRY! PSYCHIATRISTS, THERAPISTS, FILM MAKERS, WRITERS, PUBLISHERS, DOPE PUSHERS, POLITICIANS!
AN' IT'S TRUE! WE LIVE IN A LOUSY NEIGHBOURHOOD! OUR CAR IS CLAPPED OUT! YOUR SALARY IS USELESS!
—ALL OF 'EM OFFERING A VISION OF A BETTER OR MORE EXCITING LIFE THAN THE ONE EVERYBODY HAS TO LIVE! AND WHAT IS THE ANSWER? LEISURE CENTERS! FANTASY WORLDS!
WELL, WELL! IF IT AIN'T MR AMERICA!
CAN WE FORGET YOUR SEXUAL INADEQUACIES FOR ONCE—AND STICK TO THE SPEED LIMIT!

I'M GONNA STRETCH YOUR INVENTIVE GENIUS LIKE IT'S NEVER BEEN STRETCHED BEFORE, HOMER BABY!
I MUST SAY THIS ONE'S VERY CLOSE TO MY HEART, MISTRESS!
HEY, PUSSCAKE! WHAT'S GOING ON UP THERE? WHAT'S ALL THE SECRECY?
STRIP POKER WITHOUT ANY MEN AROUND IS THE MOST POINTLESS GAME!
HOW SHOULD I KNOW! SHE DOESN'T TELL ME ANYTHING ANYMORE!
THUD!


HEY, MARGIE! I'M BORED! FEEL LIKE STRIKIN' FOR MORE MONEY — OR SHORTER HOURS?
SURE! THE LITTLE MAN NEEDS A NEW CAR!
RAPE!
VONK ENTERPRISES
YOU LITTLE TEASE! YOU'RE JUST PLAYING HARD TO GET!
I'D NEVER HAVE GOT MARRIED IF I'D KNOWN WHAT WOMEN WERE REALLY LIKE!
WHEN I WAS A KID I WAS SO INNOCENT I'D HANG AROUND STREET CORNERS HOPING FOR A GLIMPSE OF LACE OR A FLASH OF SUSPENDER! I MUST'VE BEEN OUTA MY MIND!
ME AN' THE GIRLS ARE HAVIN' A NIGHT OUT AT GLORIA'S BAR TONIGHT — HOW ABOUT LOANIN' US THE MONKEY?
CHEEKY! ON YOUR WAY!
IT'S NO GOOD STANDING AROUND HERE INDULGING IN NOSTALGIA! WE'D BETTER GET HOME AND GET THE LUNCH READY — THE WOMEN'LL BE HOME FROM WORK SOON!
SECURITY OFFICE
GONE TO LUNCH
DANGER TUMESCENT ANTHROPOID
WHY DO YOU S'POSE THE CHIEF'S IMPORTED THE DREADED UTANG PRIAPOS?
GAWD KNOWS! THE CHIEF'S NEW CAPER BOGGLES THE MIND!
THEY'RE CRAZY — TRYING TO COMPETE WITH WOMEN!
NATURE MADE WOMEN SUPERIOR TO MEN.....
...AN' YOU CAN'T GO AGAINST NATURE!
END FEMALE DOMINATION
FEMINIST LACKEY!
TRAITOR TO YOUR SEX!
EQUAL RIGHTS FOR MEN
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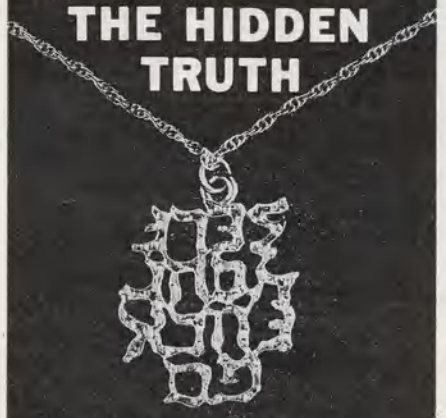

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GEORGIA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 134

there where I had her, under the house, which sat up about two and a half feet on blocks made out of brick. We were trembling, both us naked as babies, as I struggled to get her up on the dishpan. To get her square-legged, homemade drawers off, I had to promise she could play with me and Willalee in the catalogue.

She didn't know anymore about it than I did, and at first she thought I wanted to see her pee. When she did begin to see what I had in mind, she thought I was crazy.

"It ain't *no* way to do that," she said. "Ain't gone *do*. Try if you wants to, but I knows it won't do."

I carefully explained to her what my brother said we should do, and while I talked, I watched her eyes grow rounder and rounder and her mouth go slack. And even though she shook her head the whole time I was saying it, she did not balk at the dishpan, and I finally had her on it, both of us full of chill bumps from the cold. Just as I was about to mount, to do God knows what, because in the wind I was rapidly forgetting my brother's instructions, I heard something behind me, and when I looked over my shoulder, I saw Mama's stout legs, those knees flexed and ready.

"Come out from under there, youngun," Mama said. And I did. I came out quickly, head already contritely down, heading for the place where she would catch and hold me while she violently shredded a peach-tree switch over my upturned bottom, stung by the cold, cheeks red already.

Never a word about my crippled legs and never a word about the months in bed, so recent I still had small sores the size of fever blisters on my back. It was the first whipping I'd had since I got sick, and I knew that I was well and whole again.

What was ahead of me was God and little girls. The mystery and general scariness of both. As the year moved into winter, I went to wood sawings and peanut poppings for the first time. Families gathered all over Bacon County to saw logs, which would be used to cook tobacco the following summer, and to shell peanuts for seed. A farmer snaked up as many logs as he could cut, and then, the night of the party, all the men and the young bucks sipped a little moonshine and sawed themselves into a sweat. Sometimes eight or ten crosscut saws would be working at the same time, steam rising off the men's bodies in the cold air, their straining faces lighted by an enormous bonfire. Sometime later in the evening, a fiddler started and the sawing stopped. Peanut poppings were the same kind of party. A farmer would have saved back sacks of peanuts from the year before. If he wanted to plant ten or fifteen acres, an incredible number of peanuts had to be shelled by hand. Thirty-five or forty people—men, women, and children—sat around for three or four hours

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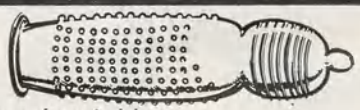

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with peanuts in their laps, shelling as fast as they could. Finally, somebody began pushing furniture back, and the first tentative squawks of the fiddle cut through the cold night air.

But mostly what went on at these parties was *walking out*. Walking out means just what it says: boys and girls walked out together into the darkness. They walked down the lane holding hands, and in a few minutes they came back, only to walk out again in a little bit. The mothers kept careful track of their daughters, how long they'd been out with a boy, and if a girl had been gone more than five or ten minutes, a mother might go sailing out into the dark, her apron flapping, to find her.

But for a child less than ten years old, walking out wasn't necessary. You could go at it in the backyard or anywhere, because nobody paid any attention to you. Perhaps that is why there was such tremendous pressure to do *it* and, consequently, a lot of hot, smarmy struggling of little, bony bodies in dark places about the house and the farm.

There was a boy my age named Bonehead whom I had got to be friends with at school, and he was forever at me to do *it*. A great many others were pushing me about the same thing, but Bonehead was the worst.

"You git any, boy?"

"Naw. I just about did, but I didn't."

"You got to git yoursef some."

"I know," I said, in real dejection. "I know I do."

I knew that I did, that sooner or later I'd be minding my own business in some dark corner of the farmhouse or out in the lane and Bonehead would turn up with a little girl who had *it*, and there I'd be. I knew the details of the thing. Hadn't my brother explained it all and got me under the house with Lottie Mae? Hadn't I seen jacks and mares, bulls and cows, banging away at each other? So I knew I had to get myself some, but the problem was that I didn't want any.

As long as I thought about cows and bulls, or even men and women, I was all right. But when I thought about *me* and . . . Clearly impossible. I had lots of little girls down on their backs in Springfield Section of Jacksonville, and it was fun—a little like wrestling—until it got too feverish. Then I would jump up and run.

The mystery of little girls stood at dead even with the mystery of God. See, little girls had *it*. None of the little boys had *it*. We had to go through all kinds of things—fights, gifts, lies, whatever—if we wanted *it*. And little girls could give us some of *it*, if they wanted to. As well as being unpleasant, the whole thing was scary.

But then we had an evangelist come to the county to preach, and everything was all rolled into the same ball. Obviously, there was no walking out at church, but the boys and girls managed. At night services they *did* manage. I don't know why it was so, but after the last service at night, if you could have heard the hymens popping, it would have sounded like crickets in a field.

Bonehead was sitting on the aisle seat. I was next to him, and pressed in on me from the other side was a boy named Alonzo. We were huddled in the Baptist church, driven there by our parents against our will, knowing what we were going to find.

Our own minister had prepared us for the evangelist, a man from Colorado, who continuously traveled about the country, calling down the Wrath of the Living God on all unsaved heads. He also called down the Love, which sounded exactly like the Wrath, of the Living God on the same heads.

Hell came right along with God, hand in hand. The stink of sulfur swirled in the air of the church. Fire burned in the aisles, and brimstone rained out of the rafters. From the evangelist's oven mouth spewed images of a place with pitchforks and devils and lakes of fire that burned forever. God had fixed a place like that because he loved us so much.

With a God like that on one side and a hell like that on the other, it was enough to make a little boy unaware of his loosening bowels, but even when I realized, I didn't care. What was filling my shoes compared with a God who might boil me *forever* (a word and a condition I could not imagine)? Worse, He was going to do it for reasons of love. He

had—the evangelist said—sent His only Son to be beaten with brambles and given vinegar to drink and finally even nailed to a tree for the same reasons of love.

I couldn't imagine such a being. But that didn't help a bit. It gave no comfort at all, because by now the man raging up there in the pulpit owned me, every cell—blood, bone, and hair. Faith had nothing to do with it. I was one with the voice and the vision of the God-crazed evangelist, standing six and a half feet tall in cowboy boots, joyous in his anger at my filthy life, with hands so enormous that, as he buried me in the water later that night, his fingers wrapped my head as if it were an orange.

When a man like that told you God, by God, was coming soon, was probably on His way this very night to touch you with His Love if you didn't *come on home to Jesus right now*, you didn't argue about it, resist it, or even think about it. You just shit in your pants, stood up, and staggered down the aisle toward the altar, blinded by tears and terror.

But I had always known I would someday have to do God. I had been watching people do Him all my life: fainting, screaming, crying, and thrashing about over the floor. My turn had come, and I'd survived Him. All that was left was *it* as I charged out into the night. I don't remember what I was thinking or if I was thinking anything. But as Bonehead kept watch, for the little girl's older sister, whom their mother had sent to look for her, I got the little girl down on the dark back porch of the church, delirious, full of God, and raging. I didn't know, when it was over, if she had given me *it* or not. But Bonehead and I were both pretty sure she had. She was crying, because not only had I ripped her little cotton drawers, but I had also thrown them in the yard, and she didn't know what she was going to tell her mama.

For my part it was a great relief, getting on the right side of God and little girls all in the same hour. I went back to the farm that night and slept the sleep of one who is at peace with the world. It carried me nicely through the year, while the turnips and collards grew green and marvelous in the winter and died in the spring, while the biddies grew up and scratched around in the yard with the rooster, and while the old mule Pete got another year grayer, another year slower.

From the beginning, though, I wanted to tell somebody about the girl and God, somebody grown. I don't know why I wanted to tell a grownup, maybe only to have what I had done confirmed as fine. Whatever the reason, as the weeks and months went by, the desire to tell somebody got stronger. I was no longer as certain as I had been. I wasn't sleeping as well. I woke up in the yard and in the fields more often, sleepwalking.

Then the chance came. Mr. Willis was going to take corn to town to be ground at the mill into grits and meal. It was a sunup-to-after-dark trip, and I was allowed to go with him. We shelled out the corn, put Pete between the sheaves, and eased out onto the road to Alma while it was still dark.

We were hardly out of sight of the house when I told Mr. Willis the whole story of God and the girl. It was a slow and tortuous telling. But it was easy enough to do. The burden had become too great to keep to myself. I was beginning to think that the girl had canceled out God. You don't git *it* from Him and then run around to His back porch and git *it* from a girl. If in fact I had got *it* from either of them. I was no longer very sure.

Mr. Willis sat in a ladder-back chair in the bed of the wagon, looking straight ahead, while I told him all of it. The sun showed full above the wall of black pine trees when I finally finished.

He said matter-of-factly: "God an' girls is just like farmin'. You caint ever git finished. Take sumpin out of the ground, and it's time to put sumpin in again. Soon's you find out you ain't never gone git finished, you don't have to hurry or worry." He sent a long stream of tobacco juice over the traces. "If the grass is growing or *not* growing, ain't sumpin a reasonable man oughta worry about. The grass is *gone* grow."

I didn't know what to say to him; so I said: "It's gone take a long time to git where we going."

He looked out over Pete's aged, bony withers and said: "Oh, it *always* takes a long time to git where you going."

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THE STONING

CONTINUED ON PAGE 120

ranch guarded by two lions, outside Tecate.

On June 24 DEA agents, accompanied by MFJP officers, arrived at a small, corrugated-tin warehouse on the dusty, barren outskirts of Mexicali. Supposedly, up to 80,000 pounds were inside, according to one of the tanker-truck drivers. But the warehouse seemed empty. Agents pounded the concrete floor with wooden boards. It sounded solid until they got to the far end. They examined a large wooden beam that was set in a steel plate, bolted to the floor, and supported an overhead loft. A hole no wider than eighteen inches opened into an underground room nine-feet high and thirty-six by twenty-five feet in size. It was stacked to the ceiling with 60,000 pounds of marijuana. Four days later the total 84,000 pounds intercepted, representing at the time the largest seizure ever made, was burned. Accounting ledgers that were seized revealed that the marijuana wholesaled for seventy dollars a pound. S-F suffered a loss of $5,880,000.

At about this time, in Detroit, DEA agent Harold Davidson, a street-wise ex-cop, realized that financial documents found on a Boston man murdered in Detroit related to the investigation of a tanker-truck in San Diego. Davidson contacted DEA agent Raymond McKinnon, who was conducting the investigation. They compared notes, in order to pursue all financial leads and identify syndicate members. Partly as a result of the success of this cooperation, the Justice Department decided to form CENTAC 12, a tactical task force comprised of domestic and foreign DEA agents and attorneys from the Department of Justice in Washington, D.C. McKinnon was boss. Rapid progress was made.

In April 1975 paranoia seized S-F leaders. One of Sicilia-Falcon's best connections in Tijuana became a fugitive. Respectable millionaire businessman Alphonso Avila Quintero and his wife, Maria, fled their lavish hillside mansion in Tijuana shortly before Mexican federal agents and Army troops raided it. Authorities found $188,000 and 25,000 pesos. Eight planes, including a four-engine DC-6 that belonged to Avila's Sinaloa-based Aerolineas Chavez and was used in transporting drugs, were seized.

On July 2, 1975, Carlos Kyriakides and his girl friend—a former Pacific Southwest Airlines stewardess—were arrested in his Mercedes-Benz outside the El Presidente Hotel in Mexico City.

Mercedes Coleman and Sicilia-Falcon were arrested at his home in Mexico City's exclusive San Angel district.

Fry was arrested running from his home with $6,500 cash in his possession. In the $90,000 redwood house hidden near the top of a hill at the end of Live Oak Drive in Mill Valley, agents found a 9 mm pistol, a .38-caliber pistol, and a shotgun, all

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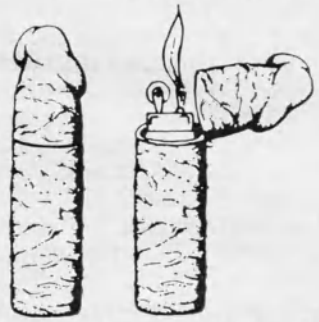

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loaded. When booked, Fry listed his occupation as "salesman."

On April 26, 1976, Sicilia-Falcon and a number of his associates escaped from Lecumberri, the Mexican federal prison in Mexico City. They made their getaway through a small tunnel, equipped with lighting and oxygen. Four days later, after the U.S. State Department applied pressure on the Mexican government, they were recaptured. Allegedly, prison officials had been paid $850,000 to allow the escape.

CENTAC 12 has been responsible for eight domestic indictments—in Los Angeles, San Diego, Tulsa, Detroit, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Miami, and Minneapolis—involving 118 defendants. Many of the individuals, who had never met each other, were linked to the S-F syndicate as a result of the dogged work of DEA intelligence analyst John Raferty. He spent over a year sifting through thousands of telephone, credit-card, hotel, airline, bank, and business records.

Although Sicilia-Falcon, Roger Fry, and many of their co-conspirators are currently incarcerated, the initial phase of CENTAC 12 exposed additional major traffickers and organizations. Therefore CENTAC 12, Phase II, was initiated. The DEA expects it to result in 100 more Sicilia-Falcon-related indictments and several additional conspiracy prosecutions in the United States and Latin America.

The Sicilia-Falcon case became the first major test of a new agreement between Mexico and the United States. Thirty-two defendants were prosecuted in Mexico under a joint Mexican-American program tagged Operation JANUS. Using evidence gathered by U.S. investigators, Mexican suspects involved in the distribution of illegal drugs from Mexico to the United States were prosecuted in Mexican courts. In the past, Mexican-based traffickers who supplied the U.S. market operated with relative immunity.

DEA chief Peter Bensinger says the Sicilia-Falcon network was the most significant source of supply of Mexican marijuana known. However, on November 1, 1976, a little more than two months after Roger Fry's sentencing, a sixteen-man Mexican army patrol exchanged automatic weapons' fire with marijuana growers and smugglers during a raid on Santiago de los Caballeros, a mountain hamlet about 100 miles north of Culiacán, Mexico's unofficial drug capital.

Twelve people, including one soldier, were killed in the battle, and 134,000 pounds of marijuana and four hydraulic presses, used for making "bricks," were confiscated. Also captured were seven AK-47 Kalishnikov automatic assault rifles, and several U.S. Army M-16 automatic rifles, M-1 carbines, and Thompson submachine guns. One man captured in the fight said that weapons were flown in by Americans, who exchanged them for marijuana. An AK-47 is worth almost one ton of marijuana. An M-16 brings more than

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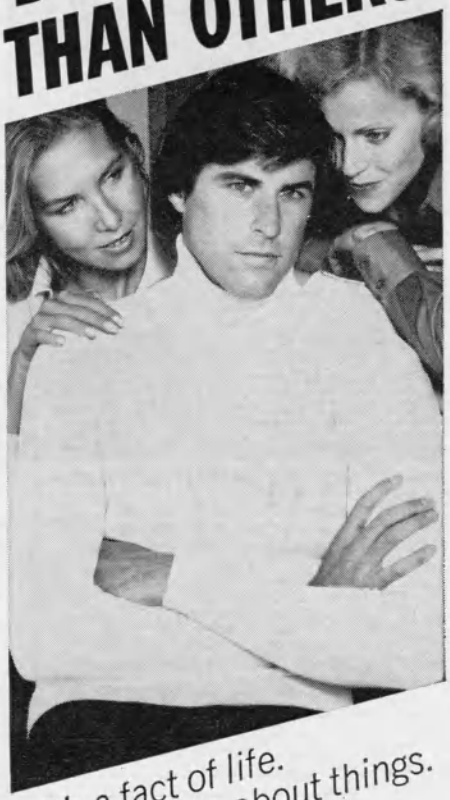

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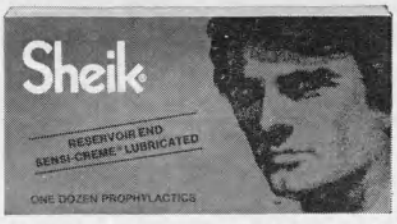

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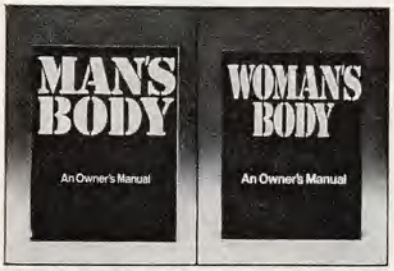

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$1,000. Farmers sell the marijuana for $10 a pound.

The man said that all the inhabitants of Santiago de los Caballeros were involved in the drug trade. The old men and women sorted the seeds and cleaned and bricked the marijuana. The young men planted and tended the fields. The children helped water them. Dope is the only source of income for the people of Santiago de los Caballeros. Soldiers say that there are hundreds of similar villages scattered through the high sierra of northwestern Mexico. "We're dealing with a population that regards the government as just another natural disaster," said a State Department official in Mexico.

"Without Fry, everybody else [in Sicilia-Falcon] was a loser," a medium-heavy dealer from Laguna Beach, Calif., said. "Never mind the government propaganda; most of these people were lucky to wake up and find the toilet in the morning. They were all dopers, sharing one brain.

"I used to deal with a guy, an American, who *never* got popped. He was dealing tons like there was no tomorrow. This cat didn't need Fry. He was part of the strongest family in TJ. He worked his way inside Fry's thing so he could take it over with *his* people. They weren't punks like Falcon and all those guys Fry had. I'm talking about Our Thing . . . ya know? Nuestra Famiglia. Our Family. Very heavy. Dig through the San Diego papers. A little story about some guy busted at the border with a million bucks in cash. No drugs. Just one little story. . . ."

One underground theory has it that Carlos-Angel Kyriakides went to high school with some of the Nuestra Famiglia leaders and knew that the Mexicans were setting up the Sicilia-Falcon people with the DEA in order to decrease the competition. Nuestra Famiglia was so terrifying that Kyriakides didn't warn his own partners.

Nuestra Famiglia began in northern Mexico, in Tijuana and Mexicali, and in the straggling rural towns along the border. It is comprised of Mexicans and Mexican-Americans. Its members are relatively young, the oldest being in their early forties. They come from the poorest backgrounds and were originally related. Now that the organization has prospered, blood ties are not so important. The group concentrates on dope and, in fact, has come to control narcotics in southwestern American prisons. Within the prison system, Nuestra Famiglia also engages in murder and extortion, apparently as a means of maintaining authority rather than as a serious sideline. Nuestra Famiglia operates with an impressive array of couriers, gunmen, and drivers and is beginning to cut seriously into the profits of the Mexican mafia, an older, more diverse criminal organization with headquarters in Guadalajara and Mexico City. The rivalry between the two groups is one factor in the decline in quantity of Mexican grass; the other major factors are the drought and paraquat.

For all these reasons, then, the scene shifts back to Colombia.

Last summer the biggest marijuana plantation in the world was discovered in the Guajira—more than 3,600 acres, as orderly as a Nebraska cornfield, spread lush and green across a plain that is normally arable only during the brief rainy season. Colombian dope farmers, called *marimberos*, had installed diesel-driven pumps on the Tapias River and were irrigating—just like United Fruit.

The Las Mercedes *finca* was near the scene where our story began and came replete with its own airstrip. In December 1975 Colombian police raided the strip and caught three U.S.-registered planes on the ground. Police uncovered a DC-4, with its two engines intact, which had been buried beneath the red dirt next to the strip.

On January 25, 1978, seven miles southeast of Dibulla, on the Guajira coast, Colombian customs officers seized a U.S.-registered, twin-engine Cessna 402, which was loaded with 2,000 pounds of marijuana. Thirteen people, including two Americans, the pilot and copilot, were arrested. This was only three and a half miles from the Las Mercedes airstrip; 336,000 pounds of marijuana were found neatly stacked in bales under a large tarpaulin.

Just three months later, forty miles away, a four-engine DC-7 was seized.

In the plane were 12,000 pounds of marijuana. On the ground, stacked at the end of the runway, were another 14,000 pounds. Three Americans were seized. Two miles from the airstrip, a storage area containing 1,050 sacks of marijuana, each weighing 60 kilograms (a total of 138,600 pounds), was discovered.

The following day, along a road leading to the airstrip, four more storage areas, about 500 meters apart, were discovered. In the first were 2,500 sacks, with a total weight of 385,000 pounds; at the second, 1,300 sacks weighing 200,200 pounds; and at the other two "warehouses," 4,400 sacks weighing 677,600 pounds. The total weight was 1,262,800 pounds. Combined with the 167,200 pounds seized the previous day, it was a new world record of 1,430,000 pounds. At a wholesale price of $300 per pound in the United States, the seizure represented a loss in revenue of $429 million.

One week later, on May 5, a pair of gunmen disguised as police officers freed the three North Americans and a man with an Irish passport. The two men entered the provincial jail at Rio Hacha at 1.30 A.M. during a power blackout. They overpowered the guards, freed the four prisoners, and escaped in a station wagon. Colombian police are "investigating" a report that $40,000 made the break possible.

At the *finca* outside Dibulla, where I was staying, life and business went on as usual. An American marijuana broker was flown in from the island of Curaçao, where he left his Lear jet, which was not used for smuggling. Robert was about six feet tall and very tan. He looked like a "hip" international banker and dressed like a chairman of the board. A graduate of a prestigious Ameri-

can university, he was intelligent and articulate.

In the first five months of 1978, Robert had brokered about 400,000 pounds of Colombian and 60,000 pounds of Mexican marijuana, usually working on a spread of two dollars a pound. His business overhead was low; he had nothing to do with growing or smuggling, nor was he involved with sales in the United States. He was a classic middleman. So far he'd grossed $1 million on his two deals—one for $10 million, the other for $4 million.

Robert told me that large deals are becoming noncash transactions. There are no hand-to-hand transfers. Now offshore corporations are formed, and accounts are opened at banks in tax havens. The funds are placed in escrow, with release powers placed in the hands of bankers or trustees; they are governed by contracts written by attorneys. Then the monies are drawn back through holding companies, which filter them through other banks to offshore corporations. Therefore, even if a high-level person is arrested and linked to a company, the money is impossible to trace.

"I rely upon an American who is a hot-money, or 'fund-mobilization' specialist, as they call them in banking circles," Robert said. "He knows how to legally move restricted or 'blocked' currencies to where they can be converted or freely utilized." It's a technique used by many U.S. film studios to "free" film box-office revenues that build up in countries having currency restrictions. Robert said that his man pulled $62 million out of Chile after the assassination of Allende.

Robert was in Dibulla to "work against" the 500 tons at the clandestine strip I'd visited. He'd arranged the details between the people financing the smuggling operations and the Colombian "family." In one three-hour period we watched as three planes—a Beechcraft Bonanza, a C-45, and a Beechcraft Queen Air—each with only a single American pilot and equipped with sophisticated avionic and navigational gear, came in from the United States, loaded up, and headed back north. A Colombian pilot, who regularly flies a C-46 loaded with pot from the Llanos to the Guajira, said that eight to ten planes from the United States picked up loads every day.

"If I had $5 million and a good connection, how much marijuana could I buy in Colombia now?" I asked Robert.

Without hesitating, he replied: "I'd say in the neighborhood of a hundred tons—200,000 pounds—depending on the quality."

"How much would that be worth in the United States?"

"Well, at $250 a pound, that's $500,000 a ton. Ten tons is $5 million. A hundred tons is $50 million, as long as you don't have any losses," he answered.

"I guess dope is big business," I replied.

"We don't have any problems selling it," he said, grinning. "If the U.S. government legalized grass and taxed it at the same rate as cigarettes, it would make about $5 billion a year." ○—

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XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58

wife a lot of sleeping pills and took her to a seedy motel on the edge of town. As Jill slept on the bed, I undressed her and lubricated her with some K-Y jelly. Guess what? The guy didn't show. I didn't want to lose this chance. So I went to a nearby bar and picked out a guy who I thought would screw anything if he had the chance. I told him that my wife had had too much to drink and that I needed help getting her into the car. I gave him twenty dollars to come with me. When we got to the room, she was spread out on the bed with her legs wide apart. He sat beside her and held her legs for me while I very slowly put on her stockings. After we got her garter belt on and her nylons hooked, I said I'd better check out of the motel and left the room.

Outside, I watched through the blinds to see if anything would happen. He went back to the bed and looked Jill over for a while. Then he sat down and started feeling her tits. He leaned down and started sucking her nipples, running his hand all over her body and up and down her legs. I thought at last I'd see some action. He closed the door tightly and put the night chain on, went back to Jill, unzipped his pants, and pulled out his cock. He got on the bed and climbed up between her legs. But just as he was getting ready to give it to her, a car pulled up to the next unit. The two people who got out made so much noise that he must have gotten scared, because he jumped up and zipped up his pants. I can't tell you my disappointment.

This whole thing has become such an obsession with me that I can barely function properly. Last week, for example, I had a close friend of ours down several shots of Wild Turkey and then sprinkle some on his clothes so that he reeked of alcohol. I made him go to the house and try to force himself on her. Of course, I was stationed under the living room window. I watched for almost an hour as he chased Jill around the room and tried to grab her. Would you believe it? She just laughed him off.

When it became apparent that he wasn't going to make out, I finally gave up and came inside. Jill didn't say anything while Chuck was there, but after he left, she told me that he had been making passes at her. She was extremely excited, and we went straight to the bedroom, where she went wild during our screwing session. I don't know what I will try next, but I'm not going to give up until I get to see it for myself.—Ray.

I have a problem with my wife (I'll call her Andrea). We've been married for twelve years, and although our sex life is good, I'd like to put something extra into it. For the past eight months or so, I've fantasized about Andrea going to bed with another man. She is strictly from the old school. For example, she will have sex only one way: man on top with him (me) sucking her breasts. She is thirty-two, with an unbeliev-

able figure. Believe me, it's a waste of a great body.

I once suggested that we go to a service station, away from our town, and that while the man was cleaning our windshield she pull up her skirt. She wouldn't hear of it. Then I suggested we take a weekend in another town, get a motel room, and have her go to a bar, pick up a man, and bring him back to the room. Andrea accused me of not loving her and stopped speaking to me for an entire week.

How can I show her that doing me this one little favor won't make her a whore? I'm sure that if she would just try it, she'd love it. I really love her and admire her, but I need more than just on and off with no warm-up. Suggestions?—W.B.H.

In your May letter of the month, you mentioned two reasons why a man might want to watch his wife getting screwed. In J.L.'s case, you said he probably felt inadequate and wanted to punish himself. The other reason you gave is that a man wants to prove that he is better than the other guys. Granted, in some—perhaps many—cases, what you say is true. But I think it is time a third reason was voiced.

I, too, am married to a beautiful woman, and like Ann, my Elise is a very easy lay. For the past five years of our eight-year marriage, she has been putting out to other men at least two or three nights a week, usually in front of me.

I can offer Elise seven inches. Many times I have watched one guy ram twelve inches into Elise, but I don't feel the least bit inadequate, nor do I compete with her studs. Like Ann, Elise is capable of multiple orgasms. I've never had any difficulty bringing her off, and she has always been more than willing to take my cock into her mouth or ass. Our sex life has always been great, and if anything, her putting out to other men has brought us closer to one another.

Personally, I like being married to a woman who is proud of what she has to offer a man and enjoys showing it off. She dresses to enhance her sex appeal rather than to hide it. Elise is five feet two and has blue eyes and long, blonde hair. I'll be very frank—I couldn't live with a woman no one else wanted. It turns me on to see a man looking upher skirt or to watch men turn to watch her walking down the street. Her prick teasing is a great turn-on for us both.She usually wears bikini panties, a garter belt, and a short skirt. Most of her bras are cut so low that her nipples protrude over the top, and with a see-through blouse the effect is out of this world.

It all started five years ago, when a man tried to make out with her. Although there was some playing around, in the end she crossed her legs instead of spreading them. She told me all about it that night and admitted she had hot pants for the guy. The only reason she didn't put out to him was that she didn't know what it might do to us. I told her to try him out, so long as it was a sexual thing alone. Elise asked the guy to stop by the next evening.

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VIVA

It was a bit awkward when I answered the door. I took Bill into the living room, where Elise joined us a few minutes later. I explained the situation and suggested a threesome. He wasn't too sure about it until Elise joined us. She stood before us and very slowly pulled her dress up and turned slowly, asking Bill if he still wanted to fuck her. Soon she slipped out of her dress and curled up in his lap. Before long, I was watching him fucking my wife and waiting for my turn on her. He was about the same size as I am. We took turns on her for a couple of hours. The evening was a complete success, and from that time on my wife has been ready to spread her legs to any man who turns her on. She even shares her girl friends with me.

Three years ago my job folded, and Elise talked me into letting her work as a whore three or four nights a week until we got back on our feet.

Part of it is a matter of pride in knowing my wife is the best piece of ass around. Part of it is simply seeing Elise's enjoyment. Another part of it is my turn on her—maybe it's my imagination, but she always seems hotter after another man has had her. One thing I do know: I'll always take seconds. The wetter her pussy is, the better it feels.

About half the time, I'm in the same room when she is getting laid. At other times she will take a guy into the bedroom without me, and for hours I will hear the squeak of the bedsprings, her moans and cries of pleasure, and it turns me on almost as much as seeing the action.

For the benefit of J.L., I would like to make three comments about his letters. First, I wonder how long Ann had been putting out before he walked in on her. I doubt that he caught her the first time she got laid; the salesman didn't seem to have any trouble getting into her pants. Second, did she really resist, or was it role play? She obviously enjoyed sucking his cock and having him eat her. Third, why doesn't J.L. try it himself? If that guy has any sense at all, he will start talking about sex, tell her he would like to go down on her, and gradually bring extramarital sex into the conversation. Let her know he wouldn't care if she wanted another cock. He might be pleasantly surprised, and handled properly, it will prevent a serious problem later. I have an idea that once they both know the other can accept the idea, it might well work out for them, as it has for Elise and me.—C.M.P.

It used to be that men fucked around without their wives knowing about it. How different the sexual revolution has left the institution of marriage! There are obviously many wives out there who are jumping for joy with happiness, unless they're simply too exhausted from all their newfound sex play. Of course, not all women want to play "whore" or "slut" or even "sexually liberated woman" for their voyeur husbands. It's a problem to get others to share your fantasies. I personally like the suggestion from the above letter writer. C.M.P. suggests that the husband talk about his fantasies in a

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randy way, get his wife's fantasy life going, get her turned on to it, but not confront her with it rudely. If this fails, I suggest you try acting out the opposite fantasy, wherein the wife watches you screw another woman. I don't know if she'll find this one any more exciting, but I'd sure enjoy reading about it. There must *some* voyeur wives among my readers. Sign in please!

BLACK LIKE HE

I am a nineteen-year-old girl who has recently fulfilled a fantasy. For the past several years I have been fascinated by black men. During those years I was too afraid, for several reasons, to attempt to get it on with any, but I did have a fairly active sex life. My problem was that I did not enjoy sex with my partners. I always fantasized about having sexual intercourse with a black man instead.

A few weeks ago I finally conquered my fears and responded when an attractive black man came on to me. We ended up at his place, and I was literally quivering in anticipation. We started kissing, and he began undressing me, and in no time we were naked. I gasped at the sight of his cock. It was about nine inches long and really thick, the largest I'd ever seen. He wasted no time in rolling on top of me. To our mutual unhappiness, he couldn't get that thick head into my pussy. He started to eat me out, and after I had two quick orgasms, he tried to fuck me again. Finally, after a couple of frustrating minutes, he got his cock in. I remember letting out a terrific squeal. I was beautifully stuffed. The pain soon faded into incredible pleasure, but even though the pain subsided, I never lost my awareness of his incredible size as we fucked. I came innumerable times that evening, and so did he, once he was able to penetrate me comfortably.

Unfortunately, I find my attraction to black men is purely physical. I do not really want a full relationship with them. It is just "Hi, there!" and a fling in the sack. But at least the sex is almost exotically different and truly super.

This letter was a real opportunity for me to tell someone else of my great experience. My point is that I think women should live out their fantasies and cravings, if at all possible. I intend to stick to black lovers. Xaviera, do you agree with me, or do you think I am practicing a nicer form of racism?—Robin

It's perfectly normal that you "materialized" your fantasy. In my latest book, *Xaviera's Fantastic Sex*, I write about many more fantasies that I've lived out.

I personally have had many pleasurable encounters with black men. The latest affair was a few months ago, while I was vacationing in Curaçao. I must admit that the contrast in skin colors is quite exciting—and it proved equally stimulating to my black boyfriend. I don't think you are practicing a "nicer form of racism." You just haven't given black men a chance to get into your head.

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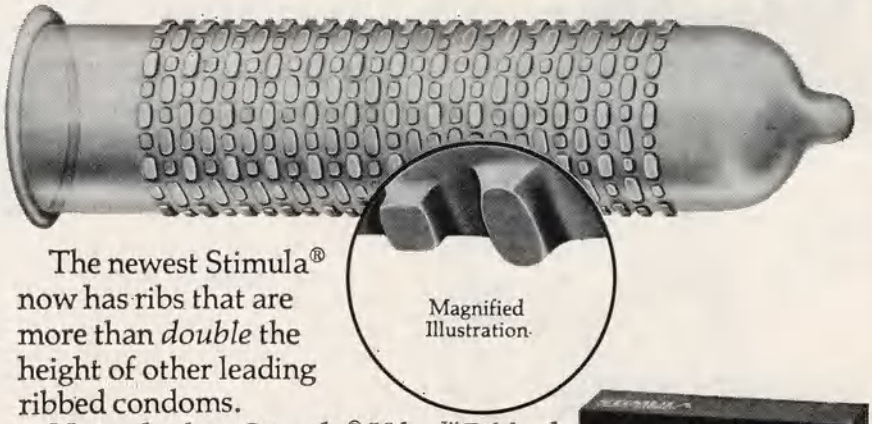

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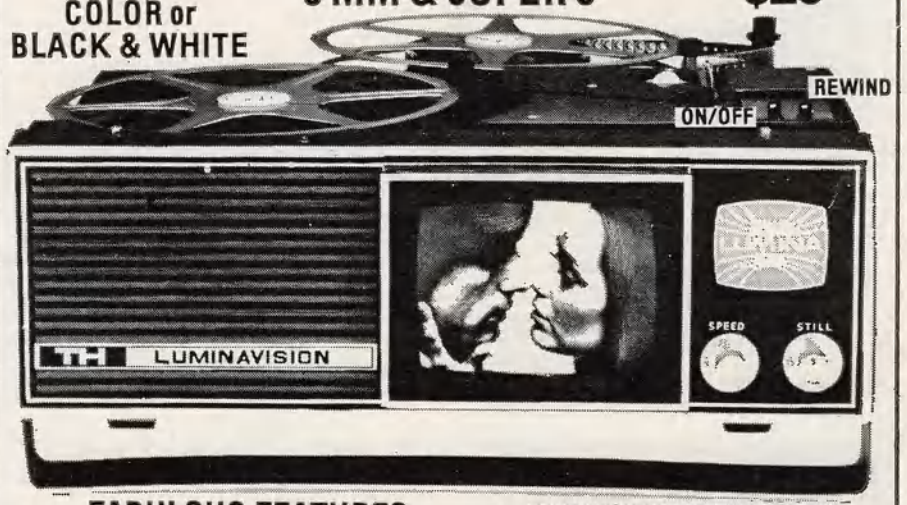

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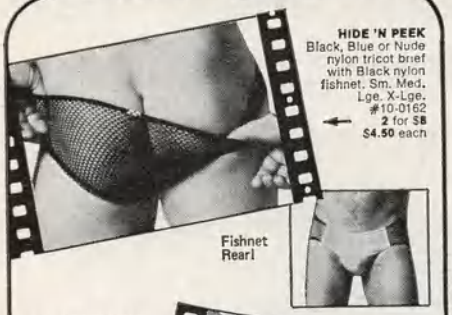

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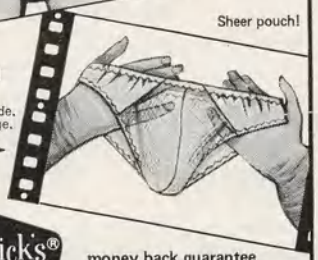

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VIVA LINGERIE

HANGING LOW

My problem has never been mentioned in your column. It has to do with my balls. After a few orgasms they hang an incredible five and one-half inches!

Even when I was young and masturbating a lot, my scrotum hung enough to make me quite self-conscious. My parents, very religious Catholics, tried beating the drive to masturbate out of me. When I was nine, they sent me to a priest, who told me I was simply going to go to Hell. Even now, no matter how hard I try, I can do nothing to stop myself from satisfying my sex urge.

In my second year of high school, I was the most popular guy in the school. It was due to my outrageous sense of humor and my very good-looking face and body. All this would seem to be great, but it wasn't. I was asked by many attractive women to make love, but I always refused because of my balls. To suppress my horniness, I even got heavily into drugs, but this did nothing to curb it. By the end of my high-school days, I had only one girl friend, and she couldn't wait until we split to tell her friends of my physical misfortune. All this caused me great embarrassment. That was three years ago. Now I'm twenty-one and have had intercourse only twice.

Just recently, I've asked doctors if there is an operation I can get to extract some of the skin, but they all say things like "If a woman loves you, she'll accept this." Needless to say, I am very lonely. You are the only one who can give me a straight answer. Is there an operation that can be performed to relieve this barrier between me and my happiness? Is there a way that, after an orgasm, I could make my scrotum tighten up? Is this a very uncommon problem?—K.M.

Have you heard about cock rings? If not, try to find one and put the ring around both the base of your penis and your balls. This way your sagging balls will be supported, like drooping breasts are supported by a bra.

If your girl friend looks at you strangely when she sees your cock ring, just act as if she is the one who is naive. After all, it's just an extra gadget to stimulate your lovemaking. If the cock ring doesn't help and you still feel something is wrong, see a good plastic surgeon. Don't mess around with the family doctor! When it comes to cosmetic surgery, he'll always tell you the same thing: "You'll just have to live with it."

I do believe, however, that your problem isn't so bad as you've made it out to be. Myself, I rather like getting fucked by a man with big, sagging nuts. To feel them flopping against my thighs is quite exciting. You say you're good-looking and charming. Well, maybe you've just been meeting the wrong kind of girl. You're in a shell right now, one that seems to have been reinforced by your guilt feelings regarding childhood masturbation. Please, this is 1978, and doesn't everybody know by now that masturbation is the most common form of sex play amongst adults? It's not just for kids!

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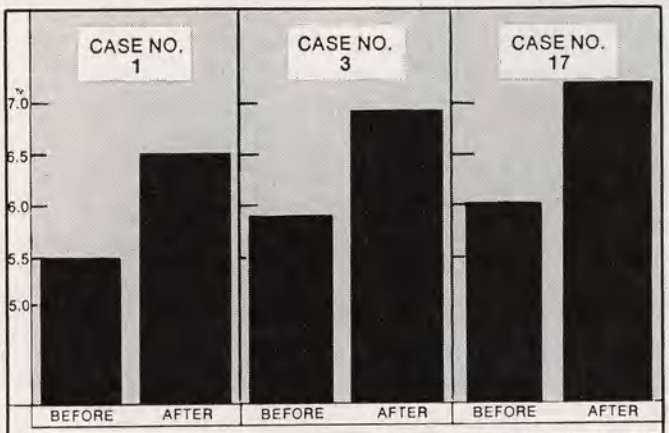

The three cases illustrated here are examples taken from studies done in England by Dr. Richards and other researchers working on penis enlargement. Their work is discussed in detail in the new book, THE PENIS, which gives Dr. Richards' results in simple, direct language that the layman can understand in everyday terms. Illustration Pg. 137

The Bigger the Better?

At last, a medical doctor has some answers for the one question men have been asking since time immemorial: IS IT POSSIBLE TO MAKE A PENIS BIGGER?

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Dr. Richards answers with a resounding YES to those who want to know whether a big penis matters to a woman searching for complete sexual fulfillment. He exposes the many myths about penis size and gives his reasons why a larger penis is definitely a worthwhile goal!

In his remarkable new book THE PENIS, Dr. Richards takes you into the world of male and female sexual fantasies about big penises...covers the history of the large penis in fact and fiction...and explains the effects of a big penis on women during the act of sexual intercourse...and much, much more!

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In THE PENIS, Dr. Richards tells about the research done with volunteers in England, explains what method they used to achieve penis enlargement, and shows what the results were.

Science Helps Sex!

In controlled scientific studies, Dr. Richards and his co-workers divided volunteer men into two groups, one that would follow the recommended penis enlargement method, and one that would not. Both groups were carefully checked for health and their penises were measured regularly before, during, and after the test.

This table shows the actual figures from Dr. Richards' study:

Number showing enlargement 87.5%
Average increase in length 16.96%
Average increase in circumference . 15.88%
Smallest increase in length recorded 2.6cms.
Largest increase in length recorded . 3.8cms.
Smallest increase in circumference recorded ..... 1.4cms.
Largest increase in circumference recorded ..... 3.1cms.

AND AMONG THE CONTROL GROUP THAT DID NOT USE DR. RICHARDS' TEST METHOD, THERE WAS NO RECORDED CHANGE IN ANY INDIVIDUAL.

Read THE PENIS Now!

This totally fascinating book contains a wealth of information that every sexually mature and adventurous man and woman should know about. It's like an exciting, erotic travel guide into forbidden areas that most other so-called "advanced" or "liberated" sex books and manuals leave untouched!

And the book covers more than just penis enlargement! In chapter after stimulating chapter, you'll learn about why the big penis has been one of man's—and woman's—most fascinating, intriguing and intimate playthings since the dawn of time. You'll learn more about the psychology of the big penis...better ways to use it in lovemaking...why masturbation is OK...what to do about premature ejaculation...and more!

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COMING IN THE DECEMBER PENTHOUSE

Wide World Photos

ALDO MORO KIDNAPPING

DEA

MOOD DRUGS

Dickran Palulian

DISCO DISASTER

Aldo Moro Kidnapping—The political kidnapping and murder of Italian leader Aldo Moro by Italy's Red Brigades last March was the most sensational act of terror in years. Veteran journalist and novelist Pietro di Donato went to Italy in order to learn the inside story for *Penthouse*. To achieve that end, he infiltrated the ranks of the Red Brigades cell responsible for the kidnapping. He was able to earn their confidence, and this article recounts the untold story of Aldo Moro's final days, including his voluntary political conversion, and the story of how the Italian establishment sold out, preferring his death to their dishonor. A *Penthouse* exclusive, coming in the December issue.

Mood Drugs—Pills that make you happy, boost your memory, tap your creativity, unleash your sexuality, and do much more—all without a single unpleasant side effect? It sounds like a science-fiction fantasy, but it's a dream come true. David Rorvik—the journalist who authored the highly controversial account of a successful cloning, *In His Image: The Cloning of a Man*, and was interviewed in the June issue of *Penthouse*—reports in "Mood Drugs" that we are literally on the brink of a choose-your-mood society. Chemists have developed new mood modifiers that carry no risk of addiction, confusion, physical disintegration, or even a simple hangover—and there are more to come. (Those soon to be available by prescription include the ideal aphrodisiac and the perfect intoxicant.) A tantalizing look at our brighter—if moodier—future.

Disco Disaster—What happens when God decides to reprimand the decadent *habitués* of a Fire Island discotheque? All hell breaks loose—including a lot of rain, fire, and killer ants—and one Siiva Mirrers, the original Disco Baby, is momentarily deprived of Donna Summer. It's a Saturday night disaster in this satire by playwright Tom Eyen, the creator of such off-Broadway classics of sleaze as *The Neon Woman* and *Women behind Bars*. Could *Silva* be the first disco disaster movie? Wait till Robert Stigwood hears about this.

Earl Owensby—You don't have to do things the established "professional" way to get rich, and Earl Owensby, a red-neck, teetotaling, born-again Baptist and maverick B-movie filmmaker, is living proof of this fact. The hottest actor-producer entrepreneur this side of Charles Bronson makes primitive backwoods films about honor, violence, revenge, and the macho ethic—without ever showing any nudity or sex. It may look like amateur night in Dixie, as author Tom Buckley puts it; but Owensby, sitting in his Rolls-Royce (with a bronze plaque on the dashboard commemorating this gift to himself), is quick to point out, "I think we do pretty well."

Sex without Sin—If you can maintain an erection but not real interest, or if they call you "Christmas" because you come only once a year, you may have a severe case of that dreaded condition, sexual boredom. Humorist Robert S. Wieder maintains that the sexual revolution has taken all the sin (read: excitement) out of sex. "The more sex was made to sound as wholesome as a glass of milk," he laments, "the more it began to resemble one." If sex is no longer a sinful topic, Wieder proves in "Sexual Shame" that it can at least be a laughing matter.

SUPERSCOTCH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 205

bassador Royal, Ballantine, Bell's Royal Vat, Chivas Regal, Cutty 12, Dewar's Ancestor, Johnnie Walker Black Label, Old Rarity, Pinch (Haig & Haig), and Thorne.

All twelve-year-old Scotch is of top quality, well worth the little extra you pay. The simplest and most enjoyable way to establish your favorite is to sample several.

The twelve-year-old Scotch experience is only the surface to the adventure of exploring super-Scotch. Many people outside of Scotland are beginning to discover the ultimate Scotch—single malt whiskey. This brew, made from 100 percent barley malt and "burn water" (from Scottish springs and brooks, or "burns"), was the whiskey that was first licensed and accepted by act of Parliament in 1824. The first license was taken out for "The Glenlivet" whiskey, which still stands as one of the top single malts. (By 1824, one can be safe in assuming, that whiskey had been made in Scotland for at least 800 years. It is maintained—mostly by the Scots—that St. Patrick, who the Irish insist brought whiskey to Ireland, was in fact a Scotsman.)

A single malt is the purest Scotch. It is deep and full-bodied, with a rich taste that gives you something to sit back and think about as you prepare to take your next sip. This is the whiskey that even today is given a place of honor in many a Scotsman's home. In the United States the major brands of single malt whiskey are The Glenlivet, Glenfiddich, Cardhu, Glen Grant Glenlivet, and Glendronach.

The distilling and exporting of Scotch is one of the largest industries in Britain. There are more than 115 pot-still malt distilleries, and 14 grain whiskey distilleries, producing more than 100 brands. Whiskey economics has always been a crucial factor in England's dealing with Scotland. In many instances, it was England's attempt to control the vast illegal whiskey trade in Scotland that led to those legendary rebellions and wars. The Scots always believed that brewing and drinking their beloved *uisge beatha*, or "water of life," was their God-given right. Many Scots fought and died for that right.

That spirit is still alive. Recently, a friend of mine visited his cousin in Scotland. He was asked if he'd like a "wee bit before lunch." There was no choice. All that was available was an old Scotch malt whiskey, a local Haig brand called Dimple. When my friend informed his cousin that he would take it on the rocks with a little water, he was sharply rebuked and ordered to "take it in the pure state that God and Scotland made it."

The Scots rarely waste words or money. When they choose a whiskey, it's the best their money can buy. There can be no compromise on the quality of what Bobbie Burns called "a cup of kindness."

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